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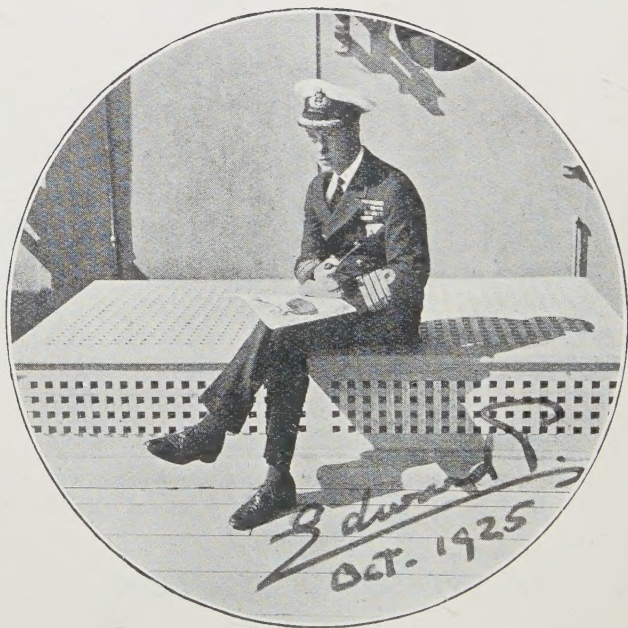
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ON TOUR
WITH
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES
1925.

PREFACE :
BY HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS.



Edward P.
OCT. 1925



I am glad that an account has been written of my Tour by one who has accompanied me throughout the countries which he so ably describes, and it is my particular hope that this book, by interesting boys and girls at home, may encourage them to learn more of the distant parts of the Empire which I have just been privileged to visit.

I wish they could all enjoy the same opportunities of travel that I have been given; but failing that, I hope that some may derive a certain amount of pleasure from reading the pages that follow.

EDWARD. P,

Uniform with this volume, by the same Author—

With the Prince to West Africa.

To South America and the Return Home.

THROUGH SOUTH AFRICA WITH
THE PRINCE



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H.R.H. THE PRINCE AT GROOTFONTEIN.

[Central News

THROUGH SOUTH AFRICA WITH THE PRINCE

By

J. Ward Price

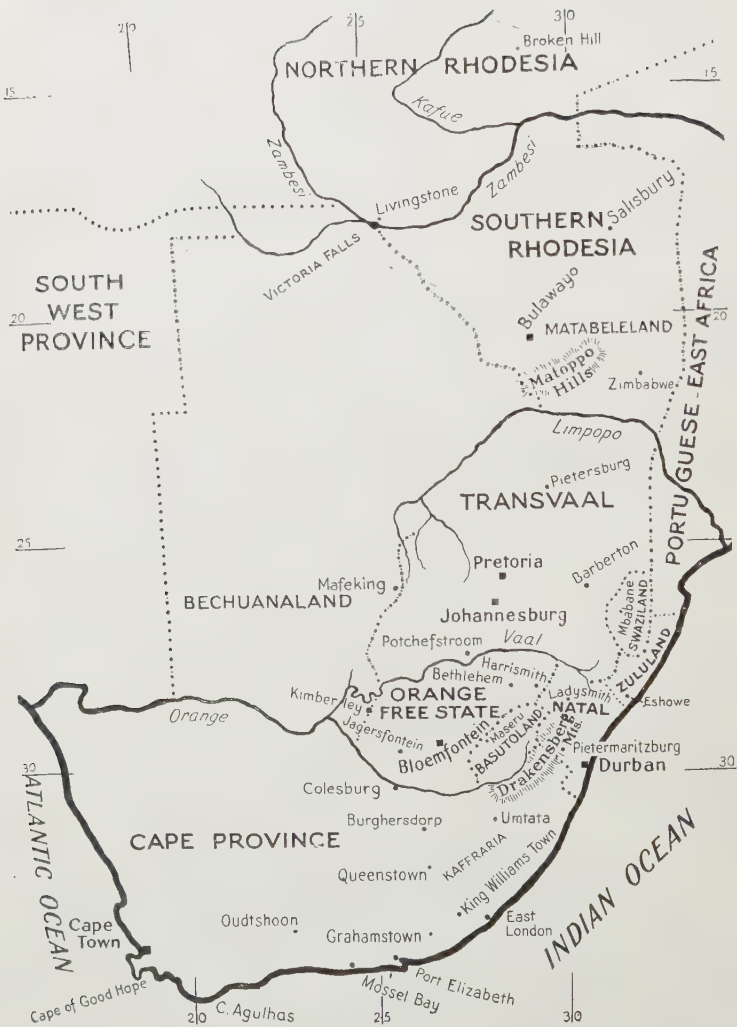
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The Publishers beg to acknowledge their indebtedness to the SOUTH AFRICAN RAILWAYS for their courtesy in supplying so many of the illustrations contained in this volume.

THROUGH SOUTH AFRICA WITH THE PRINCE

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CHAPTER I.

THE ROMANCE OF OUR ROUTE TO THE CAPE.

MOST of the coastlines of the world, as viewed by the passing seafarer, are flat and featureless and easily forgotten. But in rare places up and down the earth Nature has marked them with outstanding monuments, as if to draw the attention and kindle the imagination of mankind.

When the earliest civilization of which we have record began to send its adventurous navigators westwards along the shores of the Mediterranean, the Rock of Gibraltar was the first of these great landmarks that loomed before their awe-struck eyes. To them it seemed the very portal of the world, beyond which lay the terrors of the infinite. Even now, thousands of years later, when we speak familiarly of "Gib," only a dull mind could remain unimpressed by the first sight of that towering, isolated mass of limestone, dominating the greatest cross-roads of the sea.

And at the Cape of Good Hope, the gateway to South Africa, there stands another world-beacon, Table Mountain, whose precipitous face and long, level, lofty ridge were, till four hundred and fifty years ago, known only to the primitive black Bushmen who lived in the caverns of its slopes.

With her course set for Table Bay, H.M.S. *Repulse*, the big battle-cruiser carrying the Prince of Wales to South Africa, crossed the Equator

on April 24th, 1925, and in so doing entered upon waters which have more romantic memories than almost any part of the Seven Seas.

Even before Christopher Columbus had reached the far side of the Atlantic, the Cape of Good Hope had been doubled and the sea-route to India discovered by the Portuguese, who in those days held the same reputation for boldness in navigation and colonial expansion that the British established later on.

The course which the *Repulse* was following was the very same as that along which Bartholomew Diaz and Vasco da Gama sailed on their historic quest, in vessels the size of a fishing-smack, confronting not only very real dangers of storm and shoal and savage tribes ashore, but even worse perils of their imagination.

For us, born in a time when civilization has spread by swift and sure communications over almost the whole earth, it is difficult to realize the black veil of mystery that hid the remoter parts of the world from our forefathers of five hundred years ago. Outside the area of continuous landward connections, consisting of Europe, Western Asia and the coastal strip of Africa which lies north of the great Sahara Desert, the rest of the globe to them was fully as mysterious as the planet Mars remains to us. And, in those days, even more than now, mystery bred fable. Accustomed as we are to the fact that mankind all over the world is physically very much alike, except in colour, it seems monstrous to our minds that men of the fifteenth century, with the highest degree of intelligence and learning in literature, poetry, law, philosophy and art, should have been ready to believe that the

interior of Africa was peopled with human beings whose heads grew beneath their shoulders and had glowing coals in place of eyes, or that fantastic sea-dragons and demons of terrible form lurked in the depths of the ocean beyond the horizons with which they were familiar. Yet, though mystery is terrifying to the timid, bolder spirits have always found fascination in it. Many unsuccessful explorers had started out before those whose great discoveries have preserved their names to us. And the unknown took on worse terrors from the fact that most of them were never seen again.

For the science and resources of that time could do little to help pioneers in navigation. Adventurous yachtsmen, who nowadays undertake world-cruises in small sailing-boats, are equipped with accurate and detailed charts, with sextants and patent logs and carefully corrected compasses. At every port of call conveniences for repairs and provisioning await them and if disaster befall on the high seas, there is at any rate a chance that they may be picked up by a passing steamer. The seamen of the fifteenth century who strayed from the known trade-routes had no such aids and advantages. They filled the holds of their clumsy ships with barrels of salt pork and kegs of fresh water, offered a prayer at the shrine of their patron-saint, and boldly pushed off into the blue. It is small wonder that so few returned. Every time they landed to refill their water-casks they were in danger of being massacred by savages, terrified at their first sight of a man with skin of uncanny, unaccountable whiteness. Malaria, yellow fever, and other still formidable diseases of the tropics found these mediæval adventurers ignorant of precautions and remedies

alike. Their long, slow voyages, without fresh vegetables, invariably laid low one-half the crew with scurvy, a disorder of the blood that rots the gums and saps the strength. Many a ship must have foundered in the sudden storms of the Equator through sheer lack of hands to shorten sail. So that, when the people who stayed at home remembered how many had set out for the mysterious Southern Seas and vanished from that moment, they came not unnaturally to the conclusion that strange and terrible dangers must lie in wait for those who ventured there.

The first recorded voyage round the Cape of Good Hope was not made till 1486 by Bartholomew Diaz, who was an Admiral in the service of the Portuguese prince whose passion for geographical discovery has won for him the name of Henry the Navigator. Yet it is as good as certain that other unknown sailors in centuries long past had already made their venturesome way past Cape Point, where the cold waters of the South Atlantic meet the warmer Indian Ocean.

Even before the Christian era began, Egyptians and Carthaginians left at any rate the legend that they had coasted round the African Continent, and so preceded Diaz in the same way that the Norsemen had gone before Columbus. In ancient times, before printing was invented, when means of communication between different nations were few and difficult and very slow, it was quite possible for a feat even of this magnitude to remain unknown outside the immediate circle of those who performed it. The only enduring record of the event would be, perhaps, some ancient scroll or palimpsest that may well have found its way into the great Library

which the Ptolemy dynasty of Pharaohs founded at Alexandria. And in the year A.D. 614 that gigantic collection of the lore of the Ancient World was burnt by the invading Arabs. For months, the bath-houses of Alexandria were heated with fuel consisting of the greatest intellectual treasure ever gathered since mankind began. Who knows what records of early voyages and settlements in and around South Africa may not thus have perished in the flames of an Emir's furnace?

However that may be, the position, at the time the Wars of the Roses were being fought in England, was that nobody in Europe knew what lay beyond the strip of Northern Africa with which mankind had been familiar from the days of the Carthaginian Empire. The trade of Europe in the fifteenth century centred in the Mediterranean. The Venetians and the Genoese loaded their fleets of galleys at the docks of Constantinople and Alexandria with the silks and spices and precious stones that Arab and Turkish and Egyptian caravans had brought across the desert from India and the Far East. The rest of Europe drew its imported merchandise from Venice and Genoa overland. In that profitable business, the two Italian republics had established a long-standing monopoly and they would have sunk as a pirate a Portuguese or any other ship which had the temerity to intrude upon their trade-preserves.

But the Portuguese were at that time a nation of energy and ambition. As they could not get a share of the profitable commerce with India that was carried on in the Mediterranean, they began to cast about for some other way of reaching the rich countries of the East,

Rumours had long been in circulation among seafaring men that beyond the most southerly horizon which any European had ever sighted, the Western shore of Africa came to an end and that from there, across another great ocean, the way lay open to India. It was all extremely vague and conjectural, but the swarthy Portuguese sea-captains were tempted to test the truth of the report by the obvious advantages which such a route would offer them if it really existed. Merchandise which came along it would be free from the heavy dues and taxes which the Turks levied upon goods from the East passing through their territories to the Mediterranean. The dangers of piracy from the organized nests of bloodthirsty sea-rovers who lurked in the creeks of the southern shore of the Mediterranean would not exist along a route where no merchantmen had sailed before. Direct access by sea from Portugal to the shores of Asia would, moreover, open up the possibilities of finding fresh lands to conquer, which might be expected to yield rich plunder in gold and slaves.

In the fifteenth century, power over the kingdoms of the world was considered throughout Christendom to be vested in the Pope, who was regarded as the representative of Divine authority on earth. Prince Henry the Navigator accordingly applied to him for permission to annex such pagan territories as his sea-captains might discover, and furthermore obtained a special Papal blessing to safeguard the souls of those of their crews who should die in the adventure on which he sent them forth.

Thus in 1486, Bartholomew Diaz, with two ships of only 50 tons and a small pinnace, began

the voyage that was to make his name famous in history. Through the tropics and across the Equator he sailed, heading ever southward. All points then known along the shores of Africa he left behind, but still the palm-fringed beach lay in sight on his left hand, stretching further into the distance ahead, even when the scorching heat of the Bight of Benin had given way for several weeks of sailing to a climate as cool as that of Europe. Nor could he foresee that much of the territory along the coast of which he passed would later become Portugal's great West African Colony of Angola, with an area of half a million square miles.

As he was carrying on still further south, a sudden and violent gale from the north-eastward blew Diaz and his ships far out into the Atlantic. And when, after a whole fortnight, the tempest passed, and Diaz laid his course over the heaving seas to reach the coast once more, he found himself still sailing day after day due eastward without ever sighting land. To picture the situation with which the explorers were thus confronted is to get a faint idea of the constant anxiety of mind in which all such voyages must have been performed. For five thousand miles the two small ships had been creeping along the African coastline, inhospitable enough, but still a guide. And now, with their precious supplies of water sinking low, it was plain to the youngest cabin-boy on board that they were lost in a wilderness of stormy seas with no certainty which way to steer for another sight of land. It is not hard to imagine the black-bearded Portuguese captain on the high poop of his battered vessel, straining his eyes around the horizon; the crew muttering uneasily in their cramped forecabin, or

invoking the image of the Virgin fastened to the mainmast; the officers in their leather jerkins and faded trunk-hose, discussing earnestly how far and in exactly what direction the two ships had been driven by the gale; some despairing, others grimly determined, but few in their hearts really hopeful of ever seeing Portugal again. Such must have been their distress of mind, in a place where nowadays the captain of the smallest tramp-steamer can determine his position to within a mile. So they sailed despondently on, until, abandoning the search for land to the eastward, Diaz signalled to his consort-ship (the pinnace had been left behind on the West African coast), to alter course to the north. And then, after a few days more suspense, came suddenly one morning an excited shout from the look-out man in his bucket-shaped crow's-nest above the great mainsail with its broad red cross. For there ahead, loomed the shadowy outline of a coast, not low-lying like the West African shore they had last seen, but fringed with rugged mountains. Without knowing it, the seafarers had doubled Cape Agulhas, which is by half a degree the southernmost point of the African continent, a hundred miles to the eastward of the Cape of Good Hope, and they were now on the farther side of the continent and sailing the Indian Ocean that they had come to find.

Had they but realized it, the way was now open for Bartholomew Diaz and his men to carry right on to the north-east, and themselves achieve the distinction of being the first to reach India from Europe by sea. But they were weary; their ships were leaking, and their nerve was weakened by the sufferings and suspense of that terrible storm which

had all but driven them to a miserable death, lost on an unknown ocean. Which way, they asked themselves despairingly, lay the goal that they were seeking? And how many weeks or months of voyaging might it still be distant? Who knew what perils lurked beyond that empty, wave-capped horizon to the eastward?

Díaz would have continued the search, but his men were mutinous, and after landing at the mouth of the Kowie River—on the very sand-dunes where the Prince of Wales played golf one week-end during this tour—the first Europeans to sail round the Cape turned homewards once more. They had failed to reach India, but they had shown the way to those who were to come after them. And by opening this new trade-route to the East, they had, without knowing it, founded the sea-going fortunes, not only of their own country, but also of Britain, the greater maritime power which was to succeed Portugal as the mercantile carrier of the world.

Holding the shore more constantly in view on their return voyage, the explorers passed close to the Cape of Good Hope, which before had lain out of sight to the northward—a long narrow peninsula, with a backbone of steep mountain, thrusting itself conspicuously forward into the sea. This Díaz took for the southern extremity of Africa as most people think of it even to this day, and landing there, he set up a tall wooden cross as memorial of his voyage. With the memory of the great gale still overshadowing his mind, he gave to that historic headland the name of *Cabo de Todos Los Tormendos*—the Cape of all the Storms. But when he had returned to Portugal and reported his discovery,

King John, Prince Henry's successor, realizing with delight that the corner of the long-sought sea-road to India had at last been turned, ordered that on the new map which Diaz drew, its name should be inscribed as the Cape of Good Hope.

How ten years later another Portuguese captain, Vasco da Gama, followed in the wake that Diaz had been the first to furrow round the Cape, sighting on Christmas Day, 1497, a land which he named Natal, and reached India at last, is a story of fewer historical associations with the modern sea-passage to South Africa, but none of us in H.M.S. *Repulse* who had read the tale of Diaz could help contrasting his memorable voyage with our own. Only six long lifetimes separate that day from ours, yet here were we, following in his path under conditions of mechanical power and precision totally beyond the furthest reach of his imagination. In those same waters where he almost gave up hope of survival because he had lost sight of land, we not only knew hour by hour exactly where we were, but could foretell to within ten minutes at what time we should reach the Cape of Good Hope that was our goal as well as his. All the time, moreover, we were in touch with the world out of sight around us, receiving its news and messages and sending it our own, not nearly so much isolated from the rest of mankind in the midst of the South Atlantic Ocean as Diaz had been when safe at home in mediæval Portugal.

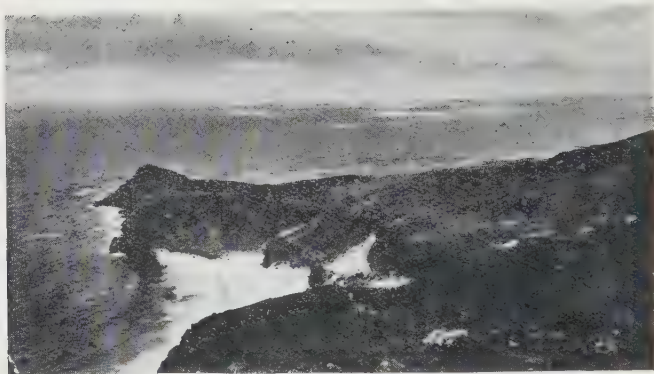
CHAPTER II.

HOW FIRST THE DUTCH AND THEN THE
BRITISH CAME TO SOUTH AFRICA.

ALTHOUGH the Portuguese were the first Europeans to reach the Cape of Good Hope, it did not lie in the destiny of their nation to profit permanently by the discovery. To them it remained no more than a milestone on the way to India, a place where their ships called to take water from the streams upon the shore, and then weigh anchor again.

It was six years after Vasco da Gama's voyage before the Portuguese sailors who had begun to use the new-found route even set foot on the shores of Table Bay, which, with Table Mountain, lies at the northern end of the narrow peninsula whose southern point is the Cape of Good Hope.

One day in 1503 Antonio de Saldanha, a Portuguese captain seeking refuge from a southerly gale, made his way into the roadstead by which Cape Town now stands, and was the first European ever to climb that great mountain which shuts in the bay towards the south, as with a breastwork built by giants. Its face is a sheer precipice 3,580 feet in depth, whose mile-long topmost edge lies in perfectly flat outline against the sky, with an appearance of artificiality rare in Nature. Saldanha gave to it the name of Table Mountain which its



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THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

strange shape suggested, though for over a hundred years the bay itself bore his own as that of its discoverer.

The Portuguese were not long in finding that the new trade-route which they had opened to the East could not be kept to themselves. Other Western European nations that dwelt by the sea were just as eager to have direct access to the pearls of India, the silk embroideries of China, and the costly spices of the East Indies. During the century which followed the voyages of Diaz and da Gama, the Dutch, who had gradually liberated themselves in a bitter struggle from the domination of Spain, assumed hostility against Portugal also, since that country became at this time united with the Spanish Crown. Dutch fleets accordingly set out by way of the Cape to attack the trading-stations which the Portuguese had established all over the East, of

which Goa, in British India, is one of the few survivors.

To develop this combined enterprise of war and trade, was formed in 1602 the Dutch East India Company, one of the most powerful and well-organized commercial undertakings the world has ever seen, with powers to which the greatest modern commercial corporation could never aspire. Its charter from the States-General, or Parliament, of Holland gave it authority to carry on war by sea and land, to conclude treaties and annex territories anywhere within the sphere of its mercantile operations, which embraced, in fact, the whole of Asia.

On the company's supreme Council of Seventeen were represented all the large towns of the Netherlands, and its activities were backed by the whole power of the Dutch nation, which in the seventeenth century was great enough to inflict the most humiliating defeat Britain has ever endured in modern times, by sending a victorious Dutch fleet plundering and burning up the Thames to within sight of London.

The English, too, followed eventually in the path of Diaz round the Cape and began to contest with the Dutch the spoils of the Portuguese trading posts in India. But though an East India Company was formed in London to fit out the half-mercantile, half-marauding expeditions which carried on the overseas commerce of that time, it did not, especially in its early days, have behind it anything like the resources of the similar company in Holland. For one thing, an even more promising outlet for the adventurous enterprise of the British had been found in the new settlements that were then just

coming into existence along the eastern coastline of North America. While the Dutch concentrated their efforts on building up the rich colonies in the East Indies over which they still rule to-day, England was laying on the other side of the Atlantic the foundations of what might have grown into a far greater overseas Empire, had not the mistakes of British statesmen a hundred and fifty years later resulted in its separation from the mother country.

As England and Holland during the seventeenth century gradually captured the Portuguese trade to the East, it became indispensable for each of them to possess a half-way-house on the long voyage to India. There were no condensing machinery and refrigerating rooms in those days. Ships took water and food on board at their port of departure, but on a voyage which, even under favourable conditions, would last six months, it was essential to replenish their provisions.

So that, as soon as the Dutch and English East India Companies had developed their business to the degree of sending out vessels on regular routes, both of them began to seek for a suitable point on the shore of the South Atlantic where a permanent replenishing station might be established. There was no idea in this of acquiring overseas territory for their respective countries; indeed, the proposal was made at first that the two companies should combine to build the port of call that they alike required. But the Dutch decided against co-operation, and the English company accordingly acted on its own account. One of its captains, named Jourdain, had spent some weeks in Table Bay and he reported so favourably on the climate and natural resources of the place that in 1615 the

East India Company's directors made the first attempt to establish a settlement there. In a manner characteristic of those days, they began by landing nine condemned criminals on Robben Island in the Bay, who thus achieved the distinction of being the first British settlers in South Africa as an alternative to the gallows. Some of these were drowned and the others eventually persuaded the masters of passing ships to allow them to join their crews.

But in 1620, two senior captains in the East India Company's service, named Shilling and Fitzherbert, found themselves in Table Bay with seven English ships. Another vessel, belonging to the Dutch East India Company, was lying there also, and some petty quarrel between the two nationalities suddenly decided the English captains to hoist the Union Jack, then newly adopted as the national flag, and annex the whole territory, "as far as the boundary of the nearest Christian Kingdom," in the name of King James I. But they left no force to preserve possession of the place, and since their proclamation was never ratified by King James's government, it was soon forgotten.

Some twenty-seven years more passed, and the Cape Peninsula still remained virtually a No Man's Land. Then two officers of the Dutch East India Company, named Janssen and Proot, found themselves held up there for some months, like the Englishmen Jourdain had been a generation before. They reported to their employers, as he had done, and strongly recommended the desirability of establishing at the Cape of Good Hope a small garrison in charge of a garden for supplying Dutch

ships with the fresh vegetables needed as an antidote to the scurvy, the great bane of old-time seafarers.

The Council of the Dutch Company took the matter up, and at the beginning of 1652 they sent out Johan van Riebeck with three ships to found a permanent settlement. In April of that year his small band of Dutch pioneers landed in Table Bay at a spot where the statue of van Riebeck in top-boots and full-skirted coat now stands facing Table Mountain—the place where the Prince of Wales, too, first set foot on South African soil. A few hundred yards inland, about where Cape Town Railway Station now is, the Dutch settlers built a fort, with ramparts of beaten earth and a moat filled by a small stream which now runs out of sight underground.

The beginnings of the little colony were difficult. Heavy rains washed away their newly-planted gardens and the natives at first would not sell them cattle.

If you walk up Adderley Street to-day, you will find it hard to realize, among the motor traffic and the tram-lines, with telegraph wires overhead and telephone cables underfoot, that when the houses of Chester or Canterbury were already standing just as they do now, van Riebeck, on this very spot, was offering high rewards for the slaughter of the lions and hyænas that raided his settlers' flocks from their lairs on Table Mountain. Nowadays the nearest lions are a thousand miles away, and, even there, express trains run through the game-reserve that shelters them. But van Riebeck was of the presevering stuff of which Empire-builders must be made, and the outpost he founded has slowly but uninterruptedly developed into the beautiful modern city of Cape Town.

As a result of the successful foundation of this revictualling station for their East India men, the Dutch abandoned St. Helena, the lonely island 1,700 miles away to the westward, which they had taken over from the Portuguese. Directly the Dutch had sailed away, they were replaced at St. Helena by the British.

All the maritime powers of Western Europe were now provided with their own ports of call on the way to India. The English had St. Helena, the Dutch were at the Cape, the Portuguese held Mozambique on the East Coast of Africa, as they do to this day, and the French had already established themselves on the Island of Madagascar. Most of these nations were at war with each other on and off during the course of the eighteenth century, and even when the governments themselves were officially at peace, it often happened that their sea-captains would carry on private hostilities of their own.

The merchant ships of those days carried guns as well as cargo. Their crews were amply equipped with muskets, cutlasses and boarding pikes, for it was quite possible that any strange vessel met at sea might suddenly run up the black skull-and-cross-bones flag of the professional pirate, and, if its attack were successful, cut every throat on board. Merchant ships, moreover, were away from home so long, cut off from all news of political developments in Europe, that there was always the chance that their country might have gone to war during their absence without their knowing it, so that they had also to be prepared to fight their way home again past marauding privateers, which were ships, owned by civilians, that made a profitable

business out of the naval warfare of those days by acting as what we should call "commerce-raiders." Hardly a league of the many miles of African coastal waters through which the Prince of Wales passed on his way from the Equator to Cape Town but saw its sea-fight in those adventurous days.

Van Riebeck's little township on the shore of Table Bay was soon increased in size by other immigrants. In 1658 a ship-load of black slaves was landed there and the habit was begun of leaving all manual labour to the natives, which is still the greatest handicap to the development of a white population in South Africa.

Then Asiatics from the Dutch East Indies were occasionally deported to the Cape, and the foundations were laid of the mixture of races which now exists there. But European settlers—and those of a very fine stock—also arrived. When the Edict of Nantes, under which French Protestants had enjoyed freedom of religion, was revoked in 1685 the French Huguenots emigrated by the thousand mostly to Holland. But the Netherlands have always been an overcrowded country, and the Dutch East India Company persuaded two hundred of these highly intelligent refugees to transfer to the Cape. From them have descended the families of French name which are still prominent in the affairs of South Africa.

In this way the original encampment set up by van Riebeck grew into a small town with substantial houses built in the picturesque Dutch style. It was defended by a strong castle built on the shore, that stands intact to-day. This took eight years to complete, and its deep moat and thick-walled bastions made it a very formidable place. The colonists,

numbering by the end of the eighteenth century some 1,500, had spread all round the shores of Table Bay and founded picturesque little villages like Stellenbosch, where the white homesteads of those days still house the descendants of their builders under the shade of the old oak trees that they planted.

During the hundred years which followed, great changes took place in India. The British Empire in that country gradually came into being, and when Holland ranged herself with the French on the side of England's foes during the war of American Independence, it was natural that the British Government should make an effort to capture so valuable a station on the way to the East as the Cape of Good Hope had now become. The first expedition was not a success. The French had landed reinforcements at Cape Town before the English Fleet arrived, and Commodore Johnson, in command of the English Squadron, contented himself with capturing four Dutch East Indiamen, which he found lying in Saldanha Bay, a little to the north of Cape Town. This was in 1780. Thirteen years later, as a consequence of the French Revolution, war broke out again between France and England. Part of the Dutch nation threw in its lot with France, but the Prince of Orange, the Stadtholder of Holland, fled to England, and, refusing to recognize the alliance which his rebellious subjects had made with the French, agreed to the establishment of a British garrison at the Cape. By the fleet that conveyed the troops, he sent a letter to the Dutch Governor at Cape Town, calling on him to admit the British, who would aid in protecting the colony against the French.

But the Dutch settlement in South Africa, like Holland itself, was divided into those who sympathized with the French and those who opposed their revolutionary principles. The former were the stronger party and when the British Admiral, Sir George Elphinstone, presented the exiled Prince of Orange's order that the English troops were to be admitted to the Cape, it was rejected. The Admiral accordingly determined to regard Cape Town as the territory of an enemy power in league with France, and landed the troops his fleet had brought out for the purpose of attacking it. They were put ashore at Simonstown, on the other side of the Cape Peninsula from Table Bay, where is now the headquarters of the African Squadron of the British Fleet. The Dutch fell back along the Cape Town road, and entrenched themselves at a point where it is hemmed in between the mountains and the sea. This position was forced by the British, who made a frontal attack on it ashore while the fleet bombarded the flank of the Dutch defenders from the sea. In considerable disorder the latter retired on their strong castle at Cape Town, where they might have resisted a long siege. But the arrival from India of large reinforcements for the invaders discouraged them into surrender, and the Cape was officially declared British territory by right of conquest.

Such was the way in which the foundations of British South Africa were laid, but even then the Cape was not finally brought under the British flag, for in 1802 by the Peace of Amiens, it was restored by England to the Dutch Republic. War with Napoleon shortly broke out again, however, and the Dutch were once more on the side of England's

enemies. The new Dutch Governor of the Cape, General Janssens, had realized from the experience of a few years before that England's sea-power put Cape Town itself practically at her mercy. He therefore resolved that when the expected renewal of the British invasion came he would meet it inland, and to that end he fortified a mountain-pass in the range that shuts off the Cape Peninsula from the interior. In January, 1806, the British Fleet arrived, 59 vessels in all, commanded by Sir Home Popham, and conveying 7,000 troops under General Sir David Baird. For some time the heavy surf breaking on the shore of Table Bay interfered with a landing, but eventually two brigades were disembarked there while another body was put ashore in Saldanha Bay. The Dutch forces were a mixed collection of colours and nationalities, including even Hottentots and negro slaves. General Janssens had also a German regiment and a contingent of French sailors drawn from ships which had been driven into Table Bay by British frigates. He first engaged the British force on the plain in front of his prepared position in the Hottentots Holland range, but was driven from the field with a loss of 350 killed and wounded and retired to his mountain entrenchments, leaving the British to enter Cape Town, which surrendered without further resistance. Dispositions were then taken to attack the Dutch line, but General Janssens surrendered without further fighting on condition that his Dutch troops should be sent back to Holland.

This second establishment of British authority at the Cape was final, being later confirmed by the payment of £6,000,000 to the Dutch government. That rich and strategically important province was

definitely added to the British Empire, and, thanks to the vigour and enterprise of its inhabitants, there has grown up behind it a vast Dominion. So rapidly has British rule spread, moreover, in other parts of Africa that now a hundred and twenty years from the conquest of the Cape, it would be possible for a traveller to start from there overland and reach the shores of the Red Sea at Port Sudan without ever leaving British territory on the way.

CHAPTER III.

THE PRINCE'S LANDING IN CAPE TOWN.

WHEN H.M.S. *Repulse* was still forty miles from Table Bay in the small hours of the morning of April 30th, a dense fog fell suddenly, blotting out all possibility of picking up the lighthouses along the coast. Speed was at once reduced to seven knots and the great vessel proceeded cautiously by compass bearing alone, sounding her syren continually as a warning to any ships that might be coming out from Cape Town.

To approach a coast, virtually blindfold in a fog, is one of the greatest strains to which the nerve of a navigator can be subjected. And when the ship under his charge is one of the largest and most costly in the British Navy, and has on board a passenger of the importance of the Prince of Wales, it is natural that the perils of stranding and collision should be present with especial vividness to the mind of the officer responsible for her course. But it had been arranged that the *Repulse* was to anchor a mile and a quarter from the pier in Table Bay at 8.30 a.m., and with all South Africa expecting her at that hour the credit of the Royal Navy required that she should arrive punctually.

So the *Repulse* was held on her course, steering through the white blanket of fog for the three-mile gap between Robben Island and the shore which makes the entrance to Table Bay.

Fortunately it had been arranged that H.M.S. *Birmingham*, the flagship of the Africa Station, with the *Dublin* and the two sloops *Verbena* and *Wallflower* which make up her squadron, should come out to salute the Prince of Wales and escort him into port.

The leadsmen in the "chains," which are small platforms built out over the side, were constantly taking soundings and calling out the depths they registered to the unseen bridge high above them, where, in the lighted chart-room, the Navigator was tracing the ship's progress by dead reckoning on the chart. The risk under such circumstances is that some current, perhaps underestimated or not recorded, in the navigation books, should be setting the ship to one side of the course she is believed to be on. Even a slight variation, prolonged over a distance of miles, might have the effect of putting her in danger of running ashore when she was still believed to be several miles from the coast. It was on the leadsmen that it depended to avert this danger, for if their soundings had shown that the ship was getting into shallower water, and therefore approaching the coast, the anchors, which were ready cleared on the forecastle, would have been immediately let go. But about 7.30 a.m. the wireless operators of the *Repulse* picked up signals from H.M.S. *Birmingham* coming cautiously out into the fog to meet the Prince. Soon afterwards, her syren was heard sounding the "pennant number" of the *Repulse*—a special signal allotted to every ship for identification purposes. The *Repulse* then stopped and the South Africa flagship crept gradually nearer until her white-painted sides loomed up barely fifty

yards away in the fog. Steaming past the Prince's ship, the *Birmingham* fired a salute, the gun-flashes showing only as pale gleams through the haze, while her crew, manning ship along the sides, were faintly visible like the ship's company of some ghostly "*Flying Dutchman*."

The *Birmingham* now took up position ahead of the *Repulse* to guide her in, but it would have been impossible to keep her in view had she not directed a searchlight over her stern, and also towed a "fog buoy," whose wash, just discernible in the water ahead, enabled the quartermaster at the helm of the *Repulse* to follow the lead given him. Yet, despite all these anxieties and difficulties, it was at 8.33 a.m., only three minutes after the appointed time, that H.M.S. *Repulse* dropped anchor at the exact spot arranged in Table Bay, and her Captain and Navigator, their eyes inflamed with long staring into the perilous fog, were able to leave the bridge for a few hours' much-needed sleep.

But by the time the Prince, at ten o'clock, got into his graceful little "barge" with its funnel of brilliant brass, and gleaming blue-and-white painted sides, the white mist which until then had hidden Cape Town began to roll backwards to the mountain foot, and then rise slowly up the face of the sheer brown precipice, in a curiously mechanical way, as if Nature were solemnly raising the curtain on another great episode in South African history, every foot of ground that the fog yielded was instantly flooded with brilliant golden sunshine pouring down from a sky of absolutely unclouded blue. It was like a wonderful transformation scene before the Prince's eyes as he crossed the mile and a half

of sparkling water between the *Repulse* and the long pier at the head of which he was to land. The shape of Table Mountain itself was still shrouded in a cloak of densest grey, but the white houses of the town, sloping gradually upwards to its foot, and the green slopes of Signal Hill on the right, shone gaily in the sun.

The long straight esplanade to the left of Adderley Pier was black with people, and little red-sailed boats crowded with waving sightseers cruised to and fro on the blue water of Table Bay.



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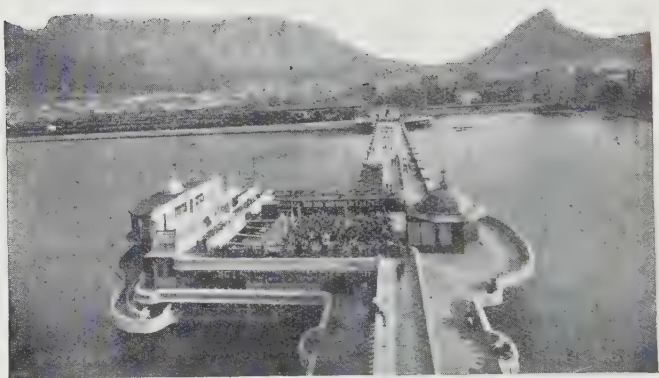
[Central News

CAPE TOWN.—H.R.H. INSPECTING THE MILITARY SECTION OF
THE DEFENCE FORCE ON THE PIER.

At the head of the pier the Governor-General, the Earl of Athlone, was waiting to welcome the Prince to the territory of the Union. He is the Queen's brother and before he received his English peerage from the King, was known as Prince Alexander of Teck. With the Governor were his wife, Princess Alice, his son Lord Trematon, who had just left Eton, and his daughter, Lady May Cambridge, a pretty, fair girl of about eighteen.

The South African Premier, General Hertzog, with the members of his Cabinet, was also there, and among the small group of prominent politicians and officials behind them appeared the well-known, stalwart figure of General Smuts, the Premier of the last South African Government, and now Leader of the Opposition. The Prince, in naval uniform with cocked hat, with his staff also in full dress, either naval or military, made a brilliant little group among the top hats and frock-coats at the pier-head. But what gripped one's imagination even more than this array of distinguished people was a multitude of South Africans such as few events have ever brought together. White-shirted Boy Scouts made an avenue down the long pier, and behind them were packed the excited throngs of their families. Ashore, wherever one looked, were people in dense masses, the pink dots of their faces all turned in one direction. The sea on both sides of the pier was littered with craft, full of waving figures, and from the whole mass, on land and water, came such a tumult of cheering that one could hardly hear words spoken at one's elbow.

The first impression of Cape Town is of a small compact place, hemmed in between the mountain and the sea. And, indeed, if one walks from the



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CAPE TOWN.—THE PIER.

beach straight up Adderley Street, the principal thoroughfare, and keeps on as far as one can go, it does not take more than half an hour to reach the back edge of the city. The experience is an odd one, for after climbing several steep roads, lined with white villas, of a particularly attractive type which inspires immediate admiration for the taste and ingenuity of South African architects, the road finally ends with the most complete abruptness. You step straight from an asphalt pavement into primeval bush of the kind that covered the whole shore when van Riebeck landed, and, a few yards beyond, the rocky face of Table Mountain bars all further progress.

As a result of being thus penned in between an impassable barrier and the sea, Cape Town, which has now over 200,000 inhabitants, has been compelled

to expand sideways round the flanks of its mountain guardian. Few towns of the same population have suburbs so far-stretching. The citizens of Cape Town are scattered not only along the shores of the Atlantic, at Sea Point and Camps Bay, but their villas extend in almost unbroken succession for fifteen miles across the neck of the peninsula to the pretty seaside village of Muizenberg on the Indian Ocean. The area of the Cape Town municipality is a crescent-shaped strip twenty-five miles long, but in breadth only two or three.

People who have not visited the Cape generally think of Table Mountain as standing at the very extremity of Africa, looking out towards the Antarctic, with Cape Town facing southwards beneath it.



But Table Bay is, as a matter of fact, some thirty miles up the western coast of Africa from the Cape of Good Hope. It is tucked away in a small niche at the northern end of the Cape Peninsula, which runs to the south behind it. It takes some time for a traveller newly arrived from Europe to realize that in looking seaward he faces the way that he has come. And this illusion that the sea lies to the south is heightened by the fact that at noon he finds the sun over it, since in the southern hemisphere the sun journeys from east to west by way of the north, instead of being at midday in the south, where the people of Europe find it.

At the head of a long procession of motor-cars the Prince of Wales drove up the sunlit length of Adderley Street to the Grand Parade in front of



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the Town Hall. So enormous were the crowds compressed on either side of his way and concentrated in swaying black masses on the Parade, that the police, mounted and on foot, had to struggle with all their strength to keep a path clear for him, and the Royal procession was several times split in half by the irresistible surge of masses of people. Of the 200,000 inhabitants of Cape Town and its string of suburbs, it was estimated that 190,000 were concentrated in the heart of the city, together with at least another 30,000 from other parts of South Africa.

It had always been a tradition in South Africa that Cape Town was the city which could not raise a cheer. Yet the volume of its vocal welcome to the Prince not only far surpassed all previous records but could not possibly have been exceeded by any town of the same size. What struck the imagination, especially of the coloured people of Cape Town, who make up one-half its population, were the brilliant uniforms of the Prince's two Welsh Guards orderlies. Their scarlet gilt-buttoned tunics and towering black bearskins invariably roused the breathless onlookers to another tremendous burst of cheering when they came in sight at the end of the procession. The road was lined by a khaki-clad kilted regiment, the Capetown Scottish, and by two other kinds of uniforms with which we were to grow very familiar during our tour of the Union. These were the "field grey" of the South African Defence Force, and the slouch hats, white shirts or green jerseys, and shorts of the School Cadets.

The Union Government has undertaken full responsibility for the military defence of South Africa since July 1921, and the only British Imperial

troops left in the country are some Garrison Artillery. By the law of South Africa, every man of European descent is liable for national defence from the ages of seventeen to sixty. Conditions of service in peace-time are, however, light. At twenty-one about half the young men liable are called up to do six weeks' training, and from that time until they are twenty-five, they go into camp for ten days every year, and parade on another eight days for drill and rifle-shooting. In addition to this "Citizen Force," there is also a permanent regular army of 2,500 mounted men, who would supply the backbone of non-commissioned officers required if the Union were to mobilize for war.

The cadets are a voluntary school organization, supplied with uniforms and carbines by the Government, and consisting of boys between the ages of thirteen and seventeen. There are about 40,000 of them, and their sturdiness of physique and smartness of bearing constantly attracted our admiration throughout the Prince's tour.

But even apart from these official organizations, South Africa is a territory particularly well equipped for self-defence against any military emergency to which it is ever likely to be exposed. The farmers of the veld, who form so large a portion of the population, are men accustomed from earliest boyhood to ride and to shoot. Their scrubby, long-haired ponies are their regular means of transport, and marksmanship is their traditional hobby. For generations they have been loosely organized for purposes of local defence into mounted companies known as "Commandos," which are justifiably claimed to be the most easily mobilized and most mobile military organization in the world.

In the outlying parts of the country we were to see many of these Commandos summoned as guards of honour to the Prince.

It was Thursday morning, April 30th, when the Prince of Wales landed in Cape Town and he spent four days there, staying with the Earl of Athlone at Government House, before setting out on his ten thousand mile railway tour of the whole of South Africa. During that week end, besides holding reviews on a large scale of ex-Service men, Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, school-children, coloured people and Asiatics, the Prince managed to see a great deal of the beauties of the Cape Peninsula. The Friday was a particularly attractive day. It began with the installation of the Prince as Chancellor of the University of Cape Town at the City Hall. There are some eight hundred students in the University, which was incorporated in 1916, from the century-old South Africa College, and to mark the installation of their Royal Chancellor they had organized a picturesque procession from Government House to the City Hall. When the Prince was ready to start for the ceremony, he found waiting for him at the door a long, low, lumbering, iron-tired, white-tilted wagon, of just the type that the old Dutch farmers have used for generations in their slow "treks" over the roadless veld. Hitched to it were six span of broad-horned oxen, and round this romantic conveyance was ranged as guard of honour a "Commando" of mounted students, dressed in fantastic costumes and armed with broomsticks. The Prince and Admiral Halsey, the Chief of his Staff, clambered up on to the broad driving seat and with much cracking of long whips by teamsters disguised as Kaffirs, the creaking twelve-



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CAPE TOWN.—THE PRINCE'S "MILITARY" MOUNTED ESCORT
OF STUDENTS ARMED WITH BROOM-STICKS.

ox-power vehicle began to lurch slowly forward through the crowded streets. With its six pairs of cattle stretching for thirty yards ahead, it was a procession in itself.

At the City Hall, the Prince was installed as Chancellor, under conditions in which professorial dignity and undergraduate impudence were mingled. A solemn speech delivered by the Dean of the Faculty of Arts was interrupted by the sudden appearance on the platform of a ruffled white Leghorn hen, be-ribboned with the University colours, which strutted about with such an air of

flustered self-importance that the Prince and the whole audience broke into a roar of laughter.

The rest of the Prince's morning was taken up by a drive of a hundred miles along a new road which has been built by convict labour round the whole coastline of the Cape Peninsula. This is one of the most beautiful motor-routes in the whole world, passing in places between a towering wall of rock on the one side and a sheer drop on the other into the blue ocean beneath, and it leads past the most delightful and historic house in the whole of South Africa, known as Groot Constantia, built by the famous Dutch Governor, Vander Stel, in 1685. Its dignified low-ceilinged rooms are still furnished with the great carved linen-presses and substantial chairs and tables of the Dutch Viceroy. Under the trees in its old-fashioned garden the Prince had lunch.

Groot Constantia is now a Government property and the centre of a large wine-farm of which the grapes have yielded vintages of high quality for the last two hundred and fifty years. A hundred years ago Cape wines, which were then of the sweet and heavy type, were highly prized, even in England. During the nineteenth century, however, the popular taste turned to lighter vintages, and the market for South African wine fell away. Of late years varieties have been produced on the Constantia and neighbouring vineyards which are quite equal to anything but the best French vintages, and it can only be conservative prejudice against brands whose names are comparatively unknown which prevents them from having a larger sale abroad.

On his way back to Cape Town, the Prince laid the foundation stone of the new site for the

University of which he had been made Chancellor in the morning. The place where its buildings are to rise was chosen by that greatest figure in all South African history, Cecil Rhodes, whose extraordinary, adventurous and momentous career is commemorated in the name of the colony of Rhodesia, which the Prince was to visit later. The place is within the original grounds of Groote Schuur, the old Dutch house where Rhodes lived when Prime Minister of the Cape Colony, bequeathed by him to South Africa as an official residence for his successors. A new road has been driven through the property, which will pass close to the new University building, connecting with the beautiful De Waal Drive, a broad way for motor traffic, recently built by the Cape Province authorities with convict labour, winding through the pinewoods on the lower slopes of Table Mountain. The privacy of Groote Schuur has suffered somewhat by the realization of this scheme, and the open-air Zoo of South African animals which Rhodes collected is so close to the new thoroughfare that the lions blink through their bars at passers-by from a range of only two or three yards.

The surroundings among which the University will thus stand have inspiring breadth and beauty. From a space levelled in the side of the lower pine-covered slopes that fall from Table Mountain to the sea, it will dominate a great green plain known as "Cape Flats," which stretches away, dotted picturesquely with little houses amongst its trees, towards the distant rugged line of the Stellenbosch Mountains to the eastward. This low-lying plain of the Cape Flats contains a big area, about eight miles by ten, of practically untouched "bush."

This is a sort of no-man's-land where a curious outcast population lives under conditions as primitive as van Riebeck's earliest settlers themselves. Their huts are the wretchedest shacks imaginable, made generally of petrol-tins hammered flat, and rusted by the weather. Sometimes a straggly little vegetable garden surrounds them, but generally they are like gipsy shelters on a common. It is the lowest and especially the laziest class of coloured people ("Cape Boys," as they are called locally), who exist in this almost savage way. Fortunately, the kindly climate of South Africa, with its almost continual sunshine, makes life more tolerable for them than it would be under similar housing conditions in Europe.

The stone-laying ceremony at the University brought us into contact with the fact that South Africa has two official languages—English and a local form of Dutch which has lately come to be known as "Africans." Prayers were offered and speeches made in both these tongues, for South Africans of Dutch race cling tenaciously to the use of the colonial Dutch dialect, which has come down to them from van Riebeck and his first settlers, as a mark of their racial identity.

That a certain rivalry still exists in South Africa between those two national stocks of strongly marked character which inhabit it, the British and the Dutch, is a fact that was to come clearly before us on many occasions during the tour, but as the Prince recalled in his speech on the site of the future University, Cecil Rhodes, the greatest pioneer of South African union, could see no barrier to the close co-operation of both races within the British Empire.

Next day's programme showed us something of another of the urgent problems of South Africa, evidence of which was to accompany us wherever we went throughout its wide extent. This was the colour question, which was brought before our notice by the fact that the Prince's route to Simons-town, the South African Naval Station on the eastern side of Cape Peninsular, led through what is known as the "No. 6 District" of Cape Town, which is the coloured people's quarter. Cape Town's colour problem differs to some extent from the one that bulks so largely throughout the rest of the Union. In other areas, away from the coast, the non-European population of South Africa consists almost entirely of negroes of the various branches of the Bantu race. These number rather more than five million within the Union boundaries as against about a million and a half of whites. But in addition to this large native population there are about five hundred thousand half-castes, known as "coloured people," and some two hundred thousand Asiatics, chiefly from India and the Malay Peninsula, most of the two latter classes being found in the neighbourhoods of Cape Town and Durban.

And while the white population remains stationary the native and coloured peoples, especially the former, are increasing in numbers very rapidly year by year. Education, being free and compulsory, is making these non-European races increasingly formidable rivals of the whites, in all the lower levels of industry and trade. As the years go by, this competition is bound to be felt in ever greater severity, for the black and coloured children attending school in the Cape Colony are

already more numerous than the white. Later on we shall learn what steps are being taken to regulate the ever-growing rivalry between these races with their different standards of civilization. Our drive through the "No. 6 District" was the first opportunity that we had of seeing the problem set out before our eyes. Even to the central part of Cape Town an exotic and Eastern appearance is given by the frequency of black and coffee complexion in its streets, but on our way out to Simonstown we drove through a whole area which seemed to be entirely inhabited by coloured people and Asiatics. The dense double ranks of faces which lined the road were of every shade from lamp-black to milky tea. Brightly coloured Oriental dresses gleamed among them. Thick-lipped natives in cast-off khaki great-coats and woollen caps; Indian women in gaudy *sarongs*, nursing sallow little babies; swarthy Malays in black fezzes; Chinamen, Afghans, Greeks all mingled with the half-breed population of Cape Town, whose degrees of tincture bore witness to the intermixture of black and white stock in an infinite variety of proportions. At one moment we were passing a group of coloured school-children almost as black as "coons," with only a just perceptibly softer line of feature and smoother quality of hair to mark them off from the pure-blooded African. Next stood a group of coloured girls from a factory by the roadside, who had run out in their overalls to see the Prince. In them, on the other hand, nothing revealed their mixed origin but a slight sallowness. Some even had fair hair.

There had been some uneasiness among the police authorities responsible for the Prince's safety

at the prospect of his driving slowly through the midst of all this hybrid population of "District Six," for Communist propaganda is known to be carried on there by agitators of various races and mysterious origins. But nothing could have been more demonstratively friendly than the reception given to the Prince by these British subjects of mixed blood, whom the swirl of Empire conquest and commerce has washed into the East End of Cape Town.

CHAPTER IV.

MAKING FRIENDS WITH SOUTH AFRICA.

THE road to Simonstown runs along the base of Table Mountain, turning round the Devil's Peak, which is at the eastern end of the horseshoe of steep slopes that hems in Cape Town, and then skirting the base of a long, tapering wedge of mountain that stretches back from the precipice to form the backbone of the Cape Peninsula.

Its front elevation, from Table Bay, has made Table Mountain one of the most famous heights in



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CAPE TOWN.—THE NEW MOTOR ROAD TO SIMONSTOWN.

the world. From the shore below it appears as a flat-topped tableland of rock, with a horizontal edge two miles long. The suitability of its name is increased by the mass of cloud which the summit constantly attracts. This "tablecloth," as they call it, is unrolled by invisible hands along the top and drapes itself in folds part way down the slope.

The frequent and sudden forming of these moisture-laden clouds upon the summit is the only danger involved in the climbing of Table Mountain by one of several established and easy routes. For instead of being a smooth plateau, as the look of the mountain suggests from below, its top is an irregular maze of rocks and precipices, over which one might easily fall in the mist. On a clear day the view from the ridge, over the town and harbour at the foot of the sheer northern face, is one that could only be equalled from an aeroplane.

With the low-lying broad green plain of the Cape Flats to our left and the steep slopes of Table Mountain on our right we drove on towards Simonstown by a tree-shaded road, along which the trams run for miles. Pleasant houses, of exactly the kind that one would see round a large English town, stand in their gardens beside the whole way, until suddenly, at Muizenberg, one comes upon False Bay on the eastern side of the Cape Peninsula.

Here it is the Indian Ocean, which meets the Atlantic at Cape Point. At any time of the year the water to the east of Cape Point is ten to twelve degrees warmer than on the Atlantic side, owing to the warm current coming down from Mozambique.

Muizenberg and Kalk Bay are delightful seaside suburbs of Cape Town, with the pretty white houses of wealthy South Africans facing the sea from the

lower slopes of the hill, among them the tiny thatched cottage where Cecil Rhodes spent his last days. Away to the east, stretches for miles along the edge of False Bay a magnificent beach of white sand. In summer (which for South Africans falls at Christmas-time), thousands of people from Cape Town spend the whole day there, lying in the sun or riding with surf-boards on the crest of the long breakers that come rushing in for hundreds of yards up the almost level shore.

Simonstown itself is a place of few intrinsic attractions. It is penned in between the sea and the brown face of the steep hills. Through the gaps in them the wind, blowing from one ocean to the other, sweeps clouds of silver sand, which form Sahara-like dunes. It is the fame of Simonstown, however, to be one of the most important of the overseas bases of the Royal Navy, with a large repairing yard and dry-dock capable of taking all but the largest battleships. Its value as a refitting and revictualling base on the way to the East became especially prominent at the beginning of the Great War, when the attack of the Turks upon the Suez Canal temporarily closed that route to shipping.

Simonstown is the headquarters of the Africa Squadron of the Royal Navy, consisting of three cruisers and three gun-boats, whose cruising ground extends from the Gambia, the northern-most British Colony on the West Coast of Africa, right round to Mombasa on the coast of the Kenya Colony in the East. The Union of South Africa itself maintains no Navy, as some other Dominions do, but it possesses several survey-vessels and maintains at Simonstown a training ship called the *General Botha* where boys, both Dutch and English, some of whom had

never seen the sea until they joined her, are trained for the Mercantile Marine. A pulling-boat, manned by boys from the *Botha* was waiting to take the Prince on board their ship, which was once a third-class cruiser in the British Navy known as H.M.S. *Thames*. Though her ram at the bows and the semi-circular gun platforms projecting from her sides, give the *Botha* an old-fashioned appearance, she is a comfortable, roomy ship within, and has fitted many a smart Dutch lad for the seafaring profession in which his forefathers won such renown.

Admiralty House, where the Prince lunched, is the residence of the Admiral Commanding the Station, and has a pleasant garden sloping to the sea. In this is mounted as a flower-vase the shell of a German mine which drifted ashore in 1918. It was found on the beach by a Dutch farmer whose acquaintance with marine engines of destruction was so limited that he thought this odd-shaped piece of flotsam might be converted into an ornament for the "stoep," or verandah of his farm. He accordingly hitched a team of oxen to it and dragged the heavy steel mine, designed to explode at the slightest shock, across the rough ground to his home. There he set to work on it with a sledgehammer, until he had made a hole out of which a curious liquid trickled. Unable to make anything of this, the simple-minded farmer tried setting a light to it, whereupon, to his intense alarm, the liquid flared up in sudden flame. He then bethought himself of reporting his discovery to the Naval authorities and it was only from them that he learnt how recklessly he had been playing with death.

This mine was one of those laid by the German cruiser *Wolf* whose minefields sank seven British merchant ships during the war.

In connection with this vessel a romantic and little known story is told in Cape Town. One night the coastguard on duty at Cape Point saw a boat row inshore out of the darkness, containing fifteen men, all in British Naval uniform, three of them dressed as officers. In perfectly good English one of the officers asked the coastguard the way up to the lighthouse. Believing the party to have come from a British warship, the man directed them, and they set off up the steep path, carrying with them a heavy chest. When they reached the lighthouse the officer asked to be allowed to telephone to Cape Town. After a long conversation which was overheard by no one, he and his men then returned to the beach and embarked in their boat again. It was some time before news of the incident reached the Naval authorities, and enquiries which were at once made proved that it was beyond all possibility that the landing-party could have come from a British ship. The belief is that the mysterious expedition was one sent by the German cruiser *Wolf* to blow up the Cape wireless station, but that in the darkness the landing was made at the wrong place. Nor did the most careful investigation ever ascertain who was the person with whom the mysterious strangers communicated by telephone.

When the Prince returned to Cape Town on the evening of May 2nd, after calling at a race-meeting and a football match on the way, he attended a dinner given by the Parliament of the Union of South Africa at the House of Assembly, where he made one of the happiest and most valuable speeches

of his tour. It was a great test of his tact and personal magnetism, and he came through it with brilliant success.

The courtesy and hospitality of the Dutch are well known, and there is no doubt that whatever their Royal guest had said would have been listened to with attention and respect. But the success which the Prince achieved among this audience, of which the greater part were strong Dutch Nationalists, surpassed all expectation.

The political situation with which the Prince was confronted in South Africa is easy to understand when one remembers in what way and how recently the Union has become a Dominion of the British Empire. It contains two great bodies of political opinion, the Nationalists and the South African Party. A third group, the Labour Party, has formed a coalition with the Nationalists, who are in power under the Premiership of General Hertzog.

The essential difference between the two main parties lies in their attitude towards the Act of Union which gave South Africa self-government within the Empire in 1910. That act consolidated and reorganized the confused situation brought about by the annexation of the Republics of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State in 1902 as a result of the Boer War.

For a time the territories of the two republics were administered directly by the British Colonial Office as Crown Colonies, but in 1906 they were advanced to the position of having responsible government with legislatures of their own, the first Prime Minister of the Transvaal being General Botha, the chief leader of the Boer forces at the end of the South African War.

There were then no less than four colonies with separate Parliaments existing side by side in South Africa—the Cape Colony, Natal, the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. It was clearly to their mutual interest that they should be amalgamated, and after negotiations between them, the Union of South Africa was formed on May 31st, 1910, with a grant of full Dominion self-government from the King. The administrative capital, where the departmental work of government is carried on, was fixed at Pretoria, the Houses of Parliament at Cape Town and the supreme Court of Appeal at Bloemfontein.

With this event South Africa entered upon a new phase of political existence, and since then the chief point of divergence in her party politics has been the question of whether her present condition is to be regarded as a permanent one.

For the first fourteen years of the Union, the followers of General Botha and General Smuts, who took the name of the South African Party, were predominant in Parliament. The policy which they pursue is that of the development of their country as an integral part of the British Empire. So long as they have that independence in administering their own affairs which it is now a firmly established tradition of the British Government to accord to self-governing Dominions, they are content to look to London for guidance in those matters which are the concern of the Empire as a whole.

The other party in the Union, the Nationalists, who defeated their opponents in the General Election of 1924, and succeeded to power under the Premiership of General Hertzog, is

predominantly Dutch and represents the more conservative section of that part of the population of South Africa. In many members of the party, especially the farmers of the lonely "back-veld," the tradition of their oldtime independence still runs strong. Some of them even consider it the ultimate destiny of South Africa, now re-united, to become a Republic outside the British Empire, and there is no doubt whatever that any blunder on the part of the Imperial Government in the way of intruding upon South Africa's autonomy, would bring the separatist issue rapidly to the front. But while the Prince of Wales was on the way to South Africa, the Nationalist Premier, General Hertzog, made in Parliament a public condemnation of any idea of secession from the British Empire, except in the case that "either of the two great sections of our people, English or Dutch, should claim superiority or dominance over the other."

The combination of circumstances on which this reservation is based, however, is so unlikely to come about that most South Africans interpreted General Hertzog's statement as a formal abandonment by the Nationalist leader of the aim of gradually working the Union out of the British Empire. The speech, therefore, which the Prince, as representative of the King and the Imperial Government, was to make at his formal meeting with the Parliament of South Africa was awaited with extreme interest. So important did the occasion seem to the South African Government that quite unusual precautions were taken to keep the proceedings confidential, and the Press, both Imperial and South African, was entirely excluded.

But a political assembly is least fitted of any

to keep a secret, and in this case there was no secret that required to be kept. For both the Prince's words and the manner in which South African politicians of all shades received them, were so cordial that, as the *Cape Argus* said in its next issue :

“ The speech will be regarded as a landmark in the constitutional history not only of South Africa, but of the Empire, and it may well mark the beginning of a new era in the political history of the Union. . . . It has given members, and especially the Nationalists, a new view point towards royalty, which will clear away many doubts and materially contribute to a better understanding of the great and beneficent part which the Crown plays in promoting the happiness, prosperity and unity of the Empire as a whole.”

The Prince approached the delicate subject of South Africa's Imperial associations in the soundest and most tactful manner :

“ The visits I have already made to other Dominions,” he said, “ have helped me to realize the great development in the constitutional status of the various self-governing parts of the British Commonwealth which has taken place since the War. That development was perhaps first strikingly marked by the separate signature, by the Representatives of the Dominions, of the Peace Treaties, and by their inclusion as Members of the League of Nations. But anyone who has taken the trouble to study the history of the period since 1919 will

realize that this development is going on all the time, and that the full conception of what is meant by a Brotherhood of Free Nations such as ours has still to be worked out. I realize that the welcome which you extend to me is in recognition of the fact that I come to you as the King's eldest son, as Heir to a Throne under which the members of that Commonwealth are free to develop each on its own lines, but all to work together as one. No Government can represent all parties and all nations within the Empire, but my travels have taught me this, that the Throne is regarded as standing for a heritage of common aims and ideals shared equally by all sections, parties and nations within that Empire."

Every word of the Prince's speech was received in the silence of tense interest as he read it, but when at the end he paused and then uttered the Afrikaans word: "Meneere," the Dutch South Africans of the Nationalist Party broke into a roar of surprised and delighted applause:

"Meneere," went on the Prince, when he could make his voice heard again, "ek is bly julle vanaant te ontmoet, en ek bedank julle nogmaals vir julle warme welkom." (Gentlemen, I am glad to meet you, and I thank you again for your warm welcome).

The astonishment and interest which the Prince's Dutch hearers felt that only three days after his setting foot in South Africa for the first time, the Prince of Wales should be addressing them in the dialect of their forefathers, swept the Nationalists

off their feet in a wave of enthusiasm. They cheered him again and again, and when the Prince rose from the table a few moments later, the younger Nationalists crowded round him and persuaded him to come to the Library, where they sang to him choruses of old Dutch songs. It was nearly midnight when the Prince got into his car to go across to Government House, and the members of both Houses all followed him to the portico of the building, and, standing there bareheaded, sang the National Anthem—such a manifestation of loyalty to the Empire on the part of all sections of Parliament as none had ever seen before in the Unions of South Africa.

The delight of the Dutch members of the Legislative Assembly at hearing the Prince speak Afrikaans arose chiefly from the belief under which some of them had laboured, that this dialect of theirs, which is a less highly developed language than the High Dutch of Holland, was rather despised by British South Africans as a provincial peculiarity of little interest or value.

Its history is testimony to the conservative instincts of the Dutch race. By the time the Cape fell under British rule in 1806, the Dutch language of van Riebeck's day had become considerably adulterated through the introduction of many Kaffir and Hottentot words, and in consequence of the difficulty of keeping in touch with cultured literary circles in Holland.

In 1827 the English Governor, Lord Charles Somerset, forbade the use of Dutch as an official language, but it still remained the home dialect of the people of that race in the Cape Colony, and the Great Trek transplanted it to the new republics of

the Transvaal and the Orange Free State. It was not until 1876 that the first Africaans grammar was published. A movement for the improvement and standardization of "the Taal," as Africaans was then called by those who spoke it, began in the seventies of the last century, and at the end of the Anglo-Boer War, the Treaty of Vereeniging gave the Dutch the right to use their traditional language in their schools and courts. Since the Union came into force, Africaans has been raised to the position of second official language of South Africa. All public documents and proclamations are in both tongues, and for many essential Government appointments ability to speak Africaans as well as English is made essential by law. The speed with which the Prince had set himself to acquire even an elementary knowledge of their local dialect, therefore, particularly touched the hearts of the South African Dutch. They took it as the most delicate compliment that could have been paid to their race, and it was in the House of Assembly at Cape Town that the cry in Africaans of "Ons Prins!" (Our Prince!) was heard, which went through South Africa with His Royal Highness like the password of his tour's success. For that phrase contained the spirit of racial reconciliation.

Completely intermingled as British and Dutch are, all over South Africa, the strong sense of mutual distinction which each side seems to feel strikes the newcomer with a sense of artificiality. It is often not easy to distinguish between the two racial strains by their appearance, or even by their speech. Dutch and British, in respective proportions of about three-fifths and two-fifths of the total white population, live side by side in town and country,

some rich, some poor, without any dividing line of profession or privilege. If one wanted to see a gathering of people solely of Dutch origin, it could only be found in the Dutch Reformed Church.

The white inhabitants of South Africa are themselves, however, so conscious of their separate national origins, and it was a consideration which entered so largely into the Prince's tour, that it is worth while to go back and carry on the story of the country's development from the time when the British conquered the Cape in 1806.

For the first ten years after the establishment of British rule, the Dutch colonists of South Africa accepted it without opposition, but in 1815 trouble arose about the way in which some of the outlying Dutch farmers treated the natives in their service. One of them refused to recognize the authority of the Court before which he was summoned (though its magistrate happened to be a Dutchman), and the trouble grew until he and his friends rose in rebellion. They were eventually subdued after some fighting, and five of the rebels were hanged. This roused much resentment among the Dutch farmers, and for a long time the affair of Slachter's Nek, as it was called, became the watchword of an anti-British movement among the Dutch.

Constant wars with the Kaffirs, who hemmed in the little colony on the landward side, prevented this feeling from taking any active form, and in 1820 the numerical inferiority, in which the British settlers had been up to then, was somewhat reduced by the arrival of a large organized influx of British families, numbering some five thousand individuals, who settled in the eastern part of the Cape Colony around Port Elizabeth and Grahamstown.

But the Dutch colonists continued to be discontented with the policy which the British Government adopted towards the native races. One grievance particularly strong with the Dutch colonists was based upon the way in which they were compensated at the time of the abolition of slavery throughout the British Empire in 1833. There were then thirty-nine thousand slaves in the Cape Colony, whose value was estimated by their owners at some £3,000,000. Of the twenty million pounds voted by the British Government to compensate dispossessed slave-owners, however, only one million and a quarter was allotted to the Cape, and many Dutch families found themselves reduced to poverty by the liberation of their slaves.

Their resentment against the British Government was increased at the same time by the mistaken attitude which it took towards one of the frequent Kaffir invasions which happened to occur just then. Sir Benjamin D'Urban, the Governor of the Cape, very wisely tried to form a buffer-territory which should preserve the colony from future attacks of the same kind, by taking from the Kaffirs a strip of territory along the eastern frontier of the colony and peopling it with natives friendly to the whites. But the Home Government was swayed by sentimentalists and interested persons into believing that this measure amounted to tyrannical oppression of the Kaffirs, and insisted on the arrangement being cancelled.

The measure of the indignation of the Dutch farmers was thus filled to the brim, and a movement started among them to move their families and all their belongings outside the range of British authority into the almost unknown wild country to

the northward. In those vast and remote regions, much of them rich in pasture-land and teeming with game, they hoped to be able to establish a community of their own, free from all outside authority. So loading up their great ox-wagons with furniture, clothing, provisions and ammunition, hundreds of Dutch farming families set off in caravans, great and small, upon what has come to be known as the "Great Trek." No less than ten thousand Dutch colonists are believed to have crossed the Orange River and adopted an almost nomadic existence on the great plains that lie to the north of it. They had terrible fights with the Zulus and Matabele on their way, but eventually the two republics of the Orange Free State and the Transvaal grew up from the foundations that these "Voor-trekkers" laid.

The Boer republics were recognized by the British Government in 1852 and 1854. The Transvaal was, indeed, annexed to the British Empire in 1877, when it was in a state of complete financial exhaustion and threatened by a Zulu invasion, but the country was handed back to the Boers in 1881 after the British defeat in the First Boer War at the battle of Majuba Hill.

Until that time these two independent republics had been no more than widely scattered communities of farmers, living remote from all conveniences of civilization, and organized on a political basis of almost patriarchal simplicity. But in the eighties of last century a totally unexpected development turned the Transvaal from a small, remote and purely pastoral state into one of the most important mineral areas in the world.

This was due to the discovery of gold along

the Rand, the ridge where Johannesburg now stands, which was then, however, uncultivated veld.

The form in which the gold was found involved the use of costly machinery for its extraction, and the exploitation of the new mines was quite beyond the resources of the peasant-farmers who made up the population of the Transvaal Republic. The consequence was that the fortunate owners of the farms where the gold had been located sold their property for large sums to foreign mining syndicates, which soon founded the series of wealthy, modern, thickly populated townships that now stretch for thirty miles along the Rand.

The new settlers who began to arrive by the thousand produced enormous wealth by the application of the capital and energy they brought into the country. But though the Transvaal Government taxed them heavily, it refused to admit them to the representation which they desired in the administration of the country. The "Uitlanders," as these foreign residents on Boer territory were called, eventually became the preponderant part of the country's population, and their protests against what they regarded as unfair treatment by the Transvaal authorities were frequently addressed to the British Government, which had long claimed an ill-defined suzerainty over the Transvaal and Orange Free State.

Various dramatic incidents occurred during this dispute, which filled the closing years of the nineteenth century. At that time they held the attention of the whole world; but so many events of vaster import have since happened that they are now fast being forgotten. One was the raid of armed horsemen into Transvaal territory led by

a British subject, Dr. Jameson, 1896. It was defeated by the Boers, and did much to embitter the already strained situation between Great Britain and the Government of Paul Kruger, the veteran President of the Transvaal Republic.

Later on, direct negotiations on the subject of admitting the Uitlanders to the right to vote were held at Bloemfontein, the capital of the Orange Free State, between Kruger and Milner, the British High Commissioner in South Africa. These failed, and the quarrel gradually drifted into war.

Few in numbers, but well equipped and favoured by a scene of operations with which they were familiar by lifelong experience, the Boers first took the offensive. When larger forces arrived from England they were driven back into their own territory, but there they kept up a stubborn resistance for over two years. It ended in the defeat of the two Dutch Republics of the Transvaal and Orange Free State, and their inclusion in the British Empire.

The South African War was determinedly but chivalrously fought, and it left little bitterness in the memory of the antagonists, once peace had been signed.

Only eight years after the fighting ended, full Dominion status was granted by the Imperial Government to the whole of South Africa, and the administration there is now predominantly in the hands of South Africans of Dutch origin, who form the majority of the population. For a time differences of race, language and tradition naturally tended to keep the two sections of the population of the Union apart, but with every year that passes the distinction between them diminishes.

Loyalty to a united South Africa within the British Empire is taking the place of the old allegiance of the Dutch to their former small and isolated independent states. In the development of that rich Dominion there is outlet enough for all the energies of both races, and the most urgent problem before them is not that of which European stock shall predominate, but rather how the white race as a whole shall confront the fast increasing preponderance of blacks.

CHAPTER V.

THE START OF THE TOUR UP-COUNTRY.

IT was on the morning of May 4th that we set out from Cape Town upon the most complete State tour of South Africa that had ever been undertaken. During the next three months of almost uninterrupted travelling, we were to visit nearly every part of the Union that can be reached by railway, and much of the territory of the two colonies of North and South Rhodesia that lie beyond it. In the first part of this long journey we were following very closely the route of the original white settlers in their gradual colonization of South Africa, covering, however, in a day as much country as it took them a generation to occupy.

The first hundred miles of the tour was carried out by motor-car and lay through that fertile area immediately behind the Cape Peninsula, which, already before the Cape came into British hands, had been settled and civilized by the Dutch. It is a countryside of old homesteads, well cultivated vineyards and fruit-gardens stretching up the slopes of rugged hills. Each little town to which we came had the appearance of belonging to some fertile agricultural part of Europe rather than to the continent of Africa, as we generally think of it in Europe.

It is, indeed, a scientific theory to which much attention is being given by South African naturalists and geologists, that the area round the Cape of Good Hope is the surviving fragment of a vanished

continent which once extended far to the southward, and, it is surmised, united South Africa with South America and Australia. To the vanished continental area, modern scientists have given the name Gondwanaland, and it is now supposed to lie beneath the Southern Atlantic and Indian Oceans.

Travelling through this pleasant district, along roads lined by the wattle and blue-gum trees found everywhere in South Africa where trees will grow at all, we reached at midday the picturesque little Dutch township of Stellenbosch. Its origin goes back to 1681, when the Dutch Governor, Van der Stel, founded it and planted the magnificent oak trees which now line every street like the pillars



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of a cathedral nave. There is no more charming style of house architecture than that of these old Dutch homesteads, with their rounded gables and broad verandahs, upon which the easy-going inhabitants spend much of their time comfortably smoking and drinking coffee. As the Prince's car entered the town, it was met by a party of sturdily built young men in blazers and white flannel trousers. This was the famous Rugby football fifteen of the Stellenbosch University, from which many of the international South African "Springbok" players have been recruited. South Africa is passionately devoted to Rugby football. All its players are amateurs and the fortunes of the teams competing in the different league matches are followed with more popular enthusiasm than the public of the Union devotes to anything else. The kicking powers of South African players are a revelation to English eyes. For in their games, the ball, instead of becoming sodden and muddy as it generally does in English matches, remains clean throughout the game. The dryness of their grounds also gives players a sure foothold, and the result is that they develop an accuracy and a length in their kicking far exceeding English standards.

The Stellenbosch Rugby team now invited the Prince and the Mayor who accompanied him to leave their motor-car for an open carriage, which they proceeded to tow at a fast trot onto the "University Field," where all the nine hundred and fifty students, men and women, of Stellenbosch were awaiting him. There was particular interest in this gathering, for Stellenbosch is the stoutest stronghold of Dutch nationalism, and its students are supposed to hold the principles of that cause



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STELLENBOSCH.—THE PRINCE IN A BAROUCHE, BEING HAULED
THROUGH THE TOWN BY STUDENTS.

with all the ardour of youth. Thus, though everyone knew the Prince would have a polite reception, no one had looked for it to reach the degree of enthusiasm which the Stellenbosch students actually revealed. The Prince was welcomed in an amusing speech by one of them, who said :

“ All our South African national heroes have either been imprisoned for political offences or in hospital for athletic injuries. You have not yet been in prison, though perhaps you will amend this omission before your visit is over, but you have certainly

often been in hospital with athletic injuries, so that in cheering you we know that we are cheering a real sportsman."

It is in the country that lies between Stellenbosch and Paarl, our next point of call, that the early Huguenot immigrants into South Africa chiefly settled. The Dutch Colonial Government of the time scattered them about among the Dutch colonists with a view to helping on their absorption into a common stock. This has taken place to such a degree that the South African families of French extraction are quite as Dutch in speech and outlook as the descendants of those among whom they settled. But their names, and those of their homesteads, often recall their seventeenth century French origin. Farms known as "Coin de France," and "La Cotte" were pointed out to us, and at lunch, a farmer of Stellenbosch of the name of Hugo, whose family is a branch of that to which Victor Hugo belonged, provided a fine old wine-cup of cut-glass and silver for the Prince's use, which his ancestors had brought with them to South Africa.

The small railway station close to Paarl at which the royal trains were waiting for us belongs indeed to a village whose name is Huguenot.

The two white trains in which the Prince and his Party were to spend the next twelve weeks consisted one of twelve, the other of ten and a half coaches, for the Prince's coach was a large one, half as long again as the regulation size. They were distinguished as the Pilot Train and the Royal Train, and on the two of them travelled throughout the tour an average of ninety people. In the Prince's train besides himself and the seven officers of his staff, there were half a dozen officials of the South



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THE ROYAL TRAIN.

[Central News

African Government and Railway Department, four detectives, two clerks and eight servants who had accompanied the party from England, in addition to the staff of cooks, waiters and attendants.

The Pilot Train, which travelled usually half an hour ahead of the Prince's, and waited at the appointed stopping-places for it to catch up, carried the three correspondents and two camera-men attached to the Prince for the whole of his tour, together with seven South African journalists, the colonel of the Police Force of whichever Province the train was passing through, a senior officer of

the South African Defence Force, and a number of other officials, among them those of the post and telegraph office which had been installed in the train itself. Attached to it also were four trucks containing six big open motor-cars for the Prince's use. These were under the charge of a representative of the firm that made them, sent out specially from England, and had drivers supplied by the South African Defence Force. Among its own passengers, the pilot train was commonly referred to as the "Cow Train," for it also possessed the unusual feature of a travelling cowshed with stalls containing two Friesland cows, under the charge of a graduate of the Elsenberg Agricultural College. During three trying months, and ten thousand miles of bumpy railway travelling, these patient animals supplied seven hundred gallons of milk for the passengers of the two trains. It was seldom that they were able to be taken out for a little exercise at a station, yet, thanks to the care of their guardian, who even slept in the same truck, they both finished in good condition.

The saloons of the Prince's train were of the highest degree of comfort which the South African railways could achieve. Besides a large dining-car with a long table down the middle for the Prince and his staff, he himself had a private saloon comfortably furnished with deep arm-chairs and settees, and his bedroom led into a beautifully equipped bathroom. The sleeping compartments of his staff and of the senior South African officials on the Royal train were bedrooms such as might be found in an ocean liner, with wardrobes, chests of drawers, and dressing tables, and between each pair of cabins a small bathroom.

The engine which drew the Prince bore the Royal Arms on the front of its boiler, and sometimes the ingenuity of the drivers, who were constantly changed as we reached different sections of the line, would add the Prince of Wales's feathers carried out in real ostrich plumes.

The pilot train was made up of ordinary first-class coaches, painted white, instead of the usual South African brown, and its passengers had to share their compartments with all the various and abundant luggage that such a tour made necessary. Each coach carried a bathroom with a cold shower, and every few days, at stations where we were to remain overnight, we were met by a special truck fitted with baths, and accompanied by a 4,000-gallon tank-car to supply hot water. Conditions on board the train were necessarily cramped, and exercise all too seldom obtainable, but one thing that relieved the tedium of the long weeks of travelling was the excellence of the food supplied by the railway catering department.

So, on the evening of May 4th, we set off towards the eastern side of the Cape Province, calling at many beflagged wayside stations on the way, for the Prince to receive addresses of welcome from their Mayors and communities. At first it was a broad plain of red-coloured earth over which we travelled, flanked by rugged mountains in the distance. Much of the land was uncultivated, and covered with masses of grey-green scrub, but round each small township were grouped regularly spaced vineyards.

At each halt that the train made, the scene would be much the same. The single railway track would branch into a siding or two just before

reaching the small railway station, embowered in a green copse of feathery wattle trees. On the platform would be waiting the Mayor in his chain of office and the Town Councillors, usually accompanied by one or two "Predikants," as the Pastors of the Dutch Reformed Church are called, in their top hats, frock-coats and white ties. There was always, too, a small guard of honour of school cadets, sturdy, bare-kneed, bare-armed boys, with the healthy look that comes of an outdoor life in the sunshine of a South African farm. Their gay-froicked sisters in the crowd of onlookers behind were no less bonny, for in this country of great open spaces and almost permanently fine weather, youth develops under far more favourable conditions than our British town populations can ever hope to enjoy.

Further off, on the little square outside the railway station, usually so deserted in these sleepy little townships, one would see long rows of dusty motor-cars and the hooded traps known as "Cape carts," which told of the distances from which the crowd had travelled to see the Prince during his few minutes' halt.

The close-packed throngs we found waiting at such wayside stations, where in normal times the arrival of a single stranger would be an event, gave a measure of the commotion the Prince's tour was causing in the country. Almost to the last baby in arms the population turned out to see him. One could imagine the stir that the preparations for his brief appearance must have caused in places where an occasional political meeting and the routine of the local Dutch Church were the only matters of public interest. Months before had begun con-

sultations with the Premier's office in Cape Town about the programme for the Prince's half-hour stay; then followed the drafting and revision of the Mayor's address to him; the assignment of positions to ex-Service men, including veterans of many half-forgotten Kaffir wars and rebellions, scouts, school-children, girl guides and representatives of the local public bodies; the consideration of schemes for decoration, some judged too ambitious, others not impressive enough; the careful instruction of the local band, consisting generally of a few coloured men and boys, as to their cue for the National Anthem; the planning and erection of the flag-draped stand from which the Prince would address the crowd; the settlement of the bitter question of who should have seats upon it. And, at last, on the day itself, would come the final inspection of the town's array by Mayor, Predikant, Chief Constable, Scoutmaster, and leader of the ex-Service-men, followed by a long wait in the sunshine, unusually strong for the opening of the winter season, until suddenly round the curve of the railway-line would appear an imposing train of great length, painted a shining and spotless white. "Hier is hy!" gasp all the Dutch. "He's coming!" exclaim the townspeople of British stock. The coloured bandsmen, their dusky features rigid with strained attention, watch for the Mayor's signal. The whole crowd cranes and stiffens.

But this first thrill would be wasted, for it was the pilot train that the crowd had sighted, which was generally half an hour ahead of the Prince's. Still, before long the big, fresh-painted engine, with the Royal Arms gleaming richly on its front,

would steam slowly in. Then from every coach would spring people each of whom had some function in the brief call the Prince was making—South African railway officials, responsible for the running of the train—one even came to be known as “O.C. Steps,” because it was his special function to signal to the engine-driver so that the Royal saloon should stop as close as possible to the red carpet; then there were the two detectives who had come with the Prince from England—one, Mr. Canning, detailed for the tour by the Special Branch of the Criminal Investigation Department at Scotland Yard, to supervise his safety from possible political criminals; the other, Mr. Burt, the detective who accompanies the Prince everywhere, acting not only as a bodyguard but as his closest personal attendant, always at hand whether the Prince is tiger-shooting in India, polo-playing in South America, dancing in London, hunting in Leicestershire or making a speech at the Guildhall. Out of the Prince’s saloon or from their own compartments would step his Staff—Vice-Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey, the Comptroller of his Household, an alert, keen-faced man, with the youthful bearing that senior naval officers always seem to retain; Captain Dudley North, R.N., another naval officer attached as Extra Equerry for the tour; Sir Godfrey Thomas, the Prince’s Private Secretary, the hardest-worked man in the suite; Major the Hon. Piers Legh, who is permanent Equerry-in-Waiting to the Prince, and Surgeon-Commander White, R.N., a young naval surgeon in charge of the health of the Royal party.

Mr. Greenacre, the Prince’s second Equerry, and a subaltern in his regiment, the Welsh Guards,

had shared with the writer the misfortune to be bitten by a malaria-carrying mosquito in Nigeria, so that both of us developed the fever after landing in Africa. In my own case the attack was slight, and disappeared after three or four days in hospital at Oudtshoorn, but Lieutenant Greenacre's was complicated with jaundice, and he passed the first month of the Prince's South African tour seriously ill at the home of his family in Durban.

About ten officials of the South African Government, of varying degrees, would also appear on all public occasions with the Prince. Among them was a member of the Cabinet—the Ministers, or most of them, taking it in turn to join the Royal suite. Two A.D.C.'s of the Governor-General were attached to the Prince's staff, of whom Captain Beyers, a young artillery officer of the South African Defence Force, who belongs to a well-known Dutch family, was of great use in keeping the Prince in touch with the Dutch South African point of view. The Secretary to the South African Prime Minister also accompanied the tour in the capacity of organiser.

The railway platform of these small towns where half-hour halts were made, quickly filled, therefore, as soon as the Royal train pulled in, and a moment later at the door of his saloon would appear the familiar figure of the Prince himself, generally dressed either in a grey flannel suit or in one of brown check cloth, for which he had so especial a liking that he wore it on all sorts of occasions throughout the tour. His soft felt hat was usually slouched forward over his eyes, and for the first two or three weeks of the tour he had his right wrist bandaged, and used it as little as possible, shaking hands always with his left. A day

or two before reaching Cape Town he had slightly strained a tendon playing squash-rackets on board the *Repulse*, and the daily routine of countless handshakes in South Africa, many of them emphatically hearty, soon made it swollen and painful.

At each of such railway-side ceremonies—and there were several dozens of them during the tour of the Union—the procedure conformed scrupulously to a schedule prepared in advance by the South African Prime Minister's department. The Prince would shake hands with the Mayor and Councillors, and generally the little daughter of one of them would present him with a buttonhole of flowers. Then he would be led onto the bunting-covered platform in view of the cheering crowd, while the band played "God Save the King" with fervour if not always with complete harmony. The Mayor would next deliver his address of welcome, sometimes repeating it in Afrikaans after reading it in English. To this the Prince would reply in a few simple phrases, delivered clearly in his precise, emphatic, far-carrying voice. He always had with him a typewritten copy of his short speech, which usually contained a special reference to some local industry or form of agriculture. This copy, on stout paper, with the Prince of Wales's feathers embossed at the top in gold, and signed by the Prince himself, he would hand to the mayor after he had read it, for inclusion in the archives of the corporation.

The next item in the regulation programme was a brief inspection of the school-children, scouts and ex-Service-men, with whom were sometimes the mothers or widows of men who had fallen in the War—and then, at their schedule time, the

two Royal trains would steam on, leaving the little dorp to sink into its normal tranquility once more, but enriched, as long as the memory of its youngest citizen should last, by the recollection of brief but close and happy contact with the genial and magnetic personality of the Prince.

This standing routine certainly showed the Prince to a very large number of South Africans, but it rather restricted the Prince's opportunities for seeing the real South Africa. As he himself remarked in a speech at the Natal Administrator's dinner, his acquaintance with the country was limited to what he could see of it from the train.

What made this regrettable is the fact that the daily life and traditions of South Africa are bound up with the open spaces of the veld. The old Dutch Voortrekkers crawled across it in their great trains of heavy, white-tilted, lurching wagons, drawn at a pace of two miles an hour by twelve to eighteen pairs of oxen, harnessed to a wooden yoke across their necks. On the veld, too, the descendants of the Voortrekkers settled, in lonely primitive farms, where the women of the household not only ground the corn and cooked the food, but even made the men's clothes out of the untanned skins of slaughtered beasts. Over it the early British explorers and hunters roamed, and Livingstone and many other famous missionaries travelled to carry the religion and the civilization of the white man to the native tribes of the unknown interior.

Yet the Prince saw nothing of this most characteristic of all South Africa's natural institutions except through the plate-glass windows of his railway-coach. One constantly wished that it could have been arranged for him to spend some time

trekking by ox-wagon in the old-fashioned, deliberate way, calling unannounced at remote Dutch farms ; taking coffee, as any passing traveller might do, with the farmer and his family on the broad verandah that runs round South African houses ; sleeping sometimes by a camp-fire ; waking to a view of the far horizons of the veld ; steeping his soul in the spirit of silence and of that great emptiness which for the traveller is still South Africa's most striking quality.

But the only places where the Prince could meet farmers were on railway platforms, lined up in their Sunday clothes, or in brief visits to crowded agricultural shows. His realization that he saw but little of the real daily life of South Africa is one of the reasons for his determination to go back there—"only," as he himself says, "next time without any official programme at all."

CHAPTER VI.

EASTWARDS THROUGH THE CAPE PROVINCE.

AT Worcester, one of our halts, the Prince left the train to visit the co-operative factory of the "Western Province Farmers' Fruit Growing Association," an eighteen-year-old institution which collects, prepares and packs the fruit of all the farmers in the neighbourhood. South Africa is a great fruit-exporting country, and besides the large quantities of oranges and lemons from the plantation areas which we were to visit later on, the Union exports about 8,000 tons of dried fruit and 2,000 tons of canned and bottled fruit each year, while the value of her fresh fruit exports is £550,000.

By the preferential treatment which was decided upon after conference with the Dominion Premiers, Great Britain admits imports of Empire-grown dried fruit, wine, tobacco and sugar on better terms than those from foreign countries. The advantage of this to the South African fruit grower amounts to about 1d. per pound in the British market, and this has done much to stimulate the development of the fruit-growing industry in the Cape Province. The benefit is reciprocated to the British manufacturer, since, in return, the Union Government fixes lower customs-duties on British products, the total extent of the advantage to English exporters being £850,000 a year.

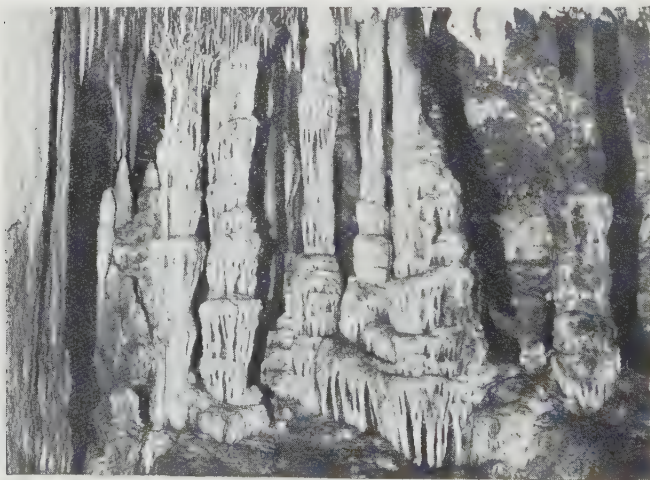
Some sections of the Nationalist Party now in power in South Africa are, however, in favour of reducing the preference accorded to British exports to about one-third, which they consider to be the amount by which their farmers benefit in exporting produce to England. But there are gains which South Africa reaps from her membership of the Empire, among them that of naval defence, at the cost of the mother-country which need to be remembered before a balance is struck.

Still moving eastwards, the Royal trains began to pass over the Cape Central Railway, which until this time had been the only line owned by a private company in the Union, but had just been bought by the South African Government for £1,100,000. We were gradually climbing now to higher levels—the journey from the Cape into the interior of Africa is, indeed, constant series of ascents with level stretches lying like steps between them. The country through which the train passed was our first glimpse of the open veld—an almost treeless landscape rolling away, covered with grass, to an horizon of low hills. At intervals, generally of several miles, would lie lonely farms, or perhaps groups of two or three; it gave one a striking impression of the isolated life these country dwellers lead, even in the oldest settled part of the Union, to notice sometimes, not far from the farmhouse door, a grave, marked with white stones and neatly kept, as though the family preferred to have its dead lying in familiar ground, rather than in the nearest graveyard many miles away.

It was on the second morning that we saw the sea again at Mossel Bay, one of the ports of call for liners on the South African coast, where the

Prince was shown a magnificently sited war memorial, built up against the natural rock on Cape St. Blaise, above which rises a lighthouse on a sheer towering crag.

All along this part of the surf-beaten, rocky coast of the Cape Province are beautiful valleys clothed with oak trees and filled with fast-running streams. The Prince left the train several times during the next two or three days for long motor-drives through this delightful scenery of green forest, deep ravine and wine-coloured torrent. He also visited the famous Cango Caves, a series of enormous caverns in the limestone Zwartberg Mountains, from the roof of which hang gigantic stalactites formed by the deposits of the lime-



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OUTSHOORN.—CANGO CAVES.

impregnated water which for millions of years has been slowly filtering through the rocks above. For two miles and more the caves, like a long series of underground cathedrals, run into the heart of the range, filled with rock and crystal formations of fantastic shape that glitter in the light of the torches by which visitors find their way. Near the entrance can be faintly detected on the walls the remains of primitive paintings made by the Bushmen, the aborigines of South Africa. In quite a number of caves throughout the country where Bushmen sought shelter from their foes, animal and human, these wall paintings have been discovered. They represent battle and hunting scenes, and some of them are astonishingly vigorous and effective.

Oudtshoorn, from where the Prince visited the Cango Caves, is the centre of the ostrich-farming industry. From the train we had seen a number of these huge, dignified birds stalking about the wire paddocks in which they are kept, their dark body-feathers and long greyish necks making them sometimes oddly difficult to distinguish against the background of the veld. They are very bad-tempered, and armed with talons capable of ripping up a man at one kick. A fight between two cock-ostriches, we were told, is one of the most desperate encounters imaginable. People who have to move about the ostrich-paddocks carry with them either a long forked stick in which to catch the bird's neck and thrust it away, or else a branch of prickly thorn-bush, which the ostriches will not face.

The Prince inspected a farm where he was presented with a reproduction of his own historic crest in the form of three long curly white tail-feathers. He himself plucked two feathers, one



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LOUDTSHOORN.—THE PRINCE INSPECTS THE OSTRICH FARM
BELONGING TO MR. LE ROUX.

white and one black, from a bird, to satisfy himself that they came away so easily as to give the ostrich no pain. The plucking is done in a triangular pen, which prevents the bird from kicking.

It was only in 1857 that the wild ostriches, which roamed the South African veld in great flocks, began to be brought into captivity for feather-producing purposes. For a time the industry flourished exceedingly. In the latter part of the nineteenth century, ostrich plumed hats, ostrich feather boas, and ostrich fans were important articles of women's wear all over the civilized world,

and fortunes were made in ostrich breeding by farmers on quite a small scale.

But the changeability of fashion ruined the industry. Ostrich feathers disappeared from use, and in 1913 a great slump began, which still continues. The best birds, the value of which was £200 apiece, and in exceptional cases reached £500, now change hands at £20. The long tail-feathers yielded during the year by a single bird were in 1913 worth £10. Their value is now £2, while the short body-feathers, which, until the slump began, fetched 25s. a lb. are now worth only 5s. 6d.

The number of ostriches in captivity, which was a million in 1913, has since sunk to between one and two hundred thousand, and to prevent the industry from total disappearance a scheme has been brought forward to induce the South African Government to buy up the total produce of feathers for a number of years at the price of £3 per lb. for those of a standard quality, up to a limited amount of production. The stocks thus accumulated would be held by the Government until it was found possible to dispose of them without loss.

Sheep-raising is another of the occupations of this part of the Cape Province, and, in the common interest, the farmers are required by the Government to maintain round their properties a fence of wire-netting, topped by a strand of stout barbed wire. The object of this is to keep the jackals, which live on the open veld, from getting at the sheep and also to prevent the sheep from entangling their fleeces in a certain kind of wild thorn which it is very difficult to remove from the wool.

The broad plateau between the Zwartberg

and the Outeniqua Mountains, which run close to the coast, has far less rain during the year than the south-western part of Cape Colony from which we had come. It is called the Little Karroo, and is one of the two comparatively barren interior plateaus of the Cape, with soil that is rich in its constituents, but lacks the water to make it fertile.

The landscape looks harsh and dried up. Trees are rare. But everywhere grows a little grey-green shrub, called "Karoo bush," which strikes its roots many feet into the ground till they reach moisture. Though the leaves above ground become shrivelled in summer by the sun to the apparent lifelessness of dried seaweed, millions of sheep (the Union has about 34,000,000 of them in its four Provinces) can get enough nourishment from grazing on the Karroo bush to keep them going through the longest summer.

It only needs irrigation to make this country as fertile as an English garden. In places where it has been possible to lead water onto the land from the hills, fruit trees, grass or corn grow in rich abundance, right up to the limit that the life-giving water reaches; yet immediately beyond this, aridity as complete as the Sahara's begins again. Yet the spring rains transform the Karroo into a gigantic wild-flower bed of red and yellow, green and blue. For a brief space the desert blooms with colour, freshness and delight; then the relentless African sun parches it all bone-dry again for another year.

The Great Karroo lies to the north of its smaller sister plateau, and we crossed one end of it on our way to the Prince's next stopping place at Colesberg. These two barren regions together

cover an area of 103,000 square miles. The best thing about the Great Karroo is its sunsets. Directly the sun sinks behind the sharp-cut outline of the naked ironstone kopjes, the whole bleak wilderness becomes transfigured with rosy light. As the first glow fades, strange colours spread themselves in sweeping strokes across the sky—greens and purples, lavender and bronze. For a few moments the whole horizon is aflame in a vivid pageant of rich halftones; then suddenly the life dies out of it and night drops down to complete the desolation of the desert.

The Prince's first week-end on his journey up-country was spent resting at Sir Abe Bailey's farm at Colesberg. Sir Abe Bailey is one of the wealthiest men in South Africa, with widespread mining, stock-breeding and newspaper interests. His Colesberg property is an instance of how capital can tame the wilderness. Water is brought to fertilize the soil from deep bore-holes, by means of those ugly galvanized iron windmills which are an almost invariable feature of any South African landscape, with their rattling flanges raised on sixty-foot tripod legs high above the trees.

Around Colesberg important operations took place at the opening of the Boer War. On the open veld the Boers had formed one of their "lagers," or entrenched camps, made by arranging their heavy ox-wagons in a square. This was broken up by being shelled from the crest of Coleskop, a very steep hill to the top of which two 15-pounder field-guns, belonging to the force under Sir John French, were dragged with great difficulty.

Yet now, twenty-five years later, a commando of Dutch farmers had turned out on that very

battlefield to do honour to the King of England's son; and he, riding at their head into the little township, was followed by some of the very Boers who had fought in the Colesberg lager against British troops.

Moving down to the coast again at Port Elizabeth we came to a part of the Cape Province where the population of British blood is particularly strong. For Port Elizabeth is the place where, just over a hundred years ago, there landed what are known as the "1820 Settlers." These people have left a great mark for good on the history of South Africa, and the story of their coming has particular interest now when the conditions that led them to leave England have been very largely reproduced.

The Napoleonic Wars, like the Great War that ended in 1918, left England in a grave state of unemployment, poverty and distress. The cost of living was continually increasing and it became obvious then, as it has during the past few years, that there were more people living in England than the country could support. The British Government of that day, learning, by a census taken in 1819, that there were only 42,000 white people in Cape Colony, voted £50,000 to cover the cost of transporting emigrants to South Africa. Passages were applied for to a total of 90,000 men, women and children. Of these 5,000 representing almost all classes of society, and a wide range of occupations, set sail in twenty-one ships, and in April 1820 landed at Algoa Bay, where the prosperous city of Port Elizabeth, with 50,000 inhabitants, now stands.

In the big wagons which Sir Rufane Donkin,

the acting-Governor of the Cape, had provided for them, they moved off up-country into the mountains, and there settled in the fertile, well-watered valleys on allotments varying from a hundred acres upwards, which became their own property if they remained in occupation three years. While they were building their cabins and fencing their ground, the Government provided them with rations, and though they suffered much during the first few years from blights, floods and wild animals, they nevertheless made good, and some of their descendants are prosperous farmers

in the district lying between Port Elizabeth and Grahams-town to-day. A towering campanile, the more striking because of the rarity of such a feature of Italian architecture in South Africa, was erected in the centre of Port Elizabeth to the memory of these 1820 Settlers at the hundredth anniversary of their arrival.



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PORT ELIZABETH.—1820 SETTLERS' MEMORIAL,
AND JERRY STREET.

A tremendous crowd awaited the Prince as he came out of the Port Elizabeth railway station, wearing the khaki uniform of the Welsh Guards and a khaki sun-helmet. From the platform in front of the City Hall, a great carpet of faces covered the whole square and stretched as far as the eye could reach up the hilly streets that opened from it. As one looked round at the substantial buildings of this town which claims the title of "the Liverpool of South Africa" and remembered that when the 1820 Settlers arrived here, it was represented only by a few huts clustering round a small blockhouse on the sand-dunes, one realized what capacities for development must still lie within the Empire under an intelligently directed emigration policy. Nearly half a million tons of cargo is handled at Port Elizabeth during the year—half the quantity dealt with at Cape Town—and five hundred vessels touch there in twelve months, while Cape Town receives fifteen hundred. The place is one of the principal wool centres of South Africa, and a scheme is on foot to improve its harbour by the construction of a breakwater 250 yards long.

One remarkable institution at Port Elizabeth is its "Snake Park," to which the Prince paid a visit soon after we arrived. This is under the charge of Mr. F. W. Fitzsimons, probably the greatest authority on South African wild life. The object of maintaining it is to teach people to recognize the deadly types of snakes among South Africa's ninety-nine varieties.

As you approach the Snake Park, in the grounds of the Museum where it stands, it looks at first like a pretty little innocent Dutch garden, with pools on which broad water-lilies float, and toy

trees standing on the close-cropped lawn. But as you draw nearer and look closer, you find this deceitfully attractive place swarming with serpents whose bite would mean instant death. The enclosure is about forty yards long by twenty broad, and the garden, which is slightly sunken, lies within a smooth wall about three feet high, round the inside of which runs a narrow moat, in which some of the repulsive creatures swim constantly to and fro, seeking in vain for some outlet, with vicious



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PORT ELIZABETH.—H.R.H. VISITING THE SNAKE GARDEN.
A KEEPER HANDLES A HUGE PYTHON.

heads raised above the water. On the lawn are puff-adders, coiled into yellowish mud-pies, and lithe king-cobras rear themselves upright, swinging their distended hoods malevolently to and fro. The dwarf trees themselves are hung with knotted bundles of writhing parti-coloured malice, each with a dozen twisting heads projecting from it, capable and eager to deal some form of swift and silent death. "It makes my blood run cold," was the Prince's shuddering comment.

With instinctive horror in his face, he leaned over the wall, gazing fascinated at this unique collection of deadly, treacherous creatures. Two of the Kaffir attendants of the park, protected by leather leggings and thick gauntlets, climbed down into the grim arena, by means of a ladder placed across the wall and ditch. One of these men, named Johannes, has already been bitten five times by puff-adders, but thanks to the immediate injection of a special serum prepared by Mr. Fitzsimons, the Director of the Museum, the bites have not been fatal, though the last time Johannes was ill a very long time.

The two black men moved about the garden, dexterously catching venomous horrors of various kinds by the tail and holding them out across the ditch for closer inspection by the Royal party, most of whom would have been quite content with a more distant view. One puff-adder had its jaws squeezed open, and from the viciously curved fangs we saw dripping the yellow poison which causes death within an hour. The puff-adder is usually three or four feet long and, owing to its habit of entering houses on the hunt for rats and mice, comes with special frequency into contact with

man and is responsible for ninety-eight per cent. of the bites which South Africans receive.

The African cobra does not have the spectacle-markings on its hood which distinguish the Indian variety. We saw several of them in the Snake Park, five or six feet long. A peculiar type, akin to the cobra, is the ringhals, or spitting snake, which when roused, throws the contents of its poison glands in a fine spray directed at the eyes of its victim. They are extraordinarily artful snakes, and as we travelled about South Africa, one heard of several instances in which ringhals had shammed death after being struck, and continued to lie perfectly motionless until their attacker approached, when the deadly jet was suddenly spat into his face. If the poison enters the eyes and is not immediately washed out, it may destroy the sight.

The attendants at the Snake Park also held up two huge pythons, fourteen or fifteen feet long and thick round as logs, with broad, flat heads. These have no poison fangs, but kill their prey, up to the size of a small buck, by crushing it to death in their folds. When picked up, they writhed themselves around the limbs of the two Kaffirs until they looked like black Laocoons. Mr. Fitzsimons told us that after pythons have been captured and got used to being handled, they do not attempt to constrict those who look after them. Yet on one occasion when his wife was alone in a room holding a powerful young python which she had reared from babyhood, it suddenly began to tighten its terrible coils around her body. She was only able just in time to struggle to the bell and ring for the attendants, who forced apart by main strength the coils which were crushing her into unconsciousness.

One type of snake was missing from the Port Elizabeth collection—the deadliest of them all, known as the black mamba. This is a most vicious and aggressive snake, and, instead of darting away when disturbed, as other varieties do, will attack man without provocation.

The mamba is often four yards long and it can travel over the ground at the speed of a galloping horse. The Archdeacon of Zululand later in the tour related to me that, when out riding with a party of friends in the Bush one day, he saw one of his companions chased at full gallop for several hundred yards by a mamba which he had disturbed. They are said to be the only wild animal of which the Dutch farmers are afraid, and a Dutch big-game hunter told me the story of how, when following a “spoor” along a dry river-bed, he suddenly looked up from examining the tracks to find himself at a distance of six feet from a mamba which reared itself up and began to sway from side to side in characteristic manner before making its deadly dart. The mark which it offered to a rifle-bullet was only the breadth of a couple of inches at the neck. The hunter fired at it instinctively, then dropped his rifle and made a spring up the steep bank of the river-bed. If his shot had missed, the mamba would have been after him instantly, but, looking back, he was thankful to see it writhing and somersaulting at the bottom of the bank, with its back broken by the bullet.

Close to Port Elizabeth is an area of forest and scrub known as the Addo Bush, where survives one of the zoological curiosities of the world. Right in the heart of this peaceful, civilized and well tilled Cape Province remains a small herd of wild elephants,

the last descendants of the many thousands which used to live in these fertile valleys before the country was settled by the white man. There are no others south of the Zambesi except one or two stray ones in the recesses of the Knysna Forest near George, where we had been the previous week. The Addo elephants, however, live as a herd, and that they have been here from time immemorial is shown by the fashion in which their type has become adapted to local conditions. The bush here is low, dense and matted, with the result that after countless generations the Addo elephant has become shortened in stature to an extent which enables him to find cover in the thickets where he lives. In exchange he has broadened out to a width much greater than that of the type of elephant which lives in forests. And since there are few trees from which he can strip the bark with his tusks, the latter have shrunk to insignificant size.

Until a generation ago, the wild country in which these beasts were free to roam covered three of four hundred thousand acres, or about five hundred square miles, but grants of land by the Government to private owners have reduced their grazing-ground to a mere eight thousand acres, and directly the elephants set foot outside the dwindling piece of forest still left to them, they enter cultivated territory and are liable to be shot by landowners whose fences they damage and whose crops they trample. In 1919 the farmers petitioned the Government to reduce the herd in numbers and Major Pretorius, a well-known big-game hunter, was employed to kill them off. He shot about a hundred and fifty elephants during several months of hunting, and their bones still litter the ground within the forest.

The elephants which survive, less than forty in number, were reduced to panic by this systematic slaughter. The farmers say that before the official destruction began, the herd used to come down to the Sundays River in broad daylight every morning and spend hours playing in the water or rolling in the mud, after which they would move slowly back to the forest with no signs of anxiety. But now, since the killing, they keep to the densest part of the Bush by day and at night hurry down to the water, drink as rapidly as possible and then rush back to cover. Colonel Reitz, the Minister of Lands in the Government which preceded the Nationalists, is urging that the remainder of the herd should be carefully preserved, lest South Africa should lose the last vestiges of its most imposing form of native animal life.

CHAPTER VII.

ON THE BORDERS OF KAFFRARIA.

GRAHAMSTOWN, the next important place upon our route, has the pleasant restful atmosphere of a quiet English country town.

This is due in great part to the fact that the life of the townspeople centres entirely round its cathedral, its university and its schools. The "1820" settlers made of it a frontier post against the Kaffirs, and many a time the open rolling downs around the place have seen long strings of ox-drawn wagons converging on the town for safety against

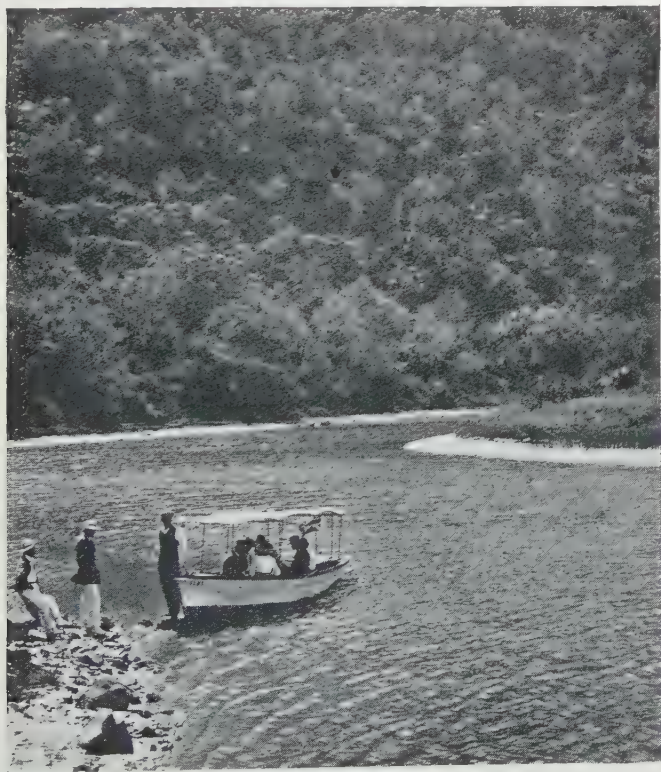


the inroads of burning, murdering, ravaging Kaffir hordes. The most memorable of these attacks took place in 1835, and was the occasion of a famous ride by Sir Harry Smith, the Commander of the Cape Forces, from Cape Town to Grahamstown, a distance of six hundred miles, in six days.

Broad streets, arcaded shops and public buildings that are mostly of pink sandstone make up the centre of the hilly little town, while round about, each in its green garden, stand the villas and houses of a population which contains a larger proportion of people of leisure than do most South African communities.

Through long lines of sturdy, well-turned-out Cadets from the five large boys' schools in Grahamstown, the Prince drove to the Rhodes University College, which has three hundred undergraduates, half of them women. The college hostels are handsome buildings in the old Dutch style, standing in large undulating grounds. As the Prince's car reached the entrance gate, it was met by a rush of screeching figures dressed as Zulus, who held it up with brandished shields and assegais. The students who composed this fantastic body-guard invited their visitor to change into a landau, which they had completely covered with the college colours, purple and white. In this the Prince was taken to have tea in one of the student refectories. Afterwards his "Zulu" bodyguard performed a very vigorous war-dance before him, and in the presence of a hundred and fifty attractive girl undergraduates in cap and gown, he was invested with the College "Order of Merit," whose emblem is an enormous purple and white cross, hung round the neck.

We then drove round the town, visiting the principal boys' schools, of which St. Andrews, St. Aidans and Kingswood College are the best-known. St. Andrews is probably the leading boys'



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PORT ALFRED.—A SCENE ON THE KOWIE RIVER.

school of South Africa. It is run on the lines of an English public school and the boys, whom we saw at close quarters when the Prince went to inspect their war memorial tower, which flies the same Union Jack that Lord Roberts hoisted over Pretoria, are of a well-grown, vigorous, high-spirited type of which any school would rightly be proud.

From Grahamstown the Prince drove by motor-car over forty miles of rolling grass downs to the coast at Port Alfred, a favourite summer resort of the people of the Eastern Province. There is a very fine golf-links there, lying along the dunes of turf and sand which fringe the white beach of the Indian Ocean. The beauty of this place is very English in its character. The river, shaded by overhanging trees, reaches the sea through a broad flat valley, where it branches off into a crescent-shaped back-water that almost rejoins the original course. On either side of this green expanse, slopes covered with woods and thickets rise steeply, and from their ridges the country stretches away all round in a rolling landscape of pleasant green, dotted with scattered farms.

In the eighties an attempt was made to found a commercial port at the mouth of the Kowie River by building two long moles of masonry on either side to aid the river in washing the sand away from its entrance and keeping a channel open into deep water. But though over £800,000 was spent on harbour works, the strong currents of the Indian Ocean defeated the engineers' schemes, and the substantial piers, now half demolished by the battering of the breakers, are silted over with fine sand, and remain a melancholy spectacle of wasted enterprise.

The Prince took up golf at Port Alfred with the vigour which he throws into whatever occupation holds his interest at the moment, and during the remainder of the tour he improved greatly at the game. Golf has never been a first favourite among his pastimes. This is mainly because he has never played it in the systematic way necessary to make progress at the game. His style used consequently to be erratic, but competent judges put his appropriate handicap, when he first played in South Africa, at about 12 or 14.

One of the disadvantages under which the Prince's golf suffers at home in England is that his presence on a course arouses too much friendly but unwelcome curiosity on the part of the public. At Port Alfred, however, he had the links for three days almost to himself, and began determined practice at the game which he kept up at every opportunity throughout the rest of his tour.

Major Piers Legh, his Equerry, who is a good golfer, gave advice about his play and several times the Prince had photographs taken of himself—even on one occasion a “slow motion film”—so that he might see the faults of his style.

He and his personal staff stayed at a small hotel right on the Port Alfred golf-links and with characteristic energy he played 45 holes on the first day of his week-end besides having instruction from the club professional.

The rest of the Royal party were scattered about the other hotels and boarding-houses of the now almost empty summer resort. At one of them there was a concert given by a travelling troupe of pierrots on the Saturday night and afterwards a dance was held, which everyone from the Prince to

the village taxi-drivers attended. A remark which the Prince made to one of his partners that evening well illustrated those qualities of modesty and sympathy which are the most attractive side of his character. He had been dancing with a member of the concert party which was performing that evening and the conversation turned on the precariousness of her career, with its anxieties about engagements, its tiring routine of travel and the uncertainties of its future. "Well, I often feel a bit of a showman myself," said the Prince when the girl had finished, "but for me everyone goes out of their way to make things easy, while in your case you have had to meet your troubles alone."

It was the same instinct of kindness which led him the following evening on his way to church to stop at a small house by the wayside and go in to visit an old woman lying on her deathbed, of whose great wish to see him he had heard.

Rejoining the train at Grahamstown, we moved on eastwards through hilly country, by a roundabout route to Kingwilliamstown, stopping five times during the day at small agricultural townships. In all such places throughout South Africa, one of the first characteristics that strikes the attention of the traveller is the manner in which the two races, white and black, exist side by side, mingled yet entirely distinct, co-operating yet impassably divided. Cheap native labour is both the mainstay and the weakness of South Africa. Farmers are able to till their ground at a profit, because reasonably satisfactory black labour can be purchased at a wage of £2 per month. But this same fact closes the door to a type of immigrant of the greatest value for laying the foundations of civilization in

undeveloped territory—the man with nothing but his own labour to support him, but with the courage and determination to launch into a struggle against primitive conditions. Throughout the Union all unskilled labour is provided by the natives and coloured people. They are hard-working, adaptable, and to a certain degree intelligent. When treated with understanding and patience, they are docile and easily managed. South Africa's great industries of diamond and gold-mining could not be carried on without them.

But the result of this system is that the functions of the white man in South Africa are becoming limited to those of the capitalist, the employer and the supervisor. To counteract this tendency a Bill was introduced into the Union Parliament but met defeat in the Upper House during the Prince's tour. It was known as the "Colour Bar Bill" and made it illegal for native workmen to be employed in skilled trades, so that in these occupations the white man might be preserved from the competition of the lower-paid black.

Kingwilliamstown, which its inhabitants know familiarly as "King," is a place of broad, tree-shaded roads, and pleasant low-built, verandahed houses. Yet, only one long lifetime ago, its neighbourhood knew unwearied war between the white settlers and the Kaffirs resisting their advance eastward. In the year 1857 the natives were plotting a general attack, which should sweep far into the Cape Colony. In order that the incentive of hunger might increase the desperation of their tribesmen, the chiefs conspired with a witch-doctor named Umhlakaza to bring about an artificial food shortage. This witch-doctor professed to be in touch with



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KINGWILLIAMSTOWN.

the spirit-world, and announced that the ancestors of the tribes ordained that all cattle must be slaughtered and all corn burnt. If this were done, on a certain day the sacrifices would be restored with miraculous increase, and in addition the white men would flee before the Kaffir onslaught.

This imposture worked more powerfully than its authors expected. Vast quantities of corn were recklessly destroyed and cattle were killed in such numbers that the local traders had no means of disposing of the hides. When the time for the expected miracle passed without any resurrection of their food supply, famine broke out among the natives, and despite relief measures by the Cape

Government, from thirty to fifty thousand of them died of starvation.

In this unexpected way the danger of native attack was reduced, and the borders of Kaffraria began to be settled. A number of officers and men belonging to the British Hanoverian Legion, a German Corps raised to fight in the Crimean War, arrived under their leader, Baron von Stutterheim, to take up farming there, and some five hundred German agricultural families followed in their path. They proved excellent settlers and their descendants still form a prosperous community in the region around "King." This is one of the few towns in Cape Province where the European inhabitants considerably exceed the native and coloured townspeople, the proportion at the time of the 1921 census being 6,000 to 3,600.

The old native tribal lands of Kaffraria lying to the east of Kingwilliamstown and East London, the neighbouring port, have been constituted a native territory controlled by Commissioners under the authority of the South African Government. It is in two parts, divided by the Kei River, known as the Ciskei and the Transkei. In the latter no white settlers are allowed, but the former contains a few scattered white residents who were there before the reservation was created.

Our first contact with the natives of these two territories was at Kingwilliamstown, where ten thousand of them from the Ciskei area had been brought under their Resident Magistrate to see the Prince. They were drawn up on the Victoria Showground, a close-packed mass of squatting figures, attired in every grade of native costume ranging from the ochre-dyed blankets of the "Red

Kaffirs," who daub their faces with cream-coloured clay, and achieve an eerie look of having just been disinterred, to the frock-coats of the native "intelligentsia," with which went top-hats that seemed to have been brushed the wrong way and then sat on.

The large grand-stand of the Show ground was filled with a native choir, male and female, who sang the National Anthem very harmoniously, first in English and then in Xosa, their own language. As the Prince, in the khaki uniform of the Welsh Guards, drove slowly down a narrow lane in the midst of this primitive throng, an odd figure started to run in front of his car, shouting, leaping and flinging his arms about fantastically. This was the "Mbongo," or "Singer of Praises," an important official of every chieftain's court, whose duty it is to chant the merits of his lord. This one had evidently tried to adapt his costume to the requirements of British Court etiquette, but his wardrobe had given out in the attempt. He wore black evening-dress trousers, a stiff shirt and a black dress tie, but over this was draped a cloak of leopard-skin, while his head was crowned with a circlet of feathers and his hand grasped a bundle of assegais. "Here comes the Great Chief" he was proclaiming in Xosa. "His tread is like the elephant, his voice is like the lion. All men tremble before him. Make way for the Great Chief."

The Native Commissioner told the Prince that the gathering represented a native population of half a million in a territory of 26,000 square miles. Many of them live in tribes, but the number of detribalized natives is gradually increasing as the old authority of the chiefs relaxes.

We always noticed in South Africa the gift of fluency, sometimes even of eloquence, which the native chieftains of all races possess. The regular practice of holding tribal councils and the fact that owing to general ignorance of writing, all laws, rulings and other records of the tribe have to be carried in the head and quoted from memory, keeps them exercised in public speaking. The better educated natives develop a strong taste for florid rhetoric, even in English, and one of the speeches delivered to the Prince at Kingwilliamstown sounded as if it came out of a parliamentary debate in the dignified eighteenth century :

“ We have ever in mind Queen Victoria, your noble progenitor,” declaimed this Kaffir orator, “ under whose maternal tutelage we were initiated into the political protection of English rule, which makes no discrimination on grounds of racial ancestry or facial pigment.”

There was much sound advice in the Prince's reply, translated, phrase by phrase, through the loud-speaker to the great concourse of squatting natives, which stretched for several hundred yards.

“ In this neighbourhood,” he said, “ only a few years ago—as years count in the history of a people—the white and black races contended with arms in their hands. But to-day it is recognized by all that there must be closer co-operation and goodwill between the two in the interests of both. I would caution you against tendencies to mistrust those in authority, or to turn to those whose smooth promises have yet to be

translated into performance. To avoid these dangers you should study how you can manage your own affairs through the Council system. I am pleased to note that those who already enjoy it understand its value."

These native Councils are part of a system introduced by Cecil Rhodes when he was Prime Minister of the Cape. Every adult native pays, in addition to his hut tax and quit rent—if he is liable for these—an annual rate of 10s. a year, and has a vote in the choice of a set of native representatives, who elect four of the six members of the native District Council. The other two members are nominated by the Government, and the Resident Magistrate acts as Chairman. These Councils are only entitled to give advice, but the natives thereby gain a voice in the control of their own affairs and the Government is kept in touch with local feeling. The standard of the debates in them is said to be astonishingly high. The income from the Council rate is over £70,000 a year in the Transkei area, which is about half as large as Ireland and contains a million natives.

It was three days later that the Prince visited the Transkei and held a large "indaba," as these native gatherings are called, at Umtata, the administrative centre. To reach it the railway line twists and turns continually up the slopes of the steep grass hills. Two small stations, three miles apart in a direct line, need fourteen miles of railway-track to connect them. We travelled up there overnight and as the train drew near to Umtata in the morning, saw the great open sweep of the high downs thickly dotted in all directions with groups of negroes mounted on shaggy ponies converging

towards the town. In squadrons, troops, or as single horsemen, dressed generally in battered European clothes, green and faded with age, they were arriving from all parts of their territory to see the Prince. In some of the more fertile sections of the Transkei, there are as many as eighty natives to the square mile and the country is not rich enough to support its rapidly growing population. The result is that two special trains leave Umtata every week for Johannesburg, taking some six hundred natives each time to work in the gold mines. At any time about half the able-bodied men are away from the territory, employed as labourers.

A big dais, covered with crimson cloth, had been prepared for the Prince, who appeared for the first time during the tour in the full-dress scarlet tunic of the Welsh Guards, slashed across with the broad blue ribbon of the Garter, and hung with aiguillettes of glittering gold cord. The South African native is particularly impressionable by magnificence in dress, and it was a pity that the autumn sunshine was always so strong that the Prince had to substitute a white sun-helmet for the towering Guards bearskin.

Below the dais at Umtata were massed twenty thousand natives of many tribes, from Tembeland, Griqualand East, Pondoland, and the borders of Basutoland. They made merely a dense array of drab felt hats slouched over black faces. Here were none of the gorgeous robes, the picturesque insignia and the mediæval pomp that we had seen on the West Coast of Africa, or were to see among the Zulus, Swazis and Matabeles. European civilization has gained a firm hold of what till three generations ago were the primitive warriors of Kaffraria, and

one noticed everywhere that the first effect of civilization on African native life is to make it appear ugly, sordid and disreputable. The dignity with which Nature clothes even the most naked savage vanishes completely when he puts on a tattered cloth cap and a cast-off khaki great coat. Even the native chiefs, with money to spend on broadcloth and tall hats, assumed with them an air of self-consciousness and constraint, and looked like exhibits at a missionary lecture.

Among these dignitaries sat a small sedate black boy of about twelve. He was the hereditary chieftain of East Pondoland, and by his side towered his uncle, the regent, a saturnine figure six and a half feet high.

Dramatic orations were made by several of the chiefs, translated by a perspiring and gesticulating native interpreter. The white people on the platform could not restrain their laughter when the frock-coated Jongilizwe, of the Tembe tribe, referring to a gift of ten oxen which were to be presented to the Prince, exhorted him to "take these, go home with them, eat them and divide them with your children."

Another gift was a set of seven assegais in a case, of different sizes and uses. One was an emblem, known as the Royal assegai; another had a broad blade, for use at close quarters, four were for throwing, and one, narrow and stiletto-like, bore the sinister name of "the stitcher." There was also a large war shield of the Royal dun colour, made from the hide of a specially selected ox.

Then the chiefs mounted the Royal dais one by one to receive in return gold-headed malacca canes. One old man among them was clearly

disappointed that the peak of the Prince's helmet hid so much of his face. Stooping down, he peered long and earnestly beneath it into his eyes. His wrinkled old face was strained with attention, and he would only move on when an official took him by the arm and led him away.

As the Prince rose to leave, the whole great assembly broke into a hoarse, full-throated roar of "Bayete, Langanikanya"—"Hail, Shining Sun"!—that being the name which at a conference of the tribes it had been decided to bestow on the Prince for use among themselves.

Before leaving this part of the country, the Prince spent two days at the pleasant seaport of East London, the principal wool shipping town in South Africa, an outlet for the produce of the large native territories behind it and a popular seaside resort, where several members of the Royal party had their first experience of surf-bathing. After the usual public ceremonies in the town, the Prince was taken out by car to lunch in the open air at a country club on the Nahoon River, a tidal stream flowing between steep and well-wooded banks. Boat-loads of pretty girls waved their hands to him from mid-stream, and one realized that the charm of life in South Africa must lie chiefly in being able practically throughout the year to spend one's leisure time in the bright sunshine, often amid such surroundings as these.

CHAPTER VIII.

INTO THE ORANGE FREE STATE.

A JOURNEY over rolling grass uplands took us on to Queenstown, a hundred and fifty miles up-country on the way to the frontier of the Orange Free State.

Every little station through which the Royal trains passed, even when they were not due to stop there, contained practically the entire population of its surrounding district, whose cheers would be heard and lost in the same second, as we rattled through at full speed. Many hours must have been spent in this patient waiting for a momentary glimpse of the outside of the Prince's coach, and far on into the night the sudden gleam of bonfires in the darkness by the line marked places where such vigils were still being kept.

It was noticeable, even at the smallest wayside haunts, where the train would sometimes stop to take in water, that the women and girls were generally wearing quite attractive frocks, and were as daintily shod and silk-stockinged as if they had been in Hyde Park instead of the depths of the veld. What the coming of the Prince brought as additional business to South African dressmakers it is impossible to calculate. Manufacturers of cameras and photo-

graphic films, too, benefited to a very large extent by the eagerness to take an individual photograph of him which seized upon so many of the population. Strange and unexpected must have been the results in the majority of cases. For in the midst of excitedly surging crowds one would see optimistic amateurs busily trying to snapshot the Prince through the close-packed heads and shoulders of their fellows. Rules of focus and exposure were generally forgotten and it was commonplace for cameras incapable of working faster than a twenty-fifth of a second to be levelled at the Prince as he flashed past in a motor-car at thirty miles an hour.

Queenstown, like its sister places of the Eastern Provinces of the Cape, was originally an outpost against the Kaffirs, and owes its rather odd ground-plan to the requirements of military defence. It lies on the flat veld, surrounded by low kopjes, and



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QUEENSTOWN.—A STREET SCENE.

the centre of the town is a hexagonal space with streets radiating from the angles. This was intended to be used in case of native attack as a rallying-point for the settlers, whose fire could command all lines of approach.

There is a great resemblance in the Union between towns of this size, which are many. Spaciousness is their most striking characteristic. Land was to be had for the taking in the days when they were laid out, and the streets, drawn at right angles, were made broad enough for a wagon and its six span of oxen to be turned in them without difficulty. Lined with blue gums, wattles, eucalyptus, and the feathery-leaved pepper trees, they have by this time become shady avenues which make the town contrast agreeably with the prevailing nakedness of the surrounding veld.

Some five or six thousand whites and a rather larger number of natives and coloured is the usual population of these secondary South African towns. Their white people are more on a general level of fortune than is the case in the average English country-town. They are all traders and professional men, for manual work is done solely by the native. Wealth is rare among them, but a comfortable degree of prosperity seems common. They live in houses much of the same size, small but designed with a high average of attractiveness. The South African architect has a greater range of variety than his British colleagues in planning middle-class dwellings, and gives to them dignity and harmony as well as practical qualities reminding one of American house-planning. The natives, except the "boys" who do nearly all the housework, live in a special "location" outside the town.

The business of the townspeople consists generally in dealing in the maize, wheat and livestock raised by the farmers within a radius of fifty miles. The American motor-cars which the latter now use have almost entirely replaced wagon, Cape cart or horseback, as means of transport, and the rows of tethering-pegs for horses, set in a wooden frame at street corners or outside the local hotel, now stand empty and will soon disappear.

For the people in these smaller South African towns, life has to be mainly self-sufficing as regards interests and amusements. A summer holiday about Christmas-time, taken at the sea or at a mountain-resort, is the only variety which most families get in the year. Schools are good, and entirely free, most parents being content with this Government-provided education for their children, though private schools, some with high fees, exist in the larger towns. All over South Africa, a great many schools are maintained by teaching orders of the Roman Catholic Church.

It is the climate which contributes more than any other cause to the pleasantness of life in South African country centres. The certainty, for months on end, of stimulating, cheerful sunshine, and the possibility of outdoor games all the year round, make even a comparatively uneventful existence agreeable.

The children in such places are the best evidence of the healthy conditions under which they live. Open-air life is habitual with the South African boy and girl and gives them a sturdiness rare among children bred in a less generous climate. The hundreds of thousands of children of all ages that we saw in so many parts of South Africa have

combined into one general recollection of bright eyes, clear complexions and lithe limbs.

As the Royal trains approached the Orange River they passed close to a steep rocky hill which was the scene of one of the early British defeats in the South African War. The height is known as Stormberg, and the Prince stopped his train for the purpose of climbing it to get an idea of the battle. We were to visit many more famous scenes of the Boer War in Natal and round Kimberley later on, but the fight at Stormberg was an isolated operation and is a typical example of the kind of reverse which occurred somewhat frequently at the outset of the campaign, before the British troops had become used to the novel tactics of the Boers.

The war had opened with a Boer invasion of the Cape Colony by several routes, and General Gatacre, at the head of two battalions, the 2nd Northumberland Fusiliers and the 2nd Irish Rifles, with two batteries of Field Artillery and 250 mounted infantry, was lying at Sterkstroom, one of the stations we had passed down the line, when he heard that the Boers had occupied the strong position of Stormberg, thirty miles to the northward. He determined to attack them there, moved his men by train twenty miles up the line to Molteno, and then set out on a night-march which was to end with an attack at dawn on the Boer position.

In the black gloom of the veld the column lost its way and at daylight was still searching for its objective. Suddenly from the face of a steep hill on its flank, broke a long roll of rifle-fire. No enemy could be seen, for the Boers were well hidden behind the boulders that covered the slope. The

small British force was immediately launched in a scrambling attack on the hillside. From where the assault was delivered the slope proved to be practically unscalable, and under the relentless fire of the concealed marksmen above them, the troops finally fell back down the hill and retired to Molteno. They had had a hundred casualties. In addition six hundred men, who could not get back through the bullet-swept zone of the hillside had been taken prisoners and two guns were lost in the retreat.

The Prince's last call in the Cape Province during this part of his tour was at the sleepy little township of Burghersdorp, whose population had a reputation of being strongly and conservatively Dutch. It proved to be a quaint little square town of small, wooden frame houses, squeezed into a narrow valley, with several large stone-built Dutch churches and an unexpectedly attractive little Town Hall in the style of the Italian Renaissance.

Like most small places, Burghersdorp takes its politics with intense earnestness. For many years it was a fastness of Dutch Nationalism; it was, indeed, the birthplace of the Afrikaner Bond which, until the Act of Union deprived it of any further reason for existence, aimed at the predominance of the Dutch population in South Africa.

Some people had told us that the Prince's reception by the citizens of Burghersdorp might be only frigidly polite. Instead, it was even unusually cordial, and in their grave, deliberate way these Border Dutchmen showed real pleasure at having him among them. An evergreen archway at the entrance to the station bore the motto "God seen ons Prins" and from there to the little unpaved square in front

of the pretty Town Hall the road was lined with townspeople and their children. Owing to the stop at Stormberg, the Prince was an hour late in reaching Burghersdorp and the official proceedings, on a dais before the Town Hall, took place in the deep dusk, relieved only by the glow of coloured illuminations. In a long prayer, the Predikant of the local Dutch Reformed Church referred to the value of the Prince's visit in deepening the mutual knowledge of the two South African white races: "Had there been similar knowledge in the past," added the Predikant, "some of the sad pages in our history need never have been written."

After dinner there was a reception in the small Town Hall of the people of the neighbourhood, an informal gathering at which many of the guests arrived in the tweed clothes they keep for holiday occasions. Meanwhile the Boy Scouts had been building a bonfire in the town square outside, round which a crowd of several hundreds gathered singing Dutch folk-songs in chorus. The delight equalled their surprise when suddenly the Prince himself stepped out of the Town Hall and came to sit among them on an upturned packing-case by the fireside, the light of the flames flickering on his shirt-front and on the long row of miniature decorations that crossed the lapel of his evening coat.

Next morning the landscape beside the railway-line contained a feature we had not seen before. During the night we had crossed the Orange River into the Free State, and at Jagersfontein found the familiar panorama of yellowish-brown veld varied by smooth artificial mounds, high as the slag heaps on an English coalfield, but of a bluish-grey colour instead of black. A hundred yards from the line

a long row of natives, all men, in the shabby oddments of European dress that they affect, were peering at the train, but they were behind a twelve-foot high double barrier of barbed wire, so constructed at the top as to be unclimbable.

This was the first diamond mine on our route, and what we were looking at was the compound where the native "boys" live for the term of service they contract to do.

They call the formation in which diamonds are found a "volcanic pipe." Tremendous pressure, exercised at some remote period when the earth's crust was in process of upheaval, is what provided those fascinating stones that gleam on women's wrists and fingers all over the world. This Jagersfontein mine was one of the first to be exploited. Originally it and the Kimberley mines held a practical world-monopoly of diamond production, but now stones are found in British Guiana and a number of other places within the British Empire.

It was a Sunday when we arrived at Jagersfontein, and all the polyglot population of that rather discouraged-looking little town was gathered in the small square, surrounded by wooden buildings, which is its centre. Diamond mining has attracted to this place people from every part of the civilized globe. The mayor enumerated the nationalities represented in the Prince's audience. They were English, Scots, Irish, Welsh, South Africans, Americans, Hollanders, Italians, French, German, Syrians, Portuguese, Russians and Poles.

The uniforms of the mounted commando that was waiting to escort the Prince from the station down the dusty road that led past the high heaps

of blue-clay "tailings" into the town, were reminders that we had passed into another Province of the Union. For they were led by officers in green-grey uniforms that were strikingly relieved by brilliant orange cap-bands and gorget-patches. The Prince took the lead, and the long column of horsemen, raising the dust in clouds from beneath them, made up a very picturesque procession.

That afternoon the Prince would probably have amused himself by taking a walk over the veld with a golf ball and a cleek, but it was Sunday and the Dutch Reformed Church takes a strict view of Sabbath observance, so that, rather than risk hurting any possible susceptibilities, he exchanged his purpose for a visit to the Jagersfontein mine compound. With its formidable double barriers of barbed wire, this looked like a huge prison-of-war cage, and is almost as closely guarded. The penalty for entering the mine-property by any other way than the single gate is six months' imprisonment.

The place is a huge, untidy, chaotic litter of old workings and railway-sidings and machine sheds. There is over-production in diamonds, and this Jagersfontein mine is one of those which has had to limit its output in consequence.

The Prince was taken first to the Kaffir compound, where the "boys" live during the whole of the period of three, six or nine months for which they sign on. They are never allowed to go outside the mining ground. This reduces the danger of stolen diamonds being smuggled out, and prevents the difficulties which would inevitably arise if large numbers of natives, most of them from remote kraals, were allowed to move about among the scattered white population of the district.

That bleak, empty Kaffir compound, surrounded by low, iron-roofed sheds, and overshadowed by high chimney stacks and winding-gear, was an odd spectacle to a stranger's eye. It was filled with hundreds of Kaffirs, generally gaunt, bony figures, dawdling away their Sunday afternoon. To a Northerner the day did not seem chilly, but these natives were heavily swathed in old blankets or wrapped in the remains of what had once been army greatcoats. On their heads they wore brown knitted woollen caps. Their faces were not of the uniform black we had seen among the natives of the West Coast, but represented a whole range of colours from ebony to yellow. Many had grey patches in their complexion such as one sees on the skin of a damson.

Under normal conditions there are one thousand two hundred natives employed at this mine, but at the time of our visit the labour supply was short by about five hundred, for after a good harvest the young men are less willing to leave their kraals. They are paid on piece-work terms, and some of them make as much as fifteen shillings a day. Though the "colour-bar" restriction prevents natives from being made responsible for skilled work, they are quick to learn under white supervision, and as a matter of fact perform a good deal of the more complicated duties of mining.

The Prince visited the compound kitchen, where we saw a "mealie-mash" being prepared, and where they brew the "Kaffir beer" that is the native's favourite drink. There was a yell of delight from all the broad-grinning faces that pressed round the party of visitors when the Prince told the compound manager to tell them that he would

have some tobacco sent down for distribution in the compound.

As it was Sunday afternoon a native service was being carried on in a long dark room, conducted by one of themselves. Its atmosphere was very fervid, like that of a Welsh revival meeting, and the congregation continually interjected exclamations and loud "Hallelujahs" into the harangue of their preacher.

But the most striking sight in the mine area was the huge hole left by the original "open workings." This looks like a gigantic volcanic crater. Its mouth is six hundred yards across in one direction and four hundred and fifty in the other, and the depth of the great pit is eight hundred and fifty feet.

So large were its proportions that it was difficult to realize the size of the abyss into which we were peering. One of the mine staff threw over a piece of rusty sheet-iron that was lying there, and we timed it falling for ten seconds before it reached the bottom far below. As the Prince remarked at the time, one could put the Woolworth Building, the highest of all New York's skyscrapers, into this hole out of which the earth has been carted barrow-load by barrowload.

The process of diamond mining consists of scooping out the blue clay in which the stones lie, very much as one scoops out a Stilton cheese. When the Jagersfontein mine was first begun, they followed the blue clay round and round this crater in which it lies, getting deeper all the time. At length there came one day a sudden landslide from the sides of the open pit that had been made, and thirty-seven native workers were buried. It was clear that to

go on with the open working was dangerous, so now all the clay is mined from tunnels below ground. This particular mine yields an average of nine carats of diamonds for each hundred barrowloads of clay that are carried to the washing machines. Sometimes as much as thirty carats will be found in that amount of dirt. In 1892 and 1895 two very large stones were discovered here.

A single carat stone, if pure white in colour, is worth fifteen to twenty pounds, but the value increases in more than direct proportion to the size of the stone. The Prince was presented with a small diamond, just as they are picked up, in its "matrix" of blue clay. It looked like a white piece of glass, not yet possessing the brilliance that cutting and polishing bring.

The gamble in this romantic industry lies in the fact that diamonds may be found under any kind of earth. The original Kimberley workings were in yellow clay, and when the miners had dug down to the bottom of this stratum, and came upon blue clay beneath, many of them abandoned their workings, thinking that the diamond-bearing earth was exhausted. As a matter of fact, the blue clay was the richest treasure-house of all. There are almost certainly rich diamond mines still awaiting discovery in South Africa. One of the richest in Kimberley was unknown for years, though it lay only five hundred yards from a mine in full working. Even the mounds of blue clay "tailings," the waste-heaps of the mines, would probably yield some stones overlooked at the original washing, if they were treated by the more effective processes now in use.

The old Illicit Diamond Buying traffic—out of

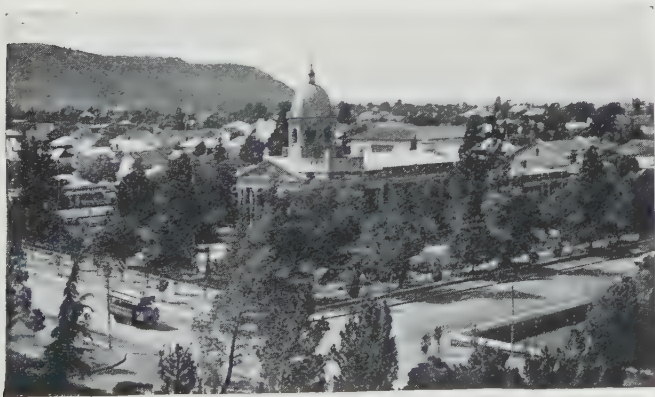
which rose many a criminal romance at the time of the Kimberley boom—has much fallen off. But, closely watched as the natives are, they do still contrive occasionally to hide diamonds which they have found in the mine, and to smuggle them out to their chiefs, who trade them to dishonest whites—the “I.D.B.” agents. To prevent this as far as possible, each native, before he leaves the mine, at the end of his contract, to return to his kraal, is kept for several days in a special observation ward, where precautions even go the length of requiring him to take a strong purgative, to obviate the possibility of his having tried to smuggle out a stone by swallowing it.

The note of loyalty that we were to find repeated at many places throughout the Orange Free State was struck in a marked way that Sunday evening by the hearty singing of the National Anthem at the Dutch Reformed Church, where the Prince attended a service held in English. We were told that such a manifestation was of great significance among this population which still has a strong spirit of local individuality.

CHAPTER IX.

AN EXCURSION INTO BASUTOLAND.

NEXT morning, May 25th, I was awakened by the sound of shots near the train. It was only just seven o'clock, and I looked out of the window to find the two Royal trains standing on a siding in the open veld, while the Prince and several of his personal staff were out shooting guinea-fowl. Two or three local Dutch farmers were with them acting as beaters. The guinea-fowl is a big bird of speckled grey plumage, and since he flies neither fast nor far, presents a fairly easy shot.



Copyright) BLOEMFONTEIN.—SHEWING THE RAADZAAL.

This was near Springfontein, our next halt in the Free State, a place from which we were escorted on our way by a dashing commando of twenty or thirty men who galloped alongside the railway-track over the rough veld, keeping up with the train for several miles. Conspicuous among them at the start was the local "predikant" in his black coat and clerical white tie. But the pace proved a little too hot for the reverend horseman, who was gradually left behind by his hard-riding flock.

That same afternoon we reached the capital of the Free State, Bloemfontein, a place of which it had been said that if the Prince could make himself popular there, no possible doubt could exist of the success of his tour throughout the rest of South Africa, for the Free Staters were represented as veritable "die-hards" of Dutch Nationalism. But by the time we reached Bloemfontein, we had already learned that a strong sense of their distinct racial origin is not preventing among the Dutch population of South Africa the gradual development of an appreciation of their place within the British Empire, and of the benefits which that confers without any restriction of development on lines of their own choosing.

The Prince's entry into Bloemfontein was a particularly striking indication of this fact, for the large commando—two thousand strong—which was assembled at Hamilton station, two miles outside the city, to do honour to his entry, was headed by a leader who, even in the Great War, had borne arms against the British Empire, by taking part in the South African rebellion. This man, "General" Conroy, is one of those huge, burly, Boer farmers of the "backveld," physically strong and tem-



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Central News

BLOEMFONTEIN.—THE PRINCE ENTERING KING'S PARK WITH
THE MAYOR AND CIVIC OFFICIALS.

peramentally violent. He is now a Nationalist member of the South African Parliament, and had insisted upon the arrangements for the Prince's welcome to Bloemfontein being left in his hands.

Many of the men who had turned out to escort the Prince at Conroy's behest were, like himself, ex-rebels, and a great many more wore those medals for fighting on the Boer side in the South African War, which the Nationalist Government recently caused to be struck and issued. Along with these general service medals a special decoration for distinguished conduct on the Boer side in that

war was bestowed. It was at Bloemfontein that we saw, on the broad chest of one of the biggest officers in the South African Defence Force, a collection of decorations which must be unique in the world, for they included medals for fighting against Britain in the Boer War, medals for fighting for Britain against the Germans in the Great War, and a medal for fighting for the Germans against the Herreros, a native tribe in what used to be German South-west Africa, who rebelled against their German masters in 1903.

The commando at the head of which the Prince rode for two miles into Bloemfontein was as good an example as one could have wished to see of what has been described as the most mobile kind of



Copyright) BLOEMFONTEIN.—H.R.H. GOES FOR A RIDE.

fighting force in the world. It came into existence as a militia into which the old Boer farmers organized themselves for defence against the Zulus. Each district had its "Kommandant," and when he gave his burghers the order to "opzadel," it needed hardly more than a couple of hours before he found himself at the head of a column of horsemen, each one a sure shot, mounted on nags that could keep going for eighteen hours out of the twenty-four at that easy loping gait which South Africans call the "trippel," and able to exist on mouthfuls of sun-scorched grass cropped by the way, while their riders carried in their saddle-bags leather-like strips of sun-dried beef called "biltong," on which they could live for a week.

There was none of the "spit-and-polish" that one associates with cavalry about the 1,650 hard-bitten, lean, sun-tanned farmers of the backveld who were gathered at Bloemfontein. They and their horses were equally shaggy and unkempt. But when it comes to covering the ground and doing accurate long-range shooting afterwards no troops could be more efficient. The spread of motoring has reduced to some extent the raw material from which the commandos were drawn. But they still form an integral though irregular element in the defence of South Africa, and, especially in the case of troubles with the natives, would prove a valuable power for restoring order, as they did in the Communist uprising at Johannesburg in 1921.

The age limits for joining a commando seem to be from ten to a hundred. Any boy or man who can sit a horse is eligible, and in the long column that went cantering down the road to Bloemfontein with the Prince of Wales on a showy chestnut at

its head, there were youngsters in shorts and bare knees, as well as greybearded old men. They were armed with every kind of rifle known in the last forty years.

A great crowd lined the way into town—English and Dutch, black and coloured—and by the time the Prince dismounted at the entrance to the “King’s Park,” the long avenue leading to the big enclosure where the speeches were to be made was so packed that he advanced surrounded by a jostling mass of eager citizens. This enclosure was opened to the public for the first time by the Prince, and called “The Prince’s Garden.” There, on a stone bandstand in the middle of the attractively planted grounds, General Hertzog, the Union Premier, and the Mayor of Bloemfontein welcomed their Royal visitor. The Prince made an informal figure among them in the brown check tweed suit that he used on many occasions throughout the tour, wearing a “pull-over” of very striking pink and grey under his coat, the blue-and-red Guards Brigade tie, and a blue shirt. He ended his speech to the three thousand people who pressed around the bandstand with a few words of Afrikaans, pausing patiently until the roar of applause and pleased laughter which greeted them died down, and then deliberately finishing the sentence.

The Mayor announced that the Prince would like to shake hands with everyone present. “His Royal Highness says he doesn’t know if he will be able to last out,” he added, “but he will have a shot at it.”

And so, for three-quarters of an hour, Free Staters of all degrees filed past the Prince, each getting a smile and a quick grip of his left hand—

for he made a practice of saving his right from the crushing clutch of strong Dutchmen eager to emphasise their loyalty.

There was a dance that night in the market hall, converted into a great ballroom by the laying of a floor that cost £400. But, big as the place was, the crowd of dancers who wanted to share the experience of fox-trotting to the same music as the Prince was larger still, and the guests had to be marked with different coloured rosettes, entitling them to take the floor only for alternate dances.

The whole of the next day the Prince remained in Bloemfontein, and in that time several things happened to deepen the impression that the two white races which share the rich country of South Africa under the same flag are fast forgetting the old days when they looked on each other as enemies.

One of these events was the meeting of the Annual Congress of the British Empire Service League, which the Prince opened, for there, along with the veterans of the Great War, both English and Dutch, were the delegates of the "Bond van Oud Stryders," an association of Dutch South Africans that looks after the interests of those who fought on the Boer side in the South African War.

Then at the Childrens' Sports in the afternoon a pretty little incident occurred, for the girls of the Orange School, a highly Nationalist institution, welcomed the Prince by singing "God Save the King" and presenting him with their college pennant, of bright orange colour, which he waved to the crowd as he drove round the big racecourse in his car to see the children.

And after this, just as twilight was falling, the Prince, accompanied only by Admiral Halsey, his



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BLOEMFONTEIN.—THE PRINCE AT THE GRAVE OF
EX-PRESIDENT STEYN.

Chief of Staff, drove to the grave of Ex-President Steyn, who was at the head of the Orange Free State when it entered the Boer War against Great Britain, and laid on it a wreath of red carnations. This visit had more than ordinary significance, for Steyn's grave lies at the foot of a monument which tells most bitterly of the old enmities that all hope and believe are now dead in South Africa.

It takes the form of a tall obelisk of sandstone, standing in the midst of a grove of pine trees on the outskirts of Bloemfontein, and is dedicated to the "26,370 Boer women and children" who died in

the concentration camps that were established by the British for those whom the operations of the South African War forced to leave their homes.

From Bloemfontein the Prince set out on a roundabout route to Basutoland, travelling through Winburg, Kroonstad, Ficksburg and Ladybrand.

Some of the correspondents accompanying him were obliged to miss the visit to the first two of those towns, owing to the breakdown of the railway-coach in which we were travelling. The tie-rods underneath it snapped during the night with a loud crack, and the framework sagged so dangerously that in the morning the doors of the sleeping compartments would not shut and one window-frame was cracked by the strain. But though, with all our baggage, we had to be hurriedly turned out onto the platform of the little backveld station of Theunissen, and there wait all day for a relief train, the experience provided an opportunity of seeing the conditions of life in one of the remoter little townships of South Africa, when the entire population is not gathered together to do honour to a Royal visitor.

There had been a throng of a hundred or more people at this wayside station, but ten minutes after the Prince's train pulled out, they had all got into their motor-cars or Cape carts and started back over the dusty, unmetalled roads for their distant farms. Upon Theunissen descended again the peace of uneventfulness that had been broken for one unique moment by the passing of the Prince. A dog stretched itself to sleep in the middle of the sun-warmed road.

But even Theunissen has eventful incidents to look back on in its past. The station-master related

how in 1914 the same "General" Conroy who was now accompanying the Prince as his local host, rode into the village, and demanded to use the station "phonaphore." He was at the head of his rebel commando, and the station-master, having had warning of their coming, had taken the precaution to hide the apparatus beneath the floor of his office. He denied that any such instrument was in his possession and was expecting any moment to have the "sjamboks" of the rebels applied to his back as a means of persuasion, when the alarm was raised that one of General Smut's loyalist commandos was approaching, and the raiders rode away.

We rejoined the pilot train at Ficksburg, and approached the border of Basutoland through a fertile series of foothills, once Basuto territory, but ceded by their chief, Moshesh in 1868. The Basutos are now beginning to feel the loss of these lands, for their Protectorate, which is administered by the Colonial Office, and does not come under the Government of the Union of South Africa, is now populated up to half a million, which is the maximum number of inhabitants that it can support. It is a mountainous country, of an average height of 5,000 feet above the sea, and cultivation is possible only in the valleys.

Being dependent upon getting the very fullest crops possible, the Basutos were delighted when the Prince's arrival was accompanied by a heavy downpour of rain. Though some sixty to eighty thousand of them were camped in the open, with only such shelter from the cold and the rain as the rocks could give, on the broad slopes around the border-station of Maseru, they were perfectly contented. Thirteen hundred white excursionists,

who had made the overnight journey from Bloemfontein in three special trains, in order to see the great native "Pitso," as an assembly to do honour to a great chief is called, were considerably less pleased when they learned that, on account of the rain, the ceremony would have to be deferred to the following day. Though their trains were only stocked with food for one meal more, most of the excursionists voted in favour of staying on overnight, and were rewarded next morning by a brilliant day of sunshine which gave full value to the show.

The Basutos were late in arriving on the ground, for they had sat up late round their watch-fires the night before, eating the roast oxen and the mealie-cakes which the Imperial Government had supplied to the Paramount Chief for the entertainment of his followers.

Towards ten o'clock they began to assemble, approaching in little bodies of horsemen, mounted on shaggy Basuto ponies, and singing as they rode. They were dressed chiefly in European garments of abject shabbiness. Most of the worn-out greatcoats of the British Army seem to find their way to this remote corner of the Empire, and I should not wonder if some of the tweed coats here covering the corpulent black bodies of Basuto headmen had been bartered for a fern or a couple of bathbricks at a back-door in the London suburbs.

But an exotic touch was added to this dingy dress by the plumes which many of the Basutos wore on their heads, and by the battle-axes they carried in their hands.

Slowly the black horsemen ranged themselves in a vast arc, facing the red baize-covered stand

where the Prince and the Resident Commissioner of Basutoland, Sir Edward Garroway, were to take their places for the review.

Though the colour and pomp and native dignity that we had grown accustomed to see at the native *indabas* of West Africa were lacking among these more sophisticated natives, who have most of them at one time or another worked in the mine-compounds of Johannesburg, the Pitso was nevertheless impressive by reason of its setting. All around stretched open grass downs, broken by peaks of grey rock which in the distance rose to the height of



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MASERU. —AT THE PITSO — BASUTO HORSEMEN WITH HEAD-DRESS
COMPOSED OF THE SPREAD WINGS OF A BIRD.

mountains. Far away on the sky-line was a sharp cleft in the granite barrier, known as the Berea, that surrounded the plateau where the Basutos were assembling. It is called "Lancers' Gap," a name that commemorates the ambushing there of a British cavalry column in 1852 by Moshesh, the formidable warrior-chief of the Basutos, who fought many a campaign against Briton and Boer alike, and whose family still provides the Paramount Chief of Basutoland.

Chanting their droning songs, the native horsemen disposed themselves in a great crescent fronting the Royal stand, while those on foot with their womenfolk, mostly dressed in ochre-dyed blankets, stood facing them, completing a great oval three-quarters of a mile long.

The Prince appeared in a motor-car, accompanied by the Resident Commissioner. He was wearing the scarlet uniform of the Welsh Guards, with the blue ribbon of the Garter slanting across it, and a white military sun-helmet. A troop of mounted Basuto police rode behind the car as the Prince drove slowly along the front of the native horsemen, and then took his place on the stand, facing which were seated the principal Basuto chiefs.

These were in European full dress, each after his own imagining. The Paramount Chief, whose name is Griffiths, was a tall, very black-skinned man in silk hat and frock-coat. A similar garment, of dark-blue colour and mid-Victorian cut, was worn by his uncle, Jonathan Moshesh, who, over eighty years of age, is the Nestor of Basutoland. But some of the minor chieftains must have strained all the resources of the second-hand clothiers of

South Africa. One of them had a college "mortar-board" and riding-breeches; another was dressed in farmer-like black-and-white check coat with box-cloth gaiters, while Chief Makolo, on the other hand, was immaculate in a grey suit of fashionable cut with white spats.

Leaning upon his long staff, his neck swathed in a woollen comforter, and his head of grey astrakhan curls bare, old Jonathan Moshesh addressed the Prince in picturesque language, translated sentence for sentence by an interpreter:

"Like Simeon of the Scriptures, who rejoiced that he had seen his Lord before he was gathered to his fathers, I am thankful that I have been spared to see this day," said the shrewd-looking old man. "I am the oldest chief of the house of Moshesh, which is the oldest house of chiefs, and I can recognize better than anyone the changes for the better that have taken place since Queen Victoria took over our country. It would be against the wishes of the whole country if the British Protectorate were ever withdrawn. I beg your Royal Highness to use his influence that such a thing may never happen."

These references to the maintenance of Basutoland's direct connection with the Imperial Government which was established in 1883, were based upon reports that the transference of the administration of the territory to the Union Government was under contemplation.

As each chief finished his harangue to the Prince, the great motionless black audience behind

them broke into a deep, swelling, bass cry of "Khotso, pula," meaning "Peace and rain"—the two benefits they most desired. It was a striking experience to hear this vibrant cry come in unison from fifty thousand throats at once, rising and falling like the surge of the sea in a rocky cave.

The breaking up of that great gathering of the Basuto nation was as impressive as any incident of the day. The whole plain was covered with little cavalcades of horsemen, starting off on journeys which in some cases would last a week before they reached their distant homes. They were in high spirits, with the memories of four days' feasting inside them, and they waved their sticks gaily at the cars that slowly pushed their way through the confusion to follow the Prince.

Maseru, the Basutoland capital, is mainly an official township, for white people are not allowed to settle in the territory, except in the case of a few



traders under narrow restrictions. The majority of the service veterans to be inspected by the Prince after he had laid a wreath at the war memorial were consequently natives who had served in the Basuto Labour Corps. One of the latter was wearing, besides the ordinary war medals, a collection of other ribbons representing decorations of half the Allied nations. "Where did you get those?" asked the Prince, with suspicion in his tone. "Bought dem in Johannesburg, sah" was the entirely unabashed reply.

Through romantic scenery of rock and rolling turf we next drove some miles out from Maseru to see the Leper Hospital, where four hundred patients, men and women, are cared for. It is pleasantly placed among well-kept gardens, and as one passed through the lines of huts where the patients live, there was nothing in the first sight of the native men and women who stood outside them waving to the Prince that betokened the disease which has become proverbial in its dread. Only closer inspection revealed that in some cases the arms that they were holding out had lost their hands, or that their features were eaten away by the terrible scourge once so widespread in the world, but for which the recently discovered treatment by chaulmoogra oil is proving extremely effective.

CHAPTER X.

SOUTHWARDS AGAIN FROM THE FREE
STATE TO NATAL.

THERE was one more week-end to be spent in the Orange Free State, and the townships of Bethlehem and Harrismith to be visited, before the Prince passed southward over the border into Natal.

That week-end provided from a climatic point of view, an experience which was fortunately almost unique throughout the whole tour. A deluge of cold, persistent rain beat upon the lonely little upland out-station of Westminster throughout the thirty-six hours we were there. Few of us realize how large a proportion of the population of South Africa lives at a high altitude. Forty per cent. of the country is over four thousand feet. Westminster itself lies one thousand feet higher than the summit of Ben Nevis, the loftiest mountain in Great Britain.

A small and shivering crowd had gathered through many miles of mud to welcome their Royal visitor, who was to spend the Sunday at Clewer Farm, a place belonging to the Duke of Westminster. But though the inhospitable weather ruined the outdoor programme which had been prepared, an amusing and cheerful little dance was held in the local schoolroom, whose space had been supplemented by a tarpaulin annexe, on the floor of which the rain collected in pools.

Besides this, the only entertainment of the week-end was to inspect the grain elevator in the station, one of those with which the South African

Railways have lately been equipping a great part of the Union. These lofty towers, where the grain is cleaned, graded, weighed and stored, have greatly simplified the business of farming, for directly the farmer has delivered his grain to the elevator he receives an official receipt for it, which is a negotiable document upon which the banks will advance money.

At our next halt, Bethlehem, on June 1st, the Kaffrarian Flour Mills, established in connection with one of these elevators, had been burnt down only a few hours before the Prince's arrival, with damage amounting to £60,000. Though many of the townspeople had been put out of work by this disaster, their reception lacked nothing in enthusiasm, and their Mayor, Dr. Theron, in his speech put



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BETHLEHEM, ORANGE FREE STATE,

aptly into words the conclusion which many of us had drawn as to the fortunate effect which the Prince's tour of the Orange Free State had produced.

There was no mistaking the strong personal appreciation which he had inspired among the dour Free State Dutch, who have always been regarded as the Die-Hards of South African Republicanism.

"Under the just protection of the British throne," said the Mayor of Bethlehem, "it is possible for the ideals of freedom and independence to be realized. The old Republicans have learned to respect, then to trust, and eventually to regard with affection the British throne."

On his way back to the station the Prince stopped to receive an address from a gathering of the native population of the town, and his attention was immediately seized by the orchestra of small black boys which had been paraded in front of the stand to receive him with musical honours. It consisted of eight tall, thin boys and a small pot-bellied one with tin whistles, while two others performed on a big drum and a side drum. All of them were dressed in Glengarry bonnets and the cast-off tunics of Scottish regiments, while around their spindly black legs were draped kilts of chequered dishcloth material. The wheezy, dirge-like noise which this band of the MacBethlehem clan produced was quite the most extraordinary we had heard on the whole tour. Nothing could surpass the complacency and self-satisfaction of the performers, whose faces bore a look of rapt abstraction, like so many black Kubeliks. The Prince encored their performance, but on enquiring what tune they had been playing, he was surprised

to hear that it was the National Anthem.

That afternoon found us at Harrismith, close to the borders of Natal, an attractive town standing beneath the 8,000 feet flat-topped mountain of the



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HARRISMITH.—THE PLATBERG.

Platberg. Between this and the town lies Forty-second Hill, so-called because the Black Watch were encamped there during the Boer War, and have left their badge carved upon its face. The Prince led the usual commando from the station to the town, mounted upon a high-crested, nervous, prancing, chestnut horse, and laid wreaths on the monuments to the officers and men of the 2nd Scots and 2nd Grenadier Guards who fell in the Boer War, and on the Great War memorial.

Close to Harrismith is the Mont Aux Sources, 11,000 feet high, the highest point in South Africa. This forms part of the great mountain barrier of the Drakensberg Range, about eighteen miles in breadth, which separates the tableland of the Free State from the plains of Natal. On their northern side the Drakensberg Mountains have a gradual and easy slope, but towards Natal they fall in imposing precipices, forming a gigantic and rugged step downwards in the direction of the sea. It was through the tunnels and down the gradients which thread this range that we passed during the night of June 1st into Natal.

The Drakensberg Mountains are among the most picturesque in the world. As the Royal trains, with their brakes hard on, crept cautiously beneath their overhanging sides down towards the rich valleys of Natal, we looked up to see the bare peaks covered with snow, while below us lay the richly wooded lowlands of the fertile province of Natal. It was very early in the morning when the Royal train crossed the frontier, and as it did so it broke through a long garland of flowers which was held by two pretty children dressed in white, one of them a Dutch-speaking little girl of the



Copyright] NATAL.—A SCENE IN THE DRAKENSBERG MOUNTAINS.

Free State and the other an English child of Natal.

At ten o'clock the Prince arrived at Ladysmith, a town whose 118-day siege by the Boers in 1899 and 1900 brought it world-wide fame a quarter of a century ago, but which has now returned to the peaceful obscurity of agricultural pursuits. There was the usual civic reception at the Oval, a big sports ground, but the main interest of the day was the visit to the siege positions, followed in the afternoon by a climb up Spion Kop, the hill, eighteen miles away on the Tugela River, where the relieving army suffered its most dramatic reverse.

The siege of Ladysmith, which ended on March 3rd, 1900, owed its importance to the fact that the town was the bastion which held up the Boer invasion of Natal. During the seventeen weeks of the investment it was incessantly bombarded, and 16,000 shells are estimated to have fallen among the handful of little huts and bungalows which makes up the town. Two desperate assaults by the Boers were beaten off, and the garrison, 12,000 strong, made two successful sorties, in which they destroyed three of the enemy's heavy guns. One-tenth of the defenders of Ladysmith died of wounds or disease.

For months the whole world had its attention concentrated upon the spectacle of the constantly unsuccessful and constantly renewed attempts by General Sir Redvers Buller to bring relief to Sir George White and his besieged garrison. Buller's greatest difficulty was the crossing of the Tugela River, which formed a direct obstacle to his advance from the coast, flowing from west to east twenty miles to the south of the town. In the unsuccessful

battles of Colenso, Spion Kop and Vaalkranz, and in the final advance, which was made to the east of Colenso, Buller lost five thousand men, more than one-fifth of the force under his command.

Our tour round Ladysmith with the Prince opened one's eyes to the enormous changes which the development of mechanical weapons has brought about in war during the last few years. When the Boers were shelling Ladysmith, their guns were so few that almost every individual one was known to the defenders by a nickname. In the Great War the town, which lies on rolling ground in the middle



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LADYSMITH.—ADMIRAL HALSEY DESCRIBES TO H.R.H. THE OPERATIONS IN THE DEFENCE OF LADYSMITH DURING THE SIEGE. ON THE LEFT IS MR. BOYDELL, UNION MINISTER OF POSTES AND TELEGRAPHS.

of a broad open plain dominated by steep hills within easy shell range, would have been blotted from the face of the earth within a few days. To stand on positions whose names were on every lip twenty-five years ago, and hear from men who actually fought there the details of the battles which then made history, brought home the realization that the fighting of South Africa differed from the warfare of Flanders by almost as great a margin as it did from that of the Middle Ages.

The Prince has upon his permanent staff one Ladysmith veteran—Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey, who as a young Naval lieutenant came up with the naval guns from H.M.S. *Powerful* and *Terrible*, which were sent by Captain Percy Scott to help in the defence. Every ridge round Ladysmith had its personal associations for the Admiral, and the little intimate details which he was able to supply made the story of the siege live again as we went over the ground.

One circumstance about Ladysmith that was unexpected is the unevenness of the ground upon which the town lies. Photographs give the impression that it is laid out like a draughtboard upon a perfectly flat plain, whereas, actually, within the area of the town itself are a number of small hills which must have provided a certain amount of cover from the enemy bombardment. The first place to which we drove was the convent which served as British Headquarters during the siege. It stands on a hill dominating the town below, and from it one sees the whole circle of kopjes where the Boer artillery was mounted, and the nearer heights which the British garrison occupied. To the east of the town, across the twisting Klip River,



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LADYSMITH.—GENERAL VIEW SHEWING UMBULWANA MOUNT.

risers a long flat-topped hill called Umbulwana, upon which was mounted one of the big Boer Creusot guns. Next came Lombards Kop; still further to the west lay Pepworth Hill, and so all round the west down to the river in the south was a continuous ring of hills, each fortified to hem in the besieged town.

From the convent we drove through a new suburb of Ladysmith called Egerton Town, which takes its name from the commander of the *Terrible*, who had his legs blown off standing close to Admiral Halsey's side, just after the naval guns had been placed in position on Helpmakaar Ridge. The dying man's words as he was carried away :

"There's an end to my cricket," have taken their place among the traditional gallant sayings of the battlefield.

Up the steep slope of Helpmakaar Ridge the Prince climbed at a rapid pace. It is strewn with large red boulders, and the emplacements where the naval 4.7 guns stood, together with the sangars that sheltered their crews, can still be traced, hardly damaged by twenty-five years of abandonment. On the top of this hill stands a memorial to the men of the 1st King's Liverpool Regiment and in the valley on the other side is the main cemetery where British and Boer soldiers, some of them unmarked by any memorial, lie side by side.

Under a tall wattle tree, beneath a plain granite cross, we found here the grave of that greatest of all War Correspondents, George Warrington Steevens of the *Daily Mail*, who died of enteric during the siege at the early age of thirty-one.

But the Prince was restlessly eager to create in his mind a complete picture of the fighting round Ladysmith, and, at the risk of being late for the official luncheon in the Town Hall, he mounted the high, steep slopes of Observation Hill at a speed that had probably not been equalled since the Boer war. From its top the whole mountain-ringed arena, in the midst of which Ladysmith stands, lay open. One could see the kopjes which were the strong points of the fourteen-mile perimeter of the British defence, almost every one marked with a white stone memorial to the troops that held them, such as Caesar's Camp with the obelisk of the Manchester Regiment, and Wagon Hill with the monument of the Imperial Light Horse. Eighteen miles away to the south rose Spion Kop, that

formidable bastion of resistance against the relieving army advancing from the south, with the Tugela River flowing at its foot beyond as a moat.

To Spion Kop, the scene of the most costly battle in all the fighting around Ladysmith, we motored that afternoon. Driving across the flat plain covered with coarse grass, one realized how success in the gallant attempt that was made there would have resulted in the relief of the besieged town, for no position capable of defence lies between Spion Kop and Ladysmith.

The grassy slope that leads to the summit of this famous kopje from the Ladysmith side is steep enough, but to the south the hill falls almost precipitously to the Tugela River, and beyond that again, like a level-topped granite wall, stretches the line of the great Drakensberg Range, running southward along the borders of Natal. At the foot of the famous hill a crowd of several hundred, black and white, was waiting round a marquee where tea was to be served after the climb. Most of the Prince's party had had enough that morning of clambering from one slippery boulder to another up steep hillsides, and we accordingly took advantage of the horses which the South African Police had considerably provided.

But the Prince decided to make the ascent on foot, and we who reached the crest first looked down the bare slope to see him advancing at the head of a solid phalanx of sightseers, to whose array a military aspect was given at a distance by the fact that one young man had brought a large Union Jack and appointed himself the Prince's standard-bearer. The sharp uphill pace which His Royal Highness set soon left the less determined of his followers strung

out behind him and he was not long in reaching the flat plateau of the summit, where on January 23rd, 1900, 1,700 British soldiers were killed or wounded by a murderous artillery fire, to which no reply was possible, in the unsuccessful attempt to break through the ring of Boers investing Ladysmith.

Spion Kop is so named because from its summit the Boer *voortrekkers* had first looked upon the land of Natal in 1835. The River Tugela lies two thousand feet below it, and in the black darkness of the night of January 22nd eight companies of the 2nd Lancashire Fusiliers, six of the 2nd Royal Lancasters, two of the 1st South Lancashires, a hundred and eighty men of Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry, and half a company of Royal Engineers climbed in Indian file to make a surprise attack upon the Boers holding the hill. They drove in an outpost in the darkness but when day broke discovered that they were in possession of only one-half of a narrow plateau, at the farther end of which the Boers were strongly entrenched. Moreover, from other hills close by, enemy riflemen and guns could fire upon them from three sides. Cover was absolutely lacking, though a few shallow trenches were dug under heavy fire in the stony ground. These, their outline marked with white-washed stones, now serve as the graves of their defenders.

In the afternoon of January 23rd the Middlesex, the Dorsets, and the Somersets, with the Imperial Light Infantry, reinforced the troops upon the hill, but the casualties from shell and pompom fire mounted hour by hour, and nothing could be done to evacuate the wounded, who lay groaning among their comrades huddled into the cramped space of

the flat, boulder-strewn summit. Our batteries below the southern slope of the hill could not silence the enemy guns owing to the heights that intervened. The Boers, contrary to their usual tactics, made persistent attempts to rush the plateau. Once they advanced with a white flag, but Colonel Thorneycroft, who had succeeded the wounded General Woodgate in command, sprang to his feet, shouting, "There is no surrender here! Go on with your firing!" As a last resource, just before nightfall, the 3rd Battalion of the King's Royal Rifle Corps attacked and carried a neighbouring hill in order to draw off some of the Boer fire from the desperately tried but still determined British brigades on Spion Kop.

When darkness came, the summit of the hill was a terrible shambles, strewn with 1,300 dead and dying. The position seemed hopeless, and it was decided to withdraw the six battalions, whose remnants remained up there, and abandon the attempt as a failure. The most tragic memory of all those associated with this unsuccessful day is that this step was taken just as the Boers were on the point of yielding. Admiral Halsey told us how with the powerful naval telescopes mounted on the hills round Ladysmith the town's defenders saw, in the late afternoon, Boer detachments being withdrawn down the lower slopes of Spion Kop in preparation for a retreat, but had no means of conveying this all-important information to the British troops only eighteen miles away, who were making such sacrifices in the attempt to force a way to their relief.

In the centre of this plateau of sad memories now stands a tall stone pillar inscribed with the

names of the regiments that took part in the attack. Other smaller obelisks and memorials are scattered about the uneven ground to the memory of individual units. The view from this isolated and commanding hill is magnificent. To the north-east the roofs of Ladysmith are faintly discernible, while to the south, beyond the river, a sea of low rolling ground stretches to the wall of the Drakensberg.

With the Prince was Colonel Woods of the Natal Carbineers, who took part in the fighting on that ill-fated day, and Mr. W. H. H. Coventry, the farmer on whose land Spion Kop stands, presented him with several grim relics of the battle, among them a shoulder-strap of the York and Lancaster Regiment, which the Prince said that he would pass on to the Regimental headquarters.

From the foot of Spion Kop we set off again by car to Colenso, where the first unsuccessful attempt to break through to Ladysmith was made. The Prince saw the place by the Tugela River where two batteries of Royal Field Artillery under Colonel Long were caught in the open under a hail of rifle bullets from concealed Boer marksmen, with the result that the crews serving them were killed or wounded to the last man, while it was impossible to remove the guns since the horses were shot down as soon as they left cover. Responding to a personal appeal from General Buller, a party of volunteers, headed by three of the General's A.D.C.'s, Lieutenants Congreve, Schofield and Roberts, the only son of the famous Field-Marshal, tried in vain to bring them in. Roberts and several of the others were killed, and eventually the guns fell into the hands of the enemy.

CHAPTER XI.

DURBAN AND THE STORY OF THE ZULUS.

THE railway line from Ladysmith to Durban, 240 miles in length, is soon to be electrified for the cheaper carriage of coal. The mines lie round Newcastle, a little way to the north of Ladysmith, a part of Natal which we had not yet visited. The power itself will be produced from coal.

Not only in Natal, but also in the Transvaal and Rhodesia, South Africa has valuable deposits of coal, from which she supplies not only all her own fuel requirements but also bunkers the Australian shipping lines. In Natal there are not many deep shafts, the coal being won mainly by adits, or tunnels driven into the mountain-sides. One of the Natal coalfields is owned by the Union Castle Steamship Line.

Durban is not only by far the busiest port of South Africa, but also one of its most delightful residential towns. A hundred years ago its site was a barren wilderness, where elephants and lions roamed in large numbers. To-day its population is 140,000, of whom over 50,000 are white people. The town was founded in 1835 with a population of less than 300 settlers, on ground obtained by concession from Chaka, the despot of the Zulus. It was named after Sir Benjamin D'Urban, then Governor of the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope.

It has become the most important business centre of Natal and one of the favourite seaside resorts of South Africa. Its ocean beach is delightfully laid out with gardens, parades and cafes in the best style of European watering-places. The city has a much more English character than Cape Town. Its buildings, too, are more impressive. The principal of them, the Town Hall, a large and ornate example of modern architecture, stands on a very handsome square, surrounded by the lofty towers and high roofs of the chief hotels and business premises.

The reception of the Prince was to take place on a stand built out in front of the Town Hall, and every part of the front of the great building, together



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DURBAN.—THE TOWN HALL.

with all the cornices and windows in sight, were densely packed with people waiting under a pale blue, sun-radiant sky, in which aeroplanes wheeled overhead. The Prince left his train at Berea Road Station on the outskirts of the city and drove down the great length of West Street, lined by local troops and men from warships of the Africa Station.

All the way dense crowds awaited him, and the welcome he received stood out in its enthusiasm even among those which we had witnessed in other parts of Africa. A continuous roar of cheering kept pace with his car on its two miles' drive to the Town Hall.

Military display played an unusually con-



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DURBAN,—WEST STREET CENTRAL.

spicuous part in the Prince's reception, and he took the salute of a march-past of troops of considerable variety. It was headed by the Naval Brigade from the ships of the Africa Station, in white tropical uniform, followed by the local detachments of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve and Naval Cadets. Then came several units of the South African Defence Force in their field-grey uniforms, with strong detachments of those splendid School Cadets who are South Africa's best guarantee of a prosperous future—sturdy, well-grown, bright-faced boys in simple uniforms of slouch hats, white shirts, and



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DURBAN.—THE PRINCE WITH A NUMBER OF ZULU
RICKSHA BOYS.

shorts, who carried their carbines and kept their dressing with almost the precision of regular troops.

Such was the Prince's welcome from the white citizens of Durban. The natives were gathered in a dense mass at the Oval cricket ground, and there the Prince's particular interest was aroused by a parade of Durban's Zulu ricksha-men. For the most exotic feature of Durban's streets are the jinrickshas, each pulled by its muscular Zulu, who affects a gaudy splendour of costume unique among the transport systems of the world. The most striking article of his attire is a gigantic feather headdress, usually of brilliantly dyed ostrich plumes, arranged in crescent shape and enveloping his head like a rainbow three or four feet broad. In addition to this a pair of bullock's horns are often attached to his forehead, parrot's feathers are stuck behind his ears, and his body is robed in jackal's skins, the tails of which flap against his mighty thighs. And, as such a brilliant outfit would not be complete without socks (whereas real socks would quickly wear out through their wearer being continually on the run), the Zulu ricksha-man puts on every day a fresh pair in white paint, elaborately marked out on his bulging black calves, with an attractive pattern of "clocks."

These human steeds hold the shafts of the light gigs which they draw high up under their armpits, and run with a long, loping stride. When they come to a downhill slope they allow gravitation to do their work, and are themselves carried along with a high-stepping slow gait, touching the ground only at wide intervals, and looking like a slow-motion picture on the films.

Not only the ricksha-men, but all Zulus, as

we were to see when we got into their country, have showy tastes in dress, though this takes fantastic forms. Piercing their ears with enormous and unexpected ornaments is a favourite habit of theirs. A comparatively modest Zulu will wear a pill-box inserted through the lobe of his ear, but a Beau Brummel among them is not satisfied until he has developed the hole sufficiently to take a cigarette-tin. The white citizens of Durban assure their more credulous visitors that there was once a Zulu who enlarged the apertures so much that he was able to step through his own ear-lobes.

The Prince, during his two-and-a-half days' official visit to Durban, stayed at the King's House, which is the Durban residence of the Governor-General. This stands on the long ridge of Berea, a delightful, wooded hill covered with handsome villas, each standing in a beautiful garden of brilliant semi-tropical flowers, like bougainvilleas, poinsettias and aloes, from which one looks down upon the Indian Ocean, whose white-crested rollers come surging up the beach below.

But the Prince had only time to change from uniform into mufti before he was due at a big parade of three thousand ex-Service men at the Headquarters of the Durban Light Infantry, and afterwards at a huge race-meeting, where every race on the card had been named specially after one of his minor titles, such as the Duke of Rothesay, the Earl of Chester and Baron Renfrew. A special stand had been built for him, but the Prince insisted on moving about among the crowd, talking to the owners and being photographed with the jockeys. His staff had a rough passage in following him on this round, since nobody had eyes for anyone but

the Prince, and Admiral Halsey, for one, was pushed over and stepped on by the surging multitude. The afternoon saw the Prince at a Rugby match between Natal and the Transvaal, where the visitors won by 11 points to 5.

The morning of the next day was given up entirely to the children. It was the most excellently planned young people's demonstration that we saw anywhere in South Africa, organized with an imagination which rose above the waving of little Union Jacks as the limit of what children can do to welcome the Prince. Fifteen thousand boys and girls of all ages awaited him in groups well disposed about the broad Kingsmead Sports ground, and on his walk round their ranks the Prince was constantly met by surprises that might have come out of Peter Pan.

Here and there bare-legged little Brownies in red and green elfin dress scattered flowers before him. Then hobby-horses, bearing riders dressed in the panoply of mediæval knights, charged out to meet him, wheeling and curvetting with the sure skill of equestrians mounted on their own legs. Older school-girls, with that look of transfiguration on their faces which the presence of the Prince always produced upon such a company, held garlanded staves to form a long archway above his head. But the surprise of this ideal children's reception was the sudden appearance of a formidable pantomime dragon, many yards in length, with revolving eyes and sprawling talons. Its gaping jaws revealed the head of a small boy within, who looked as if he were the last victim it had swallowed.

But though long legs waved from the monster's

flanks, a breakdown half-way across the field revealed that it had a propulsive force of about 15-boy-power concealed inside.

On this followed an exciting display of daylight fireworks, which launched bombs that exploded high in the air, and scattered into the breeze the oddest figures—like clowns, Chinese mandarins, springboks (the antelope emblem of South Africa) and other unexpected shapes—which were inflated by the wind and went floating away right across the city. One could not help wondering what would be the feelings of some remote resident of Durban if he suddenly found that evening a gigantic springbok descending upon him out of the dark sky.

The outstanding problem of Natal is its Indian population, which was originally brought there to work the sugar plantations, and has remained and multiplied. Since 1911 the immigration of fresh Indian labourers into Natal has been restricted, for in that year the Asiatic population of the province exceeded the whites by nearly fifty per cent. Some repatriation has taken place since then, and the Asiatics and whites in Natal are now about equal, in the neighbourhood of 140,000. The lower standard of living of the Indian settlers has enabled them to establish themselves very largely as small traders, displacing the whites who earned their living in that walk of life. Fresh immigration has now ceased, and the Union Government is trying to encourage the Indians to go home by offering them a free passage and a bonus of £50 to return to their native country.

The opposition to the settlement of Indians within the Union is, however, a matter of resentment by the Indian Nationalists, and some people had

suggested that there might be a risk of unfriendly demonstration against the Prince by the thirty thousand Indians settled in Durban. His actual experience there was quite the other way. As he drove to the gathering of the Natal Indian community in Albert Park he was stopped by a group of leading Indians, who hung round his neck a garland of chrysanthemums and jasmine. In the Park itself eighteen thousand of them—Mohamedan and Christian—were gathered under the trees, and after the Prince had driven round the picturesque array of women in graceful, bright-coloured *saris*, with gold ornaments studding their noses and their eyes darkened by kohl, and men wearing fezzes, or turbans of brilliant silks, he mounted a central stand, where Mr. Paruk, the Chairman of the Reception Committee, addressing him, said, "We pray that you may one day be our Emperor." A little Indian girl, wearing a white frock, was then handed up to present the Prince with a bouquet of chrysanthemums, while the Asiatic school-children sang "God Bless the Prince of Wales," and Indians in the crowd kept calling for cheers for "Our future Emperor."

That afternoon the Prince formally opened the new Government graving dock at Durban, which is the largest in the southern hemisphere, and second to none in the world for purely merchant shipping purposes, for it can accommodate the largest mercantile vessels afloat. The Prince, wearing naval uniform, went in H.M.S.A.S. *Protea* down the bay, being saluted by the vessels of the Africa Station, H.M.S. *Birmingham*, *Lowestoft*, *Wallflower*, *Verbena*, *Zonnebloem* and *Immortelle*. He landed at the dockside and, touching a button, opened the massive

gateway. The dock is 1,150 feet long, and can take ships up to 36 feet in draft. To conclude the ceremony, the *Protea* steamed into the dock, breaking a white tape stretched across the entrance.

Early next morning we left Durban for a brief visit to Eshowe, the capital of Zululand, which lies to the northward in the high lands a few miles back from the coast. We first passed through the coastal sugar-cane belt of Natal, constantly seeing groups of coolies at work in the green brakes, while dark-brown Asiatic faces and jet-black hair predominated among the crowds that thronged the wayside stations and the tall minarets of mosques peeped over the trees.

This rolling green country was very different from the yellow veld through which we had been travelling a few days before. Tall palms overhung the line, and the shrubs were brilliant flamboyants and poinsettias, or grotesque euphorbias, which look like giant spiders on stalks.

The name Chaka's Kraal on a wayside station showed that we were drawing near the borders of that warrior-country whose conflicts with the white settlers furnish some of the most dramatic and bloodthirsty episodes of the history of South Africa.

Until Chaka succeeded to the chieftainship of the Zulus in 1810 these people seem to have led a peaceful agricultural existence. Some English and Dutch mariners who were ship-wrecked on the coast of their territory in 1687 described them as "extremely hospitable, friendly, compassionate and ingenious." They lived in huts made of long saplings thrust into the ground in a circle, and thatched with fibrous grass, the upper ends being gradually drawn together to make a beehive shape.

But at the end of the eighteenth century the son of the reigning Zulu chief was obliged to flee the country, and went into Cape Colony, where he came into contact with the Dutch Colonists. He there saw white soldiers at drill, and realized how much more formidable his own people might become if they were taught similar discipline.

When at last he returned to Zululand he is said to have been accompanied by a white man, but the identity of this early adventurer is lost. Godongwana, as the Zulu prince was called, also brought back with him a horse and a gun, neither of which had ever been seen in his country before. The prestige which these possessions gave him enabled him to establish himself as Chief, and he set to work at reorganizing his countrymen on strictly military lines. He formed all the men of the tribe into regiments, according to their age, gave to each regiment a special coloured shield, and instilled in them a spirit of *esprit de corps*. The regiments were divided into companies of fifty men, each commanded by an *induna*, or headman, and they were drilled so that attacks could be carried out on systematic lines, instead of by the disorderly individual rushes which had hitherto been their practice. Having become Paramount Chief of all the tribes between the Tugela and Pongolo Rivers, Godongwana, who took as ruler the name of Dingiswayo, showed his intelligence by opening up trade with Delagoa Bay, the Portuguese settlement to the north.

Dingiswayo was succeeded in 1810 by Chaka, a formidable warrior chief who had distinguished himself in his predecessor's army. Chaka was the Frederick the Great of the Zulu nation. He

developed to an intense degree the discipline which Dingiswayo had introduced.

Hitherto Zulu warriors had carried several assegais, or spears, for throwing. Chaka reduced these to one short thrusting weapon, so that his men were obliged to rush in and stab at close quarters. Any soldier who returned from battle without his assegai was promptly executed, and after every engagement it was a matter of routine that those who had least distinguished themselves in the fight should be picked out and put to death as a warning to their comrades. It was Chaka who developed the converging attack by which his troops, in crescent formation, advanced, singing and stamping, towards their enemy, until they were close enough for a desperate encircling rush, which invariably overwhelmed less disciplined antagonists. By these militarist methods Chaka spread his tyrannical rule over all the neighbouring tribes. Nor did his despotic authority concern itself with warlike matters alone. Zulu warriors were strictly forbidden to marry without the King's consent, which was usually not accorded until they had reached the age of thirty-five. When it was given, it took the form of an order to the men of one regiment to choose wives for themselves among the girls of a similar kind of organization for women.

Severe though Chaka's rule was, the victory which it constantly brought made it popular with the Zulus. Great was the pomp of the Zulu warrior, with his head-dress of enormous plumes, his loin-cloth of monkey or leopard skin, his immense war-shield of piebald cowhide, his armlets and leg ornaments of streaming ox-tails and his sharp-bladed stabbing spear. To this day, as we were to

see in Zululand, the regimental spirit is very strong among the descendants of Chaka's warriors.

It was in 1824 that Chaka had his first direct contact with the white men who were sixty years later, finally to subdue his people. A small expedition of two ships, commanded by Lieutenant Farewell, from Port Elizabeth, landed somewhere near where Durban now stands in 1824 and its leader, with a companion called Fynn, made their way to Chaka's Kraal. The Zulu chief received them with great ceremony parading 12,000 fighting men, who danced and sang a war-chant in praise of their monarch. Great droves of cattle were exhibited to the white men as evidence of Chaka's wealth, but during the proceedings an unusual incident occurred. A Zulu warrior, doubtless maddened by the tyranny of the chief, stabbed Chaka with an assegai, and Fynn was able to apply remedies to the wound which earned the gratitude of the Zulu king, who gave his visitors the title to a large tract of territory around Durban Bay.

For two years the little settlement of English and Dutch which was established here remained at peace, but in 1826 Chaka, who was embarking upon another campaign against neighbouring native tribes, notified the white men that he would require them to accompany his army. Farewell and Fynn, with a Cape native servant named Jacob, accordingly joined Chaka's staff, and Fynn has left the following graphic account of a Zulu battle at the height of Chaka's military power :

"The enemy had collected all his forces, surrounding his cattle, near the summit of a rocky eminence, and above them were the women and children of the nation in a body.

They were sitting down and waiting the attack.

“Chaka’s forces marched slowly and with great caution in regiments, divided into companies, till within about twenty yards of the enemy; and then they made a halt. Although Chaka’s troops were so close to them, the enemy seemed disinclined to move, till Jacob fired at them three times. The first and second shots seemed to make no impression on them, for they only hissed and cried in reply, ‘Inja leyo!’ (That is a dog!) At the third shot both parties, with a tremendous yell, clashed together, and continued stabbing each other for about three minutes, when both fell back a few paces. Seeing their losses about equal, both armies raised a cry, and this was followed by another rush, and they continued closely engaged for about twice as long as on the first onset.

“Then both parties drew off. But the enemy’s loss had now been more severe, and this encouraged the Zulus to a final charge. The shrieks now became terrific. The remnant of the enemy’s army sought shelter in the adjoining wood, but was soon driven out. Then began the slaughter of the women and children. They were all put to death.”

As a result of this battle Fynn estimated that 40,000 of the enemy were killed, while Chaka captured 60,000 head of cattle.

As Chaka’s power increased, his tyrannical disposition developed a mad lust for blood. When

his mother died he ordered thousands of his subjects to be killed, on the charge of having failed to display sufficient grief. But in 1828 Chaka himself was murdered by his brother Dingaan, who withdrew from the coastland into the hilly region which is still the home of the Zulus.

Dingaen, though as cruel and bloodthirsty as his predecessor, maintained a friendly attitude towards the English settlers in Natal, and in 1835 signed a treaty with them which they interpreted as a cession of the coastal strip of territory that they occupied, and which led to the founding of the town of Durban.

It was just about this time that differences of opinion between the English Colonial authorities and the Dutch settlers of the Cape led to the Great Trek, or exodus of Dutch families from Cape Colony, which has been described in an earlier chapter. Some of the *voortrekkers* entered Natal, and occupied territory on the outskirts of Dingaan's country. It was not long before a quarrel arose between the Boers and the Zulus as to cattle which the latter alleged had been stolen from them. A party of Boers, seventy strong, headed by Piet Retief, arrived with three hundred of these cattle at Dingaan's kraal for the purpose of restoring the property. They were received in a friendly manner, but when they had laid down their arms and entered the kraal, the treacherous Zulu chief gave a signal, and all were slaughtered.

This massacre led to an alliance against the Zulus between the English settlers on the coast and the Boer *voortrekkers* inland. The war continued with varying success until finally, on a date the anniversary of which is still commemorated by

Dutch South Africans as "Dingaan's Day," a Boer commando drove off a Zulu attack with great loss and invaded Zululand, though they narrowly escaped ambush there by their formidable enemies.

As time passed, the Boer settlers of Natal asserted their independence of Great Britain in the form of a Republic. Military operations followed, and after a brief siege of the fort of Durban in 1842, which was relieved by reinforcements from Cape Colony, whither one Richard King rode alone through savage country to obtain help, the whole of Natal was formally annexed to the British Crown.

For some time there was peace, but gradually the next great Zulu ruler, Cetewayo, conceived the idea that the arming of the Zulus with guns and ammunition, which had been smuggled into them by traders, would enable his tribes by sheer weight of numbers to drive the white men out of Natal. Various provocations led finally to the invasion of Zululand in 1879 by a British force consisting of troops sent out from home. No opposition was met with at first, but at the end of January an English column, encamped in the open at Isandhlwana, was suddenly rushed by a Zulu army of 20,000 men and wiped out to the last man.

Almost at the same time another fierce fight was taking place on a smaller scale at the little border post of Rorke's Drift. There two British subalterns with sixty men were attacked by a part of the same Zulu force that had massacred the British detachment at Isandhlwana. But after twelve hours of desperate charges against the breastworks of biscuit boxes, which the little garrison of Rorke's Drift had set up, the enemy drew off unsuccessful, leaving four hundred of their number dead, while the

defenders of the post had lost thirteen killed and nine wounded.

One can still find in South Africa old Zulus who took part in these grim encounters. One of them whom we met gave a vivid imitation of the screams of the dying in the final hand-to-hand butchery. He, himself, he said, had been wounded three times in the battle.

The campaign against Cetewayo dragged on some time after these reverses, and the Natal farmers in the outlying districts left their homes in apprehension of a Zulu invasion. But eventually, in July 1879, the war ended with the victory of Ulundi, where the Zulus were mown down by the fire of a hollow square of British infantry. Just under a thousand officers and men of the British army had lost their lives, among them the Prince Imperial of France, who was serving as a Staff Officer, and was surprised and killed by a party of Zulus while out on reconnaissance.

Cetewayo was captured and interned at Cape Town. Four years later, after a visit to England where he was received by Queen Victoria, the Zulu chief was restored to his office, owing to the dangerous rivalries which had sprung up in his absence among other Zulu leaders. But the rest of his reign was passed in unsuccessful fighting against turbulent subordinates, and in 1884 he died, being succeeded by his son Dinizulu. The latter was soon in trouble with the Boers, who desired to appropriate some of that territory as farms for the younger burghers. Eventually, in 1887, Zululand, with the consent of its chiefs, was annexed to the British Empire.

From that time onward white penetration into the mountains of Zululand began on a systematic

scale. Civil servants, soldiers, missionaries, traders and prospectors entered the country, which was patrolled regularly by the Natal Police Field Force. This consequence of the loss of their independence embittered many of the Zulu chiefs.

As a result, a number of them threw in their lot with some ten or twelve thousand natives of Natal, who rose in rebellion in the spring of 1906. It is noticeable that this insurrection was begun by Christian natives belonging to a mission station who murdered a white policeman, sent to collect a poll tax. Thanks to the difficulty of the country into which they retired, the rebels were able to carry on war for four months, and 9,000 white troops recruited by the Natal Government, and supported by 6,000 native levies, were needed to suppress it.

CHAPTER XII.

THE GREAT ZULU INDABA.

IT is the son of Dinizulu, Solomon, who is now the Paramount Chief of the Zulu people, and it was evidence of the good effect which the Prince's visit produced that his followers, known as the Usutu, or "Loyalists," marched into the Prince's *indaba* on friendly terms with the Mandhlakazi, a tribe which has been actively hostile to Solomon's house ever since their former chief, Sibhebu, fought against Solomon's grandfather, Cetewayo, in 1879.

Eshowe, the capital of Zululand, is a pleasant little place, sited high on green hills, with tall trees overhanging its wooden bungalows. It was already dusk when the Prince arrived there on June 5th, and all that night the camp-fires of 50,000 Zulus glowed on the open downs around the town.

Early next morning the air was filled with a musical distant drone. It was the singing of thousands of male voices, as, in long columns and cavalcades, the Zulus converged upon the open hillside where the meeting with the Prince was to take place. Long processions of them could be seen on every skyline, with clouds of dust floating like gigantic banners above their heads. The sun glinted on their staves. Their bass, monotonous chanting never ceased. It was just such a sight as the white pioneers in Natal must have looked upon many times with terror in the early days. But as one drew nearer to the formidable procession, evidence of the white man's dominion was revealed



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ESHOWE.—A ZULU IMPI MARCHING TO THE INDABA.

in the single telegraph-wire which ran alongside the track followed by the advancing host.

The followers of eighty different Zulu chiefs were represented among the gathering thousands. Many of them had come great distances, on foot or mounted on their shaggy little ponies, carrying their scanty rations through country still infested by dangerous game. They were dressed, for the most part, in scraps and tatters of European clothes. Headgear was particularly varied. It ranged from old police helmets to tam-o'-shanters and stocking caps. From far off the long lines of the black columns looked like marching ants. And the

regularity of their array showed that the military spirit still lives among them.

There is a golf links on the grassy downs where the Zulus arrayed themselves in a huge circle to await the Prince, and in the whole history of the game no course can ever have presented so strange and striking a spectacle as did this one of Eshowe, when forty thousand Zulu warriors had taken up their positions there in battle array. They had laid off their shabby European dress. Their powerful bodies were naked except for a feather girdle, or a scrap of leopard-skin round the loins; their heads were crowned with crests of black cocks' plumes, while the chiefs were distinguished by long, curling ostrich feathers, set in a band around their temples. Most of the men were middle-aged, some of them quite elderly, with grey, grizzled beards. And though very fleshy owing to their standing diet of maize, they showed themselves active enough in the vigorous war-dance which they were about to perform for nearly an hour on end. In front of their bodies the warriors held their oval shields of tight-stretched, parti-coloured hide, and since assegais are now forbidden except to the chiefs, they carried long, slender sticks.

The Prince's stand was set on a gentle slope facing the huge arc of motionless black figures which fringed the skyline of the opposing rise. At the bottom of the dip were drawn up in long lines, five hundred abreast, two companies of Zulu braves, each a thousand strong.

Waiting for the Prince in front of the dais was the young Paramount Chief Solomon, with intelligent, smooth-shaven face, who had designed a special uniform of British military cut for his



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ESHOWE.—ZULU IMPI AT THE INDABA.

own wear on this unique occasion. It was of black cloth, faced with leopard-skin, and the elephant emblem of Zululand was borne on his shoulder-straps and white sun-helmet. A pair of elephant-tusks was the present which Solomon and the Zulu nation were offering to the Prince, but as there are no elephants left in Zululand these had been bought in Johannesburg. Zulu native police with smart blue uniforms, pill-box caps and bare brown calves and feet kept order among the natives, armed with assegais as symbols of their authority.

As the Prince drove up at the head of his staff,

all in full-dress uniform, Solomon raised his arm in salutation, and from the whole vast concourse, the furthest of them hundreds away in the distance, rose in unison the swelling, sonorous, royal salute of *Bayete!* sounding like the crash of surge on a rocky shore, and rolling in succeeding reverberations for several seconds from the further parts of the great gathering. Solomon and his subordinate Chief addressed the Prince, adding to their protestations of loyalty the statement that they looked eagerly forward to "the time when we shall take some part in framing the laws under which we live."

Solomon's Prime Minister, over ninety years old, recalled that he had seen the day when the troops of Queen Victoria conquered the Zulus. "Then," he said "we thought that the Zulus were finished, but now we have lived to welcome her descendant, the Prince of Wales, among us."

These old Zulu counsellors were oddly dressed. The Prime Minister wore a seedy frock-coat, and had a silk hat over the black head-ring which all the adult Zulus bear. But next to him was a stout old warrior almost entirely naked, with a necklace of leopards' claws around his neck. One or two chiefs had old military uniforms, and some carried bandoliers of cartridges over their fat, black backs.

Throughout the speeches the great ring of natives on the further edge of the downs remained silent and motionless, breaking only into a long-drawn-out, hoarse cheer when their chiefs by the dais gave the signal.

As one looked on at this imposing spectacle, one was much struck by the simultaneous contact and segregation of races which prevail in a territory like Zululand. Here, on the one side, was a great

host of naked warriors, as formidable, except for their lack of modern weapons, as any body of men that could be collected together. And standing next to these fierce-looking blacks were pretty young English girls in white frocks, to whose accustomed eyes the situation held nothing at all incongruous. Only fifteen per cent. of the Zulus have accepted Christianity, yet the largely roadless area of ten thousand square miles that they inhabit is kept in order by only eighty white and two hundred and fifty native police. Though there is much political unrest among the Zulus, crime against the European is rare.

It was in the afternoon, when the Prince returned to the great *indaba* for the war-dance, that we saw the Zulus in their full traditional magnificence. Though the *impis* no longer march to war, and exist only as fraternal associations instead of fighting regiments, their assembly still furnishes as impressive a human spectacle as the world can show. The two long ranks of Zulus in full fighting dress, drawn up at the foot of the rise on which the Prince was standing, began a low, muttering chant that swelled gradually to a sullen, moaning song.

At first they remained motionless. Only the oval shields of piebald hide and the long sticks they carried instead of assegais quivered in their hands. As the battle-song grew louder, the whole line began to spring forward at every few beats in a jump so perfectly timed that all the thousand heavy bodies came down upon the grass with a single simultaneous stamp, and the ground quite literally trembled at the thud. From beneath the tangled plumes that draped their heads eyes gleamed wildly. The monotonous, menacing chant rose

higher still. Gestures grew fiercer with every moment, until each man in the whole long line had become a gesticulating image of destruction, brandishing his shield and knotted stick in warlike fury. In time with their battle-song they swung their gleaming shields to right and left, then flashed them suddenly back into unbroken alignment like the front rank of a Roman legion. To and fro they thrust their sticks, hissing savagely through their teeth as the symbolized stab went home.

Now and then an excited warrior would leap forward out of the close-set phalanx and career up and down in front of it, making fantastic leaps into the air, stabbing, hacking and jabbing with his wooden spear at imagined foes, and then, with his fleshy, black body streaming in perspiration, fall back into the ranks once more. These individual war-dances are known as the "giya," and it was the old practice of the Zulu *impis*, as they approached their foes, for the best-known warriors thus to spring forward in challenge to the champions of the other side.

Immediately behind the close-set host of fighting men followed in similar formation an equal number of young Zulu maidens. The only dress on their brown bodies was a narrow girdle of beads. As the grim war-dancers stamped and threatened, this girlish rearguard urged them on with constant hand-clapping and an unceasing, shrill song. And now from the wings of the array, appeared two or three extraordinary figures. They were old women, apparently of immense age, grotesquely attired in rags and tufts of grass to imitate the dress of their warrior grandsons. They, too, twisted their skinny limbs into a travesty of the war-dance,



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ESHOWE.—MANDHLAGANZI WOMEN DANCING.

and went through the motions of killing an enemy accompanied by the death-hiss. The aged crones were excited by this revival of the great days of their youth to a degree grotesque to witness.

Meanwhile, the tens of thousands of Zulus gathered on the hill behind had started a sham-fight of their own, and wheeled and charged and brandished their sticks in vigorous imitation of a battle. So that, wherever one looked, the grassy downs presented a spectacle of barbaric warfare, and a pair of Rugby goalposts, rising in the distance, became startling in their incongruity. For half an hour, without

ever losing alignment, time, or rhythm, the Zulu braves chanted and leapt, advancing by two or three feet with every spring. To look at them, one would have said these close-set, swarthy figures were possessed by a frenzy of blood-lust. Their faces had the set expression one sees on those of fakirs or whirling dervishes. Their strong teeth were bared. Their breath came and went in savage gasps. The smell of their black bodies filled the air. Yet, fleshy as most of the warriors were, they showed no signs of weariness, and continued to crouch, spring, stamp, and chant with a rhythm, discipline and unison of voice and movement as good as those of a London stage chorus.

At last, when they were no more than thirty yards from the Prince and his party, the whole line broke into a sudden, impetuous rush, bounding into the air, clashing their shields, brandishing their sticks, and surging forward like a black avalanche right to where the Prince sat out on the open grass.

With weapons raised above their heads and black bodies glistening with sweat, they stopped only one yard from the Prince. So well did these Zulu braves simulate the last degree of battle frenzy, that just for one second the thought flashed into one's mind that they might have goaded themselves into excitement beyond control. But, with distended nostrils and heaving chests, they halted there, and stood suddenly motionless—an awe-inspiring host of splendid savages.

One of their own chiefs evidently felt that realism had been carried beyond the bounds of respect, for he dashed forward and drove back the warriors pressing round the Prince with vigorous thrusts and wallops of his staff.

This display done, the two thousand war-dancers wheeled off to one side, and left the field for the young women behind them. Entirely unabashed by the fact that the whole of each individual costume did not amount to more than three square inches of material, this long array of not uncomely maidens sang and clapped their hands in unison, smiling all the while in great enjoyment of the show.

When all the dancing was over, Solomon presented the Prince with the six-foot-long war-shield of a Zulu regiment, together with two assegais and a knobkerry.

So ended our visit to Zululand, leaving behind a picturesque memory of this brave and intelligent people, whom those who know them well claim to be the aristocrats of the black race. It is not yet fifty years since they ruled in this part of the world over a small conquered empire of their own, but now the sugar-cane grows in orderly green array over wide areas of the land where once the formidable Zulu *impis* marched.

It is natural that a race with such recent traditions of conquests and domination should covet greater autonomy than their present administration concedes. But there is no doubt that British authority, represented by the Provincial Government of Natal, has been greatly reinforced by the impression that the Prince's visit left upon their mind. The Zulus saw their future ruler in scarlet and gold. What was before a somewhat vague conception will henceforth be embodied in the recollection of personal contact with the son of their supreme overlord.

CHAPTER XIII.

A SEASIDE HOLIDAY AND A WEEK-END
IN SWAZILAND.

THE next three days were spent by the Prince of Wales "resting" at Durban. For this word the Prince has an interpretation of his own. He had been travelling in Africa for seven weeks, getting his sleep in the train as it bumped over a track that was often none too smooth, and liable to be awakened two or three times a night by the jerk which the engine gave to its heavy load in restarting after taking up water. Except for a short week-end at Port Alfred and a Sunday spent on the dismal rain-swept plateau round Westminster, the Prince had hardly left the train except to take part in official ceremonies, motoring in processions, or surrounded on foot by an eager, closely-pressing crowd.

In these seven weeks the Prince had received forty-five formal addresses from South African mayors, to each of which he had replied. He had attended a large number of public lunches and dinners, reviewed nearly fifty parades of ex-Service men, and a similar number of guards of honour. Of little informal wayside speeches and greetings the number had been so great that one had already lost count of them, and the handshakes the Prince had given may be estimated roughly at ten thousand.

Yet, in the first day of his "rest" at Durban,

he played ten "chukkers" (ten-minute periods) of polo in the morning, eighteen holes of golf in the afternoon, followed by a game of squash rackets—the hardest kind of indoor physical exercise—and then danced from ten o'clock till well after midnight.

There had probably never been a member of the British Royal Family who kept himself in such good physical fitness as the Prince of Wales. He studies his muscular condition like a professional athlete. A weighing machine invariably forms part of the furniture of his bathroom. And abstinence, as well as hard exercise, enters into his system. An apple and a piece of toast make up his luncheon, whether he is by himself or at a large public function. It must need determination to sit through all the enticingly composed menus which are prepared for him on public occasions, with people on all sides enjoying them heartily, and limit oneself to nibbling a crust.

The result of this hard living has given to the Prince the compact, sinewy frame of an athlete. There is an ease and elasticity about his movements which reveal perfect physical condition. His stride is long and springy, and if no other exercise were available, he thought nothing during his South African tour of having the Royal train stopped and setting out in sweater and shorts for an eight-mile run along the rough ballast of the railway track. This distance he would cover in less than an hour, and there was only one man in either of the two trains who could keep up with him, the young English servant of a member of the Prince's staff.

However full and fatiguing his programme of public engagements might be, it was rare indeed that the Prince did not find time for some interlude

of exercise. If force of circumstances rendered this impossible for a couple of days together, his impatience would border on irritation. Were it only half an hour in the middle of a list of functions, when other men would have fallen into an arm-chair with a sigh of well-earned repose, the Prince would use the first five minutes of the time to change into shorts and tennis shoes, the next quarter of an hour to play squash rackets, or use the skipping-rope if nothing else were available, and the last ten minutes to take a shower-bath and change back into full uniform or civilian clothes. Then he would confront again the unceasing host of constantly fresh strangers pressing upon him, at an uninterrupted series of public engagements, until well on into the small hours of the night.

Durban provides delightful conditions for healthy, out-of-door amusements. It was that which caused the Prince to decide on spending three entirely private days in the city, though this involved the alteration of the dates of his programme for a whole week. The townspeople, with great consideration and tact, made no attempt to force official attentions upon him. The sun shone brilliantly, the temperature was that of the most perfect English summer imaginable, and the Prince and those accompanying him had in Durban three of the most enjoyable days that they experienced in the whole tour.

Durban may be, as we were told, too tropical to be pleasant at Christmas-time, the South African midsummer, but in June it is an extremely pleasant place. The town itself has an indefinably friendly atmosphere, and though the shops on either side of the broad, colonnaded West Street are mostly

small, they are well-stocked and have attractive show-windows.

To a newcomer from home, one of the unfamiliar institutions of South African life is the mid-morning "tea," which is taken with even greater regularity than afternoon tea in England. It is not only in South African homes that tea and cakes are served at eleven o'clock, but City men leave their offices for the cafe, and one may be certain that any business transacted in South Africa between 11 and 11.30 a.m. is done over a tea-cup.

Durban has two charming seaward aspects, one of them the long inlet which is called the Bay. On the town side of this runs a broad embankment,



lined with palm trees and turf. On the other, from the Bluff, crowned with its white lighthouse, a high ridge, densely closed with trees, flanks the southern side of the narrow bay where the ocean-going steamers lie, which is not unlike the River Dart on a very much larger scale.

But Durban's greatest attraction to the holiday-maker is its terraced Marine Parade, charmingly laid out with lawns, thatched kiosks, cafes, municipal tennis courts, and paddling pools for children. An unusual and sensible institution for family use are the beach bungalows, set out on the sloping lawns, and available for hire from 8 a.m. to sunset. They are for use as picnic pavilions and headquarters for parties of children playing on the beach. Half-a-crown provides the use of furniture in the way of chairs, a table and washing basins for a family spending the day on the beach.

Up the sandy shore the white-crested rollers of the Indian Ocean come racing in long lines of surf, and surf-bathing is an all-the-year-round amusement. The broken water is safe enough, but out beyond big sharks are plentiful, and to keep the bathers safe a huge semicircular cage of iron bars projects into the sea, within which swimmers can go out to meet the incoming waves and ride in on their crests, supported by their flat surf-boards, without the risk of being attacked by a shark that has strayed in among the breakers.

But human nature is always careless about risks that are familiar, and more people seem to bathe outside the shark-proof enclosure than within it. On the shore of the "Scotchman's Pool," (so-called because there is no charge to pay there), stands a notice-board reading "Dangerous to bathe

here owing to currents and presence of sharks." Dozens of people, however, bathe daily all round it, and girls use the warning placard to hang their bath-gowns on.

Splendid, bronzed, lithe, healthy creatures these Durban bathing girls are, wading out through the seething water with their surf-boards held above their heads, and waiting shoulder-deep till a huge, irresistible roller comes swinging in. Just as it reaches them, they spring shorewards with it, and are carried forward at twenty miles an hour, lying flat on their boards amid the flurry of foam upon its crest, until, after a run of forty or fifty yards, they are flung, laughing and gasping, high and almost dry, upon the sloping beach.

When the Prince reached Pietermaritzburg on the morning of June 10th he was wearing the khaki uniform of the Natal Carbineers, an old established volunteer regiment of which he is honorary colonel, and to which he was to present colours. On the platform of Maritzburg (as it is known in South Africa for short) he was met by a small boy-mascot of three, correctly dressed in the uniform of a second lieutenant of the regiment, complete with Sam Browne belt, field-boots and spurs.

There was another native *indaba* at Maritzburg, but the dancers, though of Zulu origin, were considerably more accustomed to civilized life than those splendid warriors we had seen at Eshowe. And though in the dance they had the appearance of primitive cave-men, prancing under imposing head-dresses, shaped like a Guardsman's bearskin, and made of mealie-husks, one saw them afterwards returning to their "locations" soberly attired in European cloth caps, dingy shirts and patched trousers.

But they evidently enjoyed reviving the customs and costume of their barbarian days. Though this produced some odd contrasts. Among the chiefs who paraded to receive the Prince's usual souvenir present of a gold-headed malacca cane from Bond Street, was one very tall figure, covered with leopard skins and ox tails, and wearing, under a tall head-dress of soaring plumes, a leopard-skin mask which entirely hid his face, while next to him in the row stood an old Zulu gentleman in full mid-Victorian dignity of frock-coat, white waistcoat, and black evening tie, with mutton-chop whiskers and a warrior's feather head-dress on top of all.

In the dance the Zulu girls of Maritzburg proved even more vigorous than their cousins of Eshowe, and they had undressed for the occasion with disconcerting completeness. The most important part of the costume of some of them was a police-whistle hung round the neck, upon which they kept up a continuous *obligato*, while others emitted shrill squeals for as long as their breath lasted. While their menfolk stamped and chanted and shook their shields and staves, squads of these bronze and buxom beauties, also equipped with shields and knobkerries, charged about amid the din, looking, with their robust limbs, extremely formidable helpmeets for a Zulu bridegroom.

Once more we travelled north, now on our way to the native territory of Swaziland lying north of Natal and east of the Transvaal, which was our destination beyond. We were once more on the yellow veld, which around Newcastle is incongruously broken by the slag heaps and winding gear of a coal mine, with smoke pouring from the stacks of

its pumping station. From there we doubled back to Dundee, close to which little town rises the steep, boulder-strewn kopje of Talana Hill, where the first battle of the Anglo-Boer War was fought.

The war began on October 11th, 1899. The next day the Boers crossed the frontier into Natal, and on October 20th a Boer force seized Talana Hill and began to shell a British column, under General Penn-Symons, encamped in the plain below. The kopje was carried by frontal assault, but the Boers got their guns away in time, and there was little except the prestige of victory to set off against the British loss of 41 killed and 180 wounded. Among those who fell was the general himself, and the Prince visited his grave, which stands where he dropped, mortally wounded, as he rode into action accompanied by an orderly carrying a red flag, which singled him out to the Boer sharpshooters.

Climbing so fast that his staff and the local notables had difficulty in keeping close to him, the Prince clambered up the steep hillside, noting the features which played a part in the battle. We saw the larch-wood through which the British skirmishers advanced, and the wall of loose stones, behind which the Dublin Fusiliers, the Irish Fusiliers and the 60th Rifles gathered for their last rush over a bullet-swept space to the summit.

Here, as at nearly all the battle-fields of the Boer War which the Prince visited, he was accompanied by men who had fought on either side, men still in the prime of life, whose personality and prejudices cannot be regarded as softened by old age. It was of good omen for the future of South Africa that such men, standing as fellow-

countrymen on the very ground over which they were fighting each other only twenty-five years ago, should be able to discuss their battles without any more resentment than football veterans show in recalling the matches in which they used to oppose each other. The Boer War was the last of a type that the world is not likely to see again. It was fought with weapons of limited effectiveness, which were not powerful enough to destroy the sense of human contact between the antagonists. Brave men, even when on opposing sides, respect each other, and the defeat of either adversary leaves little lasting bitterness. Since those days, near as they still are, the machinery of war has been raised to a titanic scale. The men behind it on either side have less of the sense of personal opposition. They have been changed into something more like agents letting loose blind forces of destruction. Modern mechanicalized warfare lacks the reconciling sense of individual encounter.

The last stop of the Royal trains in the Province of Natal was at the little coal-mining village of Zuinguin, which, though it had the Prince to itself for only ten minutes, provided prodigies of fireworks in greeting him. Up the side of the steep mountain that contains the local coal-seam, was a great sign in letters fifteen feet square arranged perpendicularly, which blazed out "Welcome H.R.H." into the blackness of the night.

Next morning, Saturday, June 13th, saw us across the border of the Transvaal, but the Prince's tour of that province could hardly be said to have properly begun, for he had first to spend a week-end in the Imperial native territory of Swaziland, which lies on its borders.

The difference between Natal and the Transvaal is unmistakable directly one crosses the boundary. The English character of the former province is exchanged for a preponderantly Dutch atmosphere.

The morning that the Prince spent at Ermelo was therefore of particular interest. One perceived that these Dutch South Africans had reserved their judgment about him until they had had an opportunity of forming an opinion by personal inspection. There was hardly a cheer as the Prince drove from the station to the gathering on the veld outside the town of people from round about. But there were many, and warm ones, as he drove back. One felt that the Mayor, who spoke but broken English, had been sincere in welcoming him, in the name of the people of the High Veld, as "their future King."

For two things Ermelo will be remembered by those who accompanied the Royal tour. One was a remarkably fine "Wapenschouw"—a parade of armed farmers, well mounted and well turned out in a rough frontiersman-like way. They were all hardbitten, lean, powerful men, and had left their distant farms in charge of their wives and Kaffir "boys" a week before, to do some drilling in preparation for their march past the Prince.

The other interesting feature of the Ermelo programme was the presentation to the Prince of some fifty splendid old Boer veterans, with long white beards that reached their middles. They had fought in more wars than they remembered against the Zulus, and against the British too. And now, in their old age, they were to meet the future ruler of their country face to face. One could see that they had but a vague idea of what he would

be like. Several of them tried first to grasp the hand of Captain Beyers, the Prince's South African A.D.C.; and when he tried to turn them in the right direction, they would make for Admiral Halsey, till at last the Prince, with his irresistible smile, would clap them on the back saying: "Here you are, I'm the Prince!"

From Ermelo we started at eleven o'clock in the morning on a ninety-mile drive across high, rolling downland country, with splendid views of romantically shaped purple mountains all around, into the native territory of Swaziland, which is about the size of Wales, and is administered by a Resident Commissioner, under the orders of the Colonial Office, which reach him through the Governor-General of South Africa in his capacity of High Commissioner.

Mbabane, the chief town, turned out to be a picturesque little place of wooden verandahed bungalows, which gave it a rather Wild West air. It stands on hilly ground, and just beyond is a sharp fall in the general level of the country, and standing on its edge you can look for many miles over the far-stretching lowlands of Swaziland lying three thousand feet below.

Swaziland is one of the parts of South Africa where great efforts are being made to cultivate cotton for the spinning-mills of Lancashire. The acreage planted increases every year, and the South African crop increased between 1918 and 1923 from 566 to 6,064 bales. About half the land in this native territory belongs to Europeans, concessions having been granted on a large scale by the predecessor of the present Paramount Chief, Sobhuza.

He, with three thousand of his tribesmen, was

waiting for the Prince on the grass-covered slopes outside the town. The Swazis are akin to the Zulus, and their array presented much the same appearance as the one we had seen at Eshowe, though the elaborate feather head-dresses and the flowing ox-tail ornaments were lacking. But each man held a shield of hardened cowhide, and grasped a long stick, its head shaped like an Irish shillelagh.

When the Prince, dusty and cold after his long drive over the 5,000-feet high tableland, got out of his car to walk down their front, the Swazis broke into a deep, musical cheer, remarkable for its harmony and rhythm, and they followed this up with an extraordinary shrill whistle, which started at one end of the line and ran along without interruption from one man to the next, like the screech of a passing train, till it died away in the further flank.

Sobhuza, the Paramount Chief, is a young man of twenty-four, and was dressed in a European suit of grey, with white spats, which he had brought back from a visit to London in 1923. He said that he had been immensely impressed with the traffic in London, and also liked very much a fairy ballet he had seen at the Hippodrome, but he never wanted to make so long a journey again.

With him at Mbabane was his mother, Lomawa, who has a position of especial importance among the Swazis, for she is entrusted with the keeping of the sacred and secret spells for making rain. As a mark of this office she wears a tiny red feather set in the middle of a band crossing her forehead. These mysterious charms have long been the most precious possession of the Swazi chiefs, and it was once the custom for the Zulus, in dry seasons, to

send contributions of cattle to Swaziland as payment for the use of the rain-making magic on their behalf.

That night occurred the only accident that darkened the Prince's tour in South Africa. He was accompanied everywhere on his journey through the Union by six Crossley motor-cars specially sent out from home. These were under the charge of Mr. F. Small, who had managed the Prince's transport on his Indian tour. With him in South Africa were six drivers, supplied by the Flying Corps of the South African Defence Force. On the



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MBABANE.—SWAZIS IN THEIR WAR DANCE BEFORE THE PRINCE.

night we spent in Mbabane one of these, Sergeant Van der Westhuizen, was driving down a steep hill on the unlighted roads round the little township, when his car ran over a bank and he was killed.

Next day there was another of the native war-dances to which we had now become accustomed, and some gifts of rather unusual character were exchanged between the Prince and the reigning family of Swaziland. On the Prince's side these ranged from a sporting rifle to an eiderdown—the former for Chief Sobhuza himself, the latter for his grandmother, who ruled Swaziland very wisely as Regent for many years, but is now bedridden and had been unable to attend the *indaba*. In return Sobhuza presented a set of assegais, both of the stabbing and throwing variety, a big war-shield of the royal dun colour, a long-handled knobkerry with carved head, and a battle-axe of the type peculiar to the Swazis, which has a crescent-shaped, narrow blade.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE NORTHERN TRANSVAAL AND SOUTH
AFRICAN AGRICULTURE.

THERE was another motor drive of eighty miles in the afternoon to take us back across the frontier to the Transvaal, and from Carolina, where we rejoined the Royal trains, the Prince's route led him through the fertile but little populated region of the Eastern Transvaal, where some of the most beautiful scenery of South Africa is to be found.

Our first stop was at Barberton, a place which has a romantic past, for this was the scene of the first South African gold-rush.

It was in 1884 that the Barber brothers, on a big-game hunting expedition entered the de Kaap Valley, where Barberton now stands, and there struck gold. Quickly the news spread among the farmers of the whole of South Africa, and ox-wagons from all directions came lurching and creaking through the passes, laden with eager fortune-seekers. The following year, the extremely rich Sheba Mine was discovered, and the fame of Barberton went all over the world. Against this background of picturesque bare hills, separated by deep kloofs, on the slopes of which the outcrops of the gold-bearing quartz could here and there be seen, a busy mining-town sprang up, with a

population of the most adventurous characters in South Africa. The two first white women to reach what was then this remote corner are still living in Barberton, and were presented to the Prince. One of them offered him a little purse she had knitted.

But the discovery of the far richer deposits of gold on the Rand, where Johannesburg now stands, drew off from Barberton the supply of capital necessary to work the stamping and crushing-mills by which the gold was extracted. Some of the mines are still in working, and yield a regular return, but it is agriculture rather than mining which is the main industry of the neighbourhood.

The climate here is warm enough for cotton-growing, and there are the largest plantations in the whole of South Africa round Barberton.

Another form of tillage that is expanding fast is that of citrus trees, principally oranges. There will soon be 500,000 trees under cultivation, and timber is even being planted with a view to supplying the boxes which the fruit will require for transport purposes.

The citrus industry is one of the most vigorous in South Africa. As the Prince mentioned in his speech at Barberton, the annual exports of fresh fruit from the Union have risen in value from £60,000 in 1911 to £1,000,000 in 1924. Tangerines, or *naartjes*, as they are called by South Africans, are grown of the very finest quality.

All these sub-tropical fruits that are so plentiful in the Union, such as oranges, lemons, paw-paws—a sort of melon—grape-fruit, and avocado pears—delicious things that one eats with vinegar—were introduced by the Dutch in the seventeenth century from their East Indian colony of Batavia. It was

only in 1906, however, that the idea of growing fruit for export was encouraged in South Africa by the British Royal Horticultural Society.

Since the War many companies have been formed to exploit estates capable of citrus-growing, by attracting settlers from home with the necessary capital to bring them into bearing. Irrigation is required for the cultivation of the orange tree, and difficulties in connection with water-supply have been the principal obstacles new-comers have had to face.

It takes five years from the time the trees are planted before returns can be expected, and the capital required for land, trees, and implements is estimated by the South African Department of Agriculture at about £70 an acre. All round the southern and eastern coast of South Africa and in the Transvaal, north of Pretoria, are the areas suitable for citrus fruit.

Fifty per cent. of the white population of South Africa earn their living by tilling the soil, and there are five first-class schools of agriculture controlled by the Union Government. Maize is the chief crop, and averages over a million and a half tons a year. It is grown in the regions that receive rain in summer, and the main produce of maize is therefore concentrated in the north of the Orange Free State and the south of the Transvaal. The local consumption of this kind of corn (known in South Africa as "mealies"), is very considerable. The farmers themselves live on it. So do most of the native farm-hands and the animals. Poultry are also fed on the grain. There are also mills which grind the maize into cornflour, used for making blanc-mange, custard and puddings. Oil-

cake, starch and syrup can also be manufactured from it.

South Africa grows wheat, too, but not enough to make her independent of foreign supplies. Farmers find it pays them better, as a rule, to use their land for growing cattle-food.

Besides cotton, which has already been mentioned, there is an increasing cultivation of tobacco, and the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley gave the opportunity South African tobacco needed to become known in Europe. Both Virginian and Turkish types are raised, and there are said to be hundreds of thousands of acres of likely land waiting for cultivation as soon as water-supply has been arranged for them by storage schemes. Sugar, chiefly along the coastline of Natal; lucerne, for feeding to cattle; and pea-nuts are other crops which South African farmers grow.

Stock-raising is growing in extent. There are over nine million head of cattle in the Union. During the War South Africa joined the number of beef-exporting countries, but this came to an end about 1920, though the Government is doing everything possible to revive it. Sheep-ranching is, however, very prosperous. There are 28,000,000 merino sheep, bearing a fine wool, and their clip of 175,000,000 lb. a year is valued at £12,000,000. The breeding of Angora goats—which look like large Skye terriers with their long fleeces of curly wool—is almost a speciality of South Africa, for of the world's total production of 35,000,000 lb. she supplies over 25,000,000 lb.

The Prince's original programme had provided for three days' big game shooting about this time in the Sabie Game Reserve. There are Game

Reserves covering territory about three hundred miles long and fifty broad on the border between the Transvaal and Portuguese East Africa. Heavy fines are the penalty for poaching there. Game is getting scarcer and permits to shoot are not easily obtained.

But big-game shooting is a serious business, not to be undertaken with much satisfaction for so short a time as the inside of three days, and the Prince preferred to omit a shooting expedition from his programme altogether, rather than hurry over it as he would have been obliged to do.

We passed through this unspoilt forest country at night, the single track of the railway being the only sign of civilization in the whole area, except for the occasional house of a game-warden along the line. A few antelope grazing among the low thorn-trees that hemmed in the track on either side were all we saw of the wild animals of the Reserve, though the engine-driver—perhaps uneasy for the sporting reputation of South Africa—maintained next morning that the train had chased a lion for two hundred yards along the metals during the night.

But while it was dark we pulled up to take in water at a place where a bare dozen of natives were waiting round a fire by the line. Their welcome to the Prince took the form of a dance consisting of flat-footed stamping so violent that it echoed through the forest, while young girls, with silver anklets and bracelets flashing in the firelight, shrilled a screaming accompaniment from big mouths edged with shining ivory teeth. The great white train, with its long line of brilliantly lighted windows; the excellent food and wines on the tables of the dining-saloon within; the group of travellers from

the far-off heart of civilization—all this suddenly appeared beside that lonely little group of semi-savages in the heart of the wilderness at midnight. To us it seemed a strange enough contrast ; to them it must have seemed like a visitation from another world.

This night the talk had all been of lions and from it resulted an interesting wager which was won next day. Travelling with the Prince at this time as South African Cabinet Minister attached to his suite, was Mr. T. Boydell, Minister of Posts and Telegraphs, who is a native of Northumberland.



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PIETERSBURG,—MR. T. BOYDELL AND THE LION.

He happened to mention to the Prince that at Pietersburg, our next stop, there was a well-known South African circus, with a lion which he had fondled, as a cub, the year before. Twelve months makes a good deal of difference to the size of a young lion, and the Prince jokingly offered to bet Mr. Boydell £5 that he would not stroke his lion-pet again next morning.

Now Mr. Boydell is a man of considerable strength of character. He is known throughout South Africa for his habit of going bareheaded on all occasions and in all weathers, for reasons of hygiene, and he also makes a practice of doing entirely without food, sometimes for as long, he assured me, as ten days together. The lion, on the other hand, it should be mentioned, was a rather civilized type of wild beast, for its owner, the proprietress of the circus, takes it about with her in a taxi-cab upon occasion, and it has been known to enter newspaper offices (much to the alarm of the staffs) for the purpose of being photographed.

Still, a lion is always a lion, and great credit is due to Mr. Boydell's determination in walking over to the circus special train next morning, accompanied by the official photographer of the tour, and asking that he might be allowed to be photographed patting the lion's head. The animal was led out on a chain, and proved to have grown to the size of a large mastiff. Mr. Boydell approached it, making friendly noises. As soon as he got close enough, the lion reached out eagerly with its paws, and taking hold gently but firmly, of his leg, closed his jaw across the Minister's thigh. It stopped short at a playful nip, however, and Mr. Boydell was able, an hour later, undamaged

and triumphant, to claim £5 from the Prince, which he sent as a donation to St. Dunstan's Home for the Blind.

An interesting little account of the history of this Northern section of the Transvaal, by Mr. B. H. Dicke, a local resident, was presented to the Prince. It gave grim details of the hardships which the early *voortrekkers* had to face, when they first entered this country. It was then inhabited by savage tribes, wild beasts, the tse-tse fly which kills cattle, and the malarial mosquito which kills men. But the early Boer emigrants from Cape Colony were forced to cross it in order to get in touch with the Portuguese port of Delagoa Bay, which they needed as a supply-base for imported merchandise, now that they had cut themselves off from Cape Town.

The first organized body of white men to enter this part of the Transvaal was a column of Boers under General Potgieter in 1836. These forefathers of the present day South African Dutch must indeed have been men of grim determination and self-reliance. The women who shared their wanderings were of the same courageous character, and when one sees nowadays an old Boer farmer with his long white beard and his spare, powerfully developed frame, robust even in advanced old age, one remembers that it can have been only the sturdiest of their children that survived the daily hardships and dangers which surrounded them, and that they were brought up in a school more stern than exists anywhere in the world to-day.

Each column consisted of ten or a dozen enormous wagons covered by huge canvas tilts, and drawn by sixteen or eighteen span of big horned

oxen. These wagons were built by the trekkers themselves, they had wooden axles, hubs and bushes, and unless they were constantly lubricated, friction and the hot sun would start them smouldering. For axle-grease—as for almost everything they used—the Boer pioneers of the northern and eastern Transvaal were dependent upon their own manufacture. They made their lubricating oil from slaughtered cattle, and scraped resin and gum from the trees to add to it.

At any moment they were liable to be attacked by an *impi* belonging to Moselikatze, the Matabele warrior-chief who was suspicious and resentful of the arrival of these white immigrants. Every night the Boers arranged their wagons in a hollow square, tying the wheels together with strips of raw hide, and filling up the gaps with bushes of prickly thorn to form a temporary fortress called the “lager.”

When the attack came, as it often did, the arms on which they had to rely for their defence were muzzle-loading rifles fired by a flintlock. Each round meant careful re-loading, with powder, wads and bullets. Though the Matabele might be clambering up the sides of the wagons, and the assegais whizzing into the square, their hands must not tremble as they measured out the charge from their powder-horns, and there was no time for bungling in using the long, clumsy ramrod. It was the women who generally did this re-loading, with the yells of the savages in their ears and the smoke of the firing all around them, as they passed the muskets up to their husbands and brothers standing on the wagons to fire. Even so, misfires were frequent, and the delicate work of fitting a new flint had to be done in the midst of the battle. The fine dust

of the veld, also, might clog the touch-hole, or the mists of morning damp the powder.

Against disease the old Boer settlers had even less defence than against savage men and beasts. The use of quinine to prevent malaria was unknown to them. Even their tea was made from the leaves of bushes that they found. They manufactured their soap by mixing animal fat with wood ashes. For sugar they relied upon the honey of the wild bees. They were dressed in the skins of the animals they shot, roughly fashioned into clothing by the women of their families. Nor could they even have the security of moving in large bodies, being obliged to split up into small parties so as to get grazing for their cattle.

The feat of penetrating the wilder parts of Africa in motor-cars is now hailed as an exploit of daring and determination. But modern travel conditions, with preserved foods, medicine chests, wireless telegraphy and magazine rifles, would have seemed to the old *voortrekkers* of less than a hundred years ago like those of a luxurious picnic.

Many small parties of rovers were massacred to the last human being, but those that survived eventually settled down on farms roughly marked out by cairns of stones. There these sturdy pioneers would raise enormous families, cases being known in which a man married three or four wives in succession and brought up thirty or forty children.

Civilization, which is now thoroughly established in these parts which a hundred years ago were primitive wilderness, has had its effect upon the local population. The present generation of the inhabitants differs little in outward appearance from that of an English country town or city suburb.

The motor-car and the cycle, the railway train and the telegraph, have tamed Africa. The old race of frontiersmen is dead, and white women live in safety, sometimes in luxury, at places which Livingstone and Stanley two generations ago reached only at the peril of their lives.

The customs and interests of the Empire even in matters of trivial detail, are becoming generalized with ever-increasing rapidity. During the fortnight before we left London, the Prince and most of us who were with him had seen the first performances of a new and very successful musical comedy. But long before we reached the heart of Ashanti or Zululand or Northern Rhodesia, the tunes of that new play were familiar to the white people living there, and wherever we went we found British girls dancing to them, wearing the same clothes and saying the same things as if they had been in a London ballroom. (One must admit that it was startling to discover that one little fair-haired wisp of femininity at Pietersburg sometimes spent her week-ends lion-shooting). The people of these remoter towns of Africa were constantly referring to themselves in their speeches to the Prince as "We dwellers in this distant part of the Empire," but though there are only seven inhabitants to every ten square miles of this area, they live quite as full and well-informed a life as the inhabitants of the English provinces.

There was an Agricultural Show at Pietersburg, very attractive because so unpretentious, a real gathering of farmers without frills or formality. Maize, cotton and tobacco were the principal exhibits, arranged with no little skill, and in the poultry section the Prince was shown a strange

hybrid, the result of a cross between a guinea fowl and a white Wyandotte, which, although not yet fully grown, was already bigger even than a guinea fowl. But the oddest feature of the show was a dwarf of the Shangaani tribe, who answers to the name of "July," and is known all over this part of South Africa. He is shorter than the average walking-stick with head and body fully developed, but limbs of baby size. Posted in a reproduction of a Kaffir hut where bead work and other ornaments were being exhibited, he stood so still that one took him for a grotesque example of native statuary, and it was quite startling when he suddenly woke to life as the Prince stopped beside him, and with a big smile of his white teeth remarked: "Well, well, this place gets more like London every day." He informed the Prince, too, that he had six wives and twenty-three children, all of normal size.

While we were there, too, the Prince had the odd experience of being presented with a key to St. James's Palace, where he himself lives in London. This had belonged to the Groom of the Stole to George III. in the year 1789, and from him it had passed into the keeping of the family of a lady now settled in the Transvaal.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BEAUTY OF PRETORIA.

OVER the bare, yellow veld, broken only by rocky, barren kopjes, we moved on, in a south-westerly direction, to Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal, a pleasant, rather old-fashioned city with 45,000 whites and nearly 30,000 coloured people, which lies, like the capital



Copyright PRETORIA.—IN THE AMPHITHEATRE SECTION OF THE UNION BUILDINGS.

of the Orange Free State, at a considerable height above the sea—4,471 feet. It is the administrative centre of the Union of South Africa; the Union Government buildings, which stand on a hill called Meintjes Kop overlooking the town from just outside it, are the finest examples of modern architecture in the whole of Africa. They were designed by Sir Herbert Baker, the architect who laid out the new capital of India at Delhi. Their site is almost as commanding as the Acropolis at Athens and the great white range of them is in part like a great Italian palace and elsewhere resembles one of the huge amphitheatres of Ancient Greece.



Copyright] PRETORIA.—THE REAR OF THE UNION BUILDINGS
FROM MEINTJES KOP.

To this splendid building we drove in procession through the town and then up a winding approach lined by young citizen soldiers and cadets. There was a sense of being suddenly dwarfed by the great facade which rose toweringly above us against the perfect blue of a clear sky. Mounting into the building we passed through courtyards and dim stone cloisters, all filled with shrill-cheering children, and then stepped out again into the brilliant sunshine, to come suddenly upon a scene worthy of Imperial Rome.

On one side stretched a broad view of the town and the bare brown hills far beyond it; on the other rose a great amphitheatre, whose upmost tier was a stately colonnade of Ionic pillars. Every part of the huge semicircle was filled with an unbroken mosaic of thousands of faces. Even the high, red-tiled roofs and tall towers around were packed with rows of eager spectators, craning dizzily into the depth below, where, in the midst of the great assembly, an imposing stone-pillared kiosk stood empty, waiting for the Prince.

Trumpets rang out in a fanfare as His Royal Highness, in a white sun-helmet and the long, becoming, black-braided frock-coat of the Welsh Guards, walked to a conspicuous place by the balustrade of the kiosk, while the seven thousand people around him rose to their feet cheering and waving. Then the National Anthem was sung to Elgar's ornate setting, and the Pretoria Choral Society's Choir of five hundred voices led the assembly in that rather Imperialist-sounding hymn "Land of Hope and Glory." Who would have believed, twenty-five years ago, that such enthusiasm for the Empire would ever have been seen in Pretoria?

In many parts of the world I have been present at impressive public ceremonies, but only at one or two more beautiful and more stirring than this gathering of the people of the Transvaal to welcome the Prince of Wales.

The official speech of welcome was made and a very fine gold cigarette casket presented on their behalf by Mr. J. H. Hofmeyr, the Administrator of the Province, who succeeded to that important office at the early age of thirty-two, and had a brilliant career as a Rhodes scholar at Oxford. The Governor-General of the Union, who



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PRETORIA.—H.R.H. AUTOGRAPHING A SIDE-DRUM FOR A LADY STUDENT OF PRETORIA UNIVERSITY.

had met the Prince at the station, was not present, since the welcome was being given by the people of the Transvaal as an individual province.

In his speech the Prince very rightly described Pretoria as an object lesson in the art of town planning. Pretoria is, indeed, not only a beautiful city but had made the most of itself in the matter of decoration. Church Square, in the heart of the city, where stands the old Parliament building, the Raadzaal, of Republican days, was surrounded by handsome triumphal arches of greenery, and in its centre had been raised a great obelisk like Cleopatra's Needle, draped in crimson and white, and bearing on its summit a huge reproduction of the Prince of Wales's feathers. But the town at any time would be beautiful, and few places in the world have such charming suburbs as the villa-covered hills of Bryntyrion and Arcadia, where delightful white bungalows stand beside red gravel roads under the feathery jackaranda trees.

Most of the morning had already gone, but the Prince would not rest until he had played a round of golf, to which he sacrificed his luncheon. On his way to the links he gave delight to three hundred old people of Pretoria by looking in at the Town Hall where they were being entertained by the municipality. Fine, veteran figures many of them, both men and women, were. Their pleasure at the prospect of seeing the Prince was touching, for age had brought heavy infirmity to some. One picturesque old lady had no sight left in the watery blue eyes that were shadowed by her immense black poke bonnet, of shape so old-fashioned that one would have thought the secret of making them must be lost. She was pointed out to the Prince, and,

going up to her, he held her wrinkled old hand a moment, saying: "I am the Prince of Wales, and I am very glad to see you here." It was with a pathetic expression of happiness that the shrivelled, little blind face, directly he had passed on, was turned eagerly towards a neighbour for an account of what he looked like.

This is the sort of occasion on which the Prince's real gifts of kindness and sincere sympathy come plainly to view. To give even the most bent and feeble a chance to see him close at hand, he threaded his way among them between the tables. Then, when the Mayor took him on to the platform and spoke to the company in Afrikaans, the Prince followed with a sentence in the same language, which was drowned in the quavering "*Hoor, hoor!*" of the aged Dutch people there.

After half an hour at a Rugby match in the afternoon, the Prince drove up to Roberts Heights, where stands the Staff College of South Africa. There he took tea with the officers who were all in uniform in the garden of their mess. The Permanent Force of the Union consists only of five regiments, each about five hundred strong, of Mounted Riflemen, together with some Artillery. These would provide the framework upon which the Citizen Defence Force would be mobilized in case of need, and beyond that would still remain a reserve of the old men, and the boys of sixteen to eighteen, who in case of invasion of the Union organized in commandos, would doubtless play as valuable a part as they have done in campaigns of the past.

Government House, the residence of the Governor-General in Pretoria, is claimed to be the

finest of such buildings in the whole Empire. It stands on Bryntyrion Hill and in its lofty ballroom, big as the banqueting hall of a mediæval castle, a large crowd that evening enjoyed the most brilliant dance ever held in Pretoria.

Twelve thousand Transvaal children met the Prince at the Eastern Sports Grounds next morning. Fully one-half of them were of unmixed Dutch blood, accustomed to do all their thinking in Afrikaans, and as one heard them singing to the Prince that wistful, Highland appeal "Wull ye no' come back again?" in English with a Scots accent which they had taken much pains to acquire, one felt that Imperial unity cannot be called a vain ideal.

In Pretoria there were many reminders of how completely events and emotions, still recent in respect of time, have passed already into the mausoleum of history. That same evening the famous balcony of the old Raadzaal, the Government building of the days of the Transvaal Republic, from which the President used to address his burghers, stood dark and empty while the great space of the brilliantly illuminated Church Square below was packed to its furthest limits with an eager crowd. Hardly more than a quarter of a century ago that same place had been crowded with throngs assembled to clamour for war with England. Now they were waiting to cheer the Prince of Wales, and as he stepped out on to the balcony it blazed into sudden light, bringing him into the full view of thousands who broke into a roar of welcome. There was a procession of illuminated cars, and then the Prince went to dine at the Pretoria Club with the Administrator as his host.

This was one of the most interesting gatherings

during the South African tour, for it was made up of representative men from all parts of the Union. Mr. Hofmeyr, the Administrator, who is a nephew of the celebrated Jan Hofmeyr, founder of the Afrikaner Bond, is one of the most brilliant scholars that the South African Dutch race has produced. At seventeen he took his degree at the Transvaal University in literature, and one more year brought him a degree in science and enabled him to produce a life of his uncle involving much research. Then he went to Oxford for four years, and immediately after his return became Rector of his earlier university. It was during the Premiership of General Smuts that Mr. Hofmeyr was nominated Administrator of the province. He is a fluent and graceful speaker, with a resonant voice, and likely to play a considerable part in the future politics of South Africa.

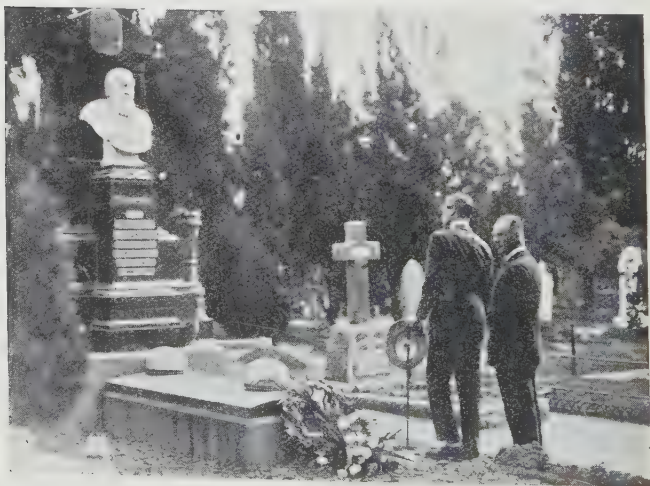
In his address to the Prince the Administrator recalled that they had both been at Oxford at the same time. He said, with reason, that it was the sincerity of the Prince's character which commended him to the descendants of the old *voortrekkers* around him. His fondness for the open air and his marked qualities of sportsmanship had made a great impression upon all South Africans, who were themselves mainly an out-door people.

The Prince replied in a lively manner which roused his audience to constant cheers and laughter. He declared that it was no idle platitude to say that he would do his best to come back to South Africa—"but," he added, "next time it will be without an official programme."

"I am glad," went on the Prince, "that the Administrator reminded me that we were con-

temporaries at Oxford. Had I known then that I should be Mr. Hofmeyr's guest at Pretoria on this notable occasion, I should certainly have forced my way into Balliol—for, as a Magdalen man, I should not have been invited—and should have begged him to give me a course of lessons in Africaans. As it is, gentlemen, with what many of you may regard as a neglected education, I can only say . . .", and then he finished his speech with two or three sentences in South African Dutch which raised the enthusiasm of his hearers to the highest limits of delight.

It was not only by words that the Prince endeavoured to convince the survivors of the days



Copyright] PRETORIA.—H.R.H., ACCOMPANIED BY ADMIRAL
HALSEY, VISITS THE GRAVE OF EX-PRESIDENT KRUGER.

when Boer fought Briton that as far as he and the home country are concerned, all bitterness has faded from the memory of that struggle. The next day, Sunday morning, he left the gathering of 2,500 ex-Service men, to whom the Bishop of Pretoria had preached in the grounds of Government House, and drove to the old cemetery, now closed, where the founders of the old Boer capital lie. There he laid on the grave of President Paul Kruger a wreath of white carnations and laurel leaves. The grave is a heavy, old-fashioned monument in black marble, surmounted by a large white bust of Mr. Kruger in his state uniform.

He was a dour, grim old man, this strong-willed patriarch who became the third and permanent President of the Transvaal Republic in 1881, and only left it after the defeat of his country by the British Forces in 1901. He was himself one of the original *voortrekkers*, with their undoubted virtues and some of their inevitable defects.

"When I was ten years old," he once said in a speech at Bloemfontein, "I had to begin fighting for my life and my country." He was with the party that Potgieter led into the Eastern Transvaal, and he took part in several of the battles against the Matabele warriors of Moselikatze. Stories of his youthful strength and courage were many among the Boers, of how he had amputated his own thumb when in danger of blood-poisoning, and how all in the same day he beat the swiftest Kaffir runners for a wager, killed a lion by the way, and was thrashed by his father. He knew the Bible almost by heart and most of his burghers by name. Close to the cemetery where his body lies is the little, low, long-fronted white cottage, with two incongruous plaster

lions in front of the verandah, where this old ruler of the Transvaal used to sit drinking coffee, his big, pale face, with its fringe of white beard, surmounted by a tall hat, ready to engage in personal discussion upon affairs of State with any of his citizens who chanced to call.

Before going on to Johannesburg, the largest town in South Africa, which lies only thirty miles to the south of Pretoria, we made a long detour to the west and visited the old capital of the Transvaal, Potchefstroom. In the war between the Boers and the British which ended with the lost Battle of Majuba Hill, a small British force consisting of six officers and a hundred and fifty men of the 2nd Scots Fusiliers, of which the Prince is Colonel-in-Chief, together with a few gunners, and having with them forty-eight refugees, including nineteen women and sixteen children, were besieged and under almost continuous fire, day and night, for ninety-five days, in an entrenched redoubt, measuring only twenty-five yards square, and at the end of the hostilities marched out with the honours of war. We went to see the remains of this tiny fort, where the garrison lived beneath shelters made of mealie-sacks behind the parapets, or in dug-outs, often drenched by rain and on very short rations, and the Prince inspected the monument raised to the thirty-one defenders who lost their lives in the siege.

Potchefstroom is a charming little town of long, straight, tree-lined avenues. When we saw it, a mist like that of an English October morning hung in the air, and the browning foliage of the willows and the fallen leaves beneath them strengthened the impression of an English autumn.

It was not really cold but these fortunate South Africans, accustomed to generous and continued sunshine, were shivering miserably.

The largest Government School of Agriculture in South Africa is situated here. The Prince went out to see it, stopping on the way to lay a wreath at the grave of Pretorius, the first President of the Transvaal Republic, from whom the present capital of the Province gets its name. Beside his monument stood four white-bearded Boer veterans of the first South African War which ended in 1880, leaning upon big-bore rifles as tall as themselves.

Where twenty years ago stretched barren veld, we found at the Agricultural College plantations of blue gums a hundred feet high, with orchards of fruit trees and well-grown hedges, among which stood the well-built white hostels of the school. It is the quick growth of South African trees which prevents them from forming good timber for lumber purposes. By far the most important commercially of the trees of the country is the wattle—a native of Australia, however—of which the plantations are most numerous in Natal. The bark of this tree is used for tanning, while the timber is employed in South Africa for mine-props or firewood. The eucalyptus tree also provides hardwood timber for railway sleepers and building purposes, and the best for ornamental use is the stinkwood tree, which takes on a high polish.

CHAPTER XVI.

JOHANNESBURG THE GOLDEN.

TO arrive in Johannesburg, as we did on the afternoon of June 22nd, after eight weeks of continuous travelling through the great, open, sparsely populated spaces of South Africa, was like stepping suddenly into another Continent. Except Cape Town and Durban, none of the places we had called at surpass in size or intensity of existence the smaller market-towns of England. Many of them were no more than groups of wooden bungalows, set among vast stretches of the empty veld, and it had become an almost daily experience for the train to travel through many hours without passing any sign of life but an occasional isolated farm.

We who, with the Prince, were making our first visit to the country, had grown used to these vacant horizons, and to the idea that they were the whole of South Africa. Our impression had hitherto been one of a people whose interests centred wholly in their mealie crops, fruit orchards and livestock. We had come to feel at home among the surroundings and institutions of this scattered farming community, recognizing its characteristics as they constantly recurred in our travels.

And now, suddenly, with no gradual transition or shading from one to the other, we passed straight



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out of these agricultural surroundings into a modern city like Sheffield or Philadelphia, with all the elaborations and diversity, the refinements and deformities, the restless striving and the ruthless competition that characterize all the great industrial centres of the world. In this city of more than a quarter of a million people, the largest except Cairo in all Africa, and much more European in its character than the Egyptian capital, one seemed suddenly to have passed out of Africa altogether into that cosmopolitan atmosphere common to all the great cities of the world.

In actual extent Johannesburg is considerable even judged by world standards. It is more than twice the size of Liverpool or Manchester. The

area controlled by its municipality would cover more than half of the Isle of Wight, and has just under eight hundred miles of roads and streets.

Most people would visualize a city which has come into existence on what was only forty years ago a bleak and practically unpopulated tableland, as a place made up of glaringly new buildings laid out in rectangular monotony. Remembering the feverish conditions of quickly won wealth which governed its earlier years, one might have expected this city, whose foundations are built on gold, to reflect its origin in an outward appearance of aggressive opulence.

But Johannesburg has all the external character



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JOHANNESBURG.—FOX STREET.

of a city of normal and gradual growth, the settled atmosphere of slow and ancient spread. Its streets wear a look of having been long lived in; there is a variety in their perspective that belongs to places where builders of differing tastes have had many years in which to mingle their contrasting styles. Its public buildings are impressive, its commercial architecture substantial. The suburbs are of great natural variety, made up of villas of quite unusual quality of design, standing on wooded hills and set in gardens which are models of skill in exploiting the physical beauty of a site.

But what especially distinguishes Johannesburg from the European and American cities with which one naturally compares it, is the fact that it lies 6,000 feet above sea-level, in rarified and bracing air which has quite noticeable effects both on the body and the mind. During the first days of a stay in Johannesburg one is constantly conscious of a shortness of breath and a quicker beating of the heart. People with weak hearts, in fact, either become cured here or have to go away, and the rarity of the atmosphere is held to be responsible for a quality of impulsiveness and excitement which often shows itself in the public life of the city.

It was only in the last few moments before the train reached Johannesburg station that one felt this vivid sense of approach to something different. Potchefstroom and its park-like trees had been left behind, and for three hours we had passed once more over the familiar, unrelieved brown veld.

Then, as the afternoon wore on, the train swept through a wayside station filled with cheering people. There was nothing unusual in that; it happened several times a day. But at short interval

there followed another ; and again, only a few minutes later, a third. One realized that these must be more than the scattered villages we were used to ; their closeness together marked them as suburbs stretching out from a great city. And then, suddenly, loomed up through the train windows the famous white mine-dumps of Johannesburg, towering like the slag-heaps of a British coalfield, but, instead of disfiguring the landscape, embellishing it by the snowy symmetry of their sunlit sides.

The most impressive sight we saw anywhere in South Africa was waiting for the Prince in the square that lies between Johannesburg Town Hall and the Post Office opposite. Into that space were crowded, according to the police estimate, forty thousand people. They made up one vast, pink pavement of faces that stretched unbroken wherever a human being could find standing-room within sight of the Town Hall. One might have thought it had snowed people, for besides carpeting the ground to the maximum capacity of human congestion, they lay in great, precarious drifts along roofs and balconies ; they fringed every cornice, ledge and coping-stone, and in the form of clumps of small boys they dangerously overweighted the branches of the spindly trees.

Johannesburg stands on what is known as the Witwatersrand Ridge, famous throughout the world under its shorter title of "the Rand." This is the world's greatest treasure-house of gold. £800,000,000 worth of that metal has been extracted in the last forty years from the curious conglomerate rock occurring at intervals in the subsoil on which the town stands. This rich gold-bearing "reef" is called "banket," and looks rather like almond rock.

The present annual output is £30,000,000. The expense of blasting out the gold-veined quartz thousands of feet below the surface, and extracting its valuable contents by crushing and chemical processes, is very great, and capital amounting to £630,000,000 is estimated to have been put into the gold industry of the Rand. Nineteen thousand Europeans are employed there, and two hundred thousand natives.

The discovery of these immensely rich gold deposits, well within the memory of many men still living, was one of the romances of recent history. From all time the greatest treasure of the world had been lying below the surface of a bleak and



Copyright | JOHANNESBURG. - A NATIVE WAR DANCE BY THE
KAFFIR WORKERS AT THE CITY DEEP MINE.

barren stretch of uplands over which the hard-living Boer farmers drove their ox-wagons as they trekked north or south, without seeing any indication of the gigantic wealth beneath their feet.

It was in the spring of 1886 that some prospectors found a rich-looking quartz outcrop on a Boer farm, and sent specimens to Kimberley, then at the height of its diamond boom, to be assayed. The high percentage of gold that they contained set all South Africa in a stir of excitement. Some realized, while others doubted, that another great store of precious minerals had been discovered, in addition to the diamond mines which were already the wonder of the world. Men like Cecil Rhodes made haste to reach the Rand, and began to take away the breath of the poverty-stricken Boer farmers who owned the rough grazing thereabouts, by offering them twenty and thirty thousand pounds for their properties.

Sir J. B. Robinson, who is still alive, was derided for buying a farm at Turffontein, where the Johannesburg race-course now stands, for £26,000. Within five years its value had risen to £18,000,000 and Robinson with his fellow-proprietors had received £1,000,000 in dividends. Properties now as valuable as any in the world were changing hands in those first few months of the Rand's existence as a gold-producing area under oddly informal conditions. Once, when Rhodes was arguing with a farmer out in his orchard about the price of his land, Robinson slipped into the kitchen and clinched the bargain with the owner's wife by covering the table with dazzling golden sovereigns. The Boers in the rest of the Transvaal—old President Kruger not less than the others—

thought these English immigrants must be mad to bid against each other in thousands of pounds for farms that barely kept their owners alive.

The sudden incursion of foreigners, and foreign capital, was not long in causing political friction in the Transvaal. President Kruger and his conservative Boer burghers were determined not to allow these immigrants to obtain any share in the control of the country in which they had established themselves. The newcomers—the Uitlanders, as they soon came to be called—were far from satisfied with their exclusion from any voice in the administration of the country which they were fast enriching by the heavy taxes levied upon them. From this antagonism of ideas sprang the quarrels between Briton and Boer which embittered the closing years of the last century, and eventually took a violent form in the Jameson Raid and the Boer War.

On the night of the Prince's arrival great excitement filled the streets of Johannesburg. The Prince was lodged at the Rand Club, a very fine building of its kind, and both there and outside the Carlton Hotel, surging crowds that had gathered in the hope of being able to cheer him swept the sturdy Johannesburg police out of the way by irresistible pressure. From the mines on either side of the city, along thirty-five miles of the Reef, rockets were sent up in sheaves, and the sky was bright with the glow of the vivid street illuminations.

Next day, June 23rd, was the Prince's thirty-first birthday—and proved to be the busiest that even he had ever spent. He was scarcely out of bed before a delegation from the Transvaal Chamber of Mines waited upon him. This body is the

association of gold-mining companies which controls the industry, and its birthday present was a large casket made of the output of their mines. All the morning the Prince was driving along the new, thriving string of towns that lie on the line of the Reef. His welcome was loyal everywhere, yet it was as lately as 1922 that many of these places were dominated by rebel Red commandos, which for a few weeks terrorized the whole Rand.

Terrible atrocities were committed, even by the women of the rebels, in that fortunately brief time of civil war. It was ended by the proclamation of martial law and the vigorous use of troops under the orders of the South African Premier, General Smuts. He came, at considerable personal risk, to Johannesburg to take charge of the operations against the strikers, whose ruthlessness even went the length of trying to stir up revolt among the scores of thousands of semi-civilized natives in the mine compounds, so that the police might have their hands full while the rebels were seizing and sacking the city. In preventing this dastardly uprising from carrying out its purpose, the farmers of the surrounding veld played a valuable part. At the appeal of the Government, they turned out on commando, and their mounted patrols kept order in the streets of Johannesburg during the critical days of the rebellion.

In the afternoon of that same day, June 23rd, an amusing hoax was played on the population of the city. The Prince was to open the Witwatersrand University, the youngest, except that of Delhi, in the Empire, and the students, anxious to outdo their colleagues of Cape Town and Grahamstown in originality, had prepared a travesty of the Royal

train, consisting of white canvas bodies mounted on motor-lorries, to carry the Prince from the Rand Club to the University. But the Chief of Police would not allow this means of transport to be used for the Royal party, and the students' "rag" looked like collapsing in dismal failure, when one of them remembered that there was a certain young constable in the Johannesburg Police Force who has a remarkable resemblance to the Prince of Wales. Him they hurriedly secured and dressed in a brown suit very like the one the Prince often wears. They slouched a hat over his eyes, taught him some of the Prince's favourite gestures, and smuggled him into the Rand Club by a back way.

Large crowds were, of course, waiting to see the Prince set out from there, so that when the policeman, surrounded by mock ceremony, was shown into the "Royal train," they began to cheer in loyal excitement. The noise spread along the route of the procession, and by the time the sham Prince and his student escort reached the grounds of the new University, where twenty thousand people were waiting, the band was ready to strike up the National Anthem, the guard of honour presented arms, and all the spectators rose to their feet cheering and waving. It was only when the Prince's double had taken his seat on the ceremonial chair and was bestowing gracious handshakes on the Rugby team of the University, that people began to realize that a trick had been played upon them. And when the real Prince arrived a few minutes later, few could be found who did not maintain that they had seen through the imposture all the time.

An interesting show had been prepared for the following morning—a carnival of decorated motor-

cars and other vehicles, representative of the history and development of South Africa. There were old-time ox-waggon, of the *voortrekker* days, with their enormous tilts of swaying canvas, and their long teams of red Afrikaner bullocks. Inside appeared women dressed like the Dutch *vrouw* of that period, and little girls in becoming poke-bonnets. Then followed a stage-coach, of the kind that brought the first settlers to Johannesburg forty years ago. Its red panels were battered by many a long journey over rough tracks. Behind were strapped the tin trunks of the travellers; on top were great bundles of their bedding.

Modern industry was well represented by a car bearing a model of the "stope" or working chamber of a gold mine. It was a gallery shaped like a long bath, in a seam of rock. Inside it one could see half-naked Kaffirs working a compressed air drill. Close behind followed a full-size model gold brick, corresponding in its mass to the total output of gold from the Reef in 1924. It was a block 25 feet long, 5 feet broad and 4 feet deep.

But most interesting of all in this long procession of motor-cars was one which had actually arrived in Johannesburg on its own wheels all the way from Algeria. It had taken seven months to cover the 12,000 odd miles of mostly trackless desert, swamp, forest and veld that made up the route they had followed between the shores of the Mediterranean, and the heart of the Transvaal. This car was a French Renault, of only 10-h.p., with specially designed caterpillar wheels, and it was driven by Captain Delingette, whose wife had come the whole journey with him. They afterwards continued on their expedition to the Cape, and

reached there on July 9th, eight months after their start from Oran.

To see this travel-stained, khaki-coloured automobile made one realize how civilization is purely a question of transport. Thirty or forty years ago much of the country through which that car had come in the heart of Africa was totally unknown to white men, and was left blank upon the maps. Even now it is only accessible to travellers of daring and determination. But a few years more may see even the interior of Africa opened up for regular goods and passenger traffic by motor-car and aeroplane, with a consequent increase in the standard of living of its natives and an expansion of markets for the manufacturing countries of Europe.

Captain Delingette said that nowhere in his long journey had the African tribes shown any hostility towards him. His greatest obstacle had been the rivers. Wide ones were crossed by building a pontoon and ferrying the car over, but no less than a hundred and twenty-nine had been bridged with materials obtained by felling trees upon the banks. Twice the car, which weighed three tons, had fallen below the surface, and its magneto and dynamo had to be taken to pieces and dried in the sun before the engine could be restarted. Petrol they obtained by telegraphing ahead from any large colonial centre through which they passed, asking for supplies to be sent by carriers to await them at fixed points along their route.

The children's parade at Johannesburg—always one of the most important items of his programme in the Prince's estimation—was a wonderful sight. There were 35,000 of them altogether, gathered at the Zoo Lake and the Showground close by.

And I doubt if any place in the world could show finer-looking boys and girls. This sun-bathed Dominion of South Africa breeds a sturdier stock than the children who grow up under our mist-and-smoke-shrouded skies. Their bodies are plumper, their legs covered with firmer flesh, their eyes are brighter, and, moreover, they are cleaner and better nourished in appearance than the average of a children's gathering of this size would be in England.

For a mile and a quarter we walked first through a double row of twelve thousand splendid young South Africans—here a company of little girls, all neatly dressed alike in blazers; then perhaps some baby Brownies; next a troop of Boy Scouts, with vigorous young thighs showing beneath their shorts. Hardly a single child to be seen in all that multitude whose limbs were not round and shapely, complexion fresh, eyes bright, lips red, and teeth white and gleaming. Weaklings there must, of course, have been, but the mass of robust childhood hid them.

The noise they made was good testimony to their vitality. The first few hundred yards of the Prince's progress were decorous and musical enough—the long lines of charming little girls on either side of him singing "David is my Darling" (David being the name that the Prince's family uses for him), to the air of the old Prince Charlie song, so that he walked on with the word "darling, darling, darling" beating upon his ears in most romantic fashion. But by the time we reached the Showground, where the other half of the children were grouped in great masses on stands and ground alike, these songs were swallowed up in such a storm

of shrill treble cheering as I never heard before nor expect to hear again. It was like ten thousand nurseries and playrooms simultaneously shouting their jubilation to the skies. The Mayor had to put his mouth close to the Prince's ear when he wanted to speak to him, and bellow as if he were in the midst of a hurricane. It will always be a wonderful memory, that pageant of splendid childhood—a pledge in vigorous flesh and blood of South Africa's future prosperity and progress.

The last day of the Prince's official visit to Johannesburg was passed mainly outside the city, visiting the mining towns along the Reef. And in the morning we went down a shaft of the Crown Mines, whose lowest development level is 5,000 feet below the surface.

For, as you stand on any high building in Johannesburg, and look at the busy streets and suburbs stretching around you, what you see is but the lid of a vast subterranean beehive of industry. Working-galleries, active and abandoned, to a total length of 3,250 miles, the breadth of the Atlantic Ocean, honeycomb the ground on which the city stands. Some of the disused levels are even said to be used as haunts of criminal gangs. Only just before we arrived in Johannesburg, a skeleton had been found in one of them, with a rusty assegai sticking through its ribs. The belief is that this old working was a place where thieves hid their plunder, and that the murdered man was one whom his accomplices had killed in some underground quarrel.

Anyone who has seen a coal mine can form a good idea of what a South African gold mine looks like, by simply leaving out the dirt. Instead

of a huge grimy slag-heap there is an equally large mound of white cyanide, or rather of crushed rock that has been treated with cyanide to extract the gold. The gold mine has its skeleton tower of winding-gear above the shaft, its ventilating air-pump houses, and its trolley-ways, like a coal mine, but it also has large sheds around the opening of the mine, where the ore is treated to get the gold out of it.

At the Crown Mines, which are the biggest in the world, the Prince went down to the nineteenth level. This is only 3,500 feet below the surface—the height of a considerable mountain in England, but no more than half the depth of the deepest Rand workings.

From this mine 220,000 tons of ore are extracted each month, and each ton yields on an average 6 dwt., or twenty-five shillings' worth of gold. Three thousand whites and thirteen thousand natives are employed at the various tasks of extraction and treatment of the ore. Putting on long white coats and hard black oilskin hats something the shape of a sou'wester, the Prince and his party got into the four-deck cages which take the workers down the shaft. After the miners have gone down to the working levels in the morning these cages are replaced by skips, which bring up 720 tons of ore a day to feed the crushing mills.

There was a singing in one's ears as we dropped 3,000 feet through the rock in three minutes, though this was only half the normal speed for the descent. Wet mud covered the floor of the cages, and water dripped through the roof of each deck, so that it was a surprise to step out at the bottom into a lofty, dry, white-washed cavern big as a tube station,

where, to complete the resemblance, an electric train of two coaches was drawn up opposite the cage door.

In this we travelled for a mile through a spacious tunnel, passing on the way many galleries down which the ore is brought for haulage to the shaft. Along the sides of the main tunnel run large compressed air and water pipes, and here and there we saw large notices of the "Safety first" type, to recall the miner from over-great familiarity with the risks he runs—such as "A good miner tests his hanging" ("hanging" means roof). This reminder is made necessary by the enormous pressure of the rock above the borings, which not infrequently causes sudden falls.

From where the train stopped we walked down a side gallery until we came to a narrow passage sloping downwards, where several Kaffirs, under the supervision of white foremen, were boring holes into the rock for the dynamite charges which bring down the ore. They use compressed air drills called "jackhammers," which work under a constant jet of water injected through them by a hose. In action they are very like the road-breaking machines used in England.

The Reef of gold-bearing formation lying underneath Johannesburg resembles a sandwich, with the quartz, out of which the gold is crushed, as the meat in it. This golden sandwich stretches for miles in a downward sloping direction underground, and it is not yet known where the gold deposits end, or whether the vein of quartz reaches the surface again in some place not yet discovered.

Besides the rattle of the jackhammers one hears constantly underground the steady beat of

the pumps which raise 130,000,000 gallons of water to the surface every month, and standing in the galleries are to be found telephone call-boxes which are some of the oddest in the world, for they are connected with the regular Post Office system in use on the surface, although they stand 3,000 feet below it.

Gold-mining is really no more than underground quarrying. When the ore reaches the surface it is taken to the "stamp batteries," which grind it to the fineness of sand. From there it passes into steel cylinders, where this gold-bearing sand is mixed with water and worked to the consistency of slime. Then it flows over tables covered with corduroy "strakes," which catch some of the gold on their surface. From here the pulp passes into large vats, where the gold is dissolved out of it by a solution of potassium cyanide, and the final stage in the process of extraction is the precipitation of the dissolved gold from the cyanide solution onto zinc shavings contained in large steel boxes.

It is thus a laborious and expensive process, only to be undertaken with considerable capital, by which the gold is won from the Rand. Indeed, until it emerges from the chemical solution, the unaccustomed eye can detect no sign of the presence of gold. There are no veins of glittering, pure metal. The "banket" as the rich quartz is called, looks like nothing so much as white almond paste occurring in streaks among the rock.

Even when the gold is finally smelted into one of the thousand-ounce "bricks," worth £3,000, in which it leaves the mine, it is not absolutely pure. For silver and traces of platinum are found in the

Reef, and also occasional deposits of a very hard metal called osmiridium, which is used for making fountain-pen points. So that the last stage in the production of gold is the refining of it up to a purity of 995.5 per thousand, while the remains of the rock which bore it, crushed to the consistency of crumbled chalk, are carried in endless strings of little black trucks that go climbing a rope-way track to be emptied on the top of one of those great, grey cliffs which rise, like monuments to the industry of Johannesburg, for thirty miles on either side of the city.

The white gold miners of South Africa are well paid. Their wages average about £10 a week, and the work, which used to be particularly deadly owing to the virtual certainty of contracting consumption through breathing air laden with the fine dust of hard quartz, has been made much more healthy by the system of surrounding the heads of the drills with a constant stream of water.

CHAPTER XVII.

HUMOURS OF BECHUANALAND.

THREE days after leaving Johannesburg the Prince was due in Southern Rhodesia, one of those twin Crown Colonies which lie beyond the northern frontier of the Transvaal. But on the way two calls had to be made, one at Mafeking, and the other at the native territory of Bechuanaland.

What struck all of us from England as odd about Mafeking was that its famous siege twenty-five years ago, when the town was defended for two hundred and seventeen days against the Boers by General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, then of the rank of Colonel, with a garrison of less than a thousand men, seemed to be remembered far better by us than by the town's present inhabitants. To most of the Prince's party the town's name calls up some of the most vivid recollections of boyhood, but modern Mafeking thinks about its famous siege no more than the citizens of London recall Charles I. as they walk along Whitehall. As the Prince put it: "Mafeking must always be of interest to a soldier, but it is earnestly to be hoped that war will never again come here, and that the town will be permitted in the future to expend its energies in solving the problems of peace."

Surrounded by the cloud of white dust left by a mounted escort, and accompanied all the way by

shrill, gargling squeals of welcome from Bechuana women of the Baralong tribe which lives round Mafeking, we drove through a very clean and picturesque native village of little one-room white-washed huts, set inside surrounding walls of red clay and overshadowed by feathery pepper trees. But these Bechuanas are a poor type of native in comparison with the stalwart Zulus we had seen a week or two before, and to an onlooker it seemed a mistake that their chiefs should be lounging in leather arm-chairs while the Prince remained standing throughout the ceremony of their reception. The headquarters of the Bechuanaland Protectorate, which is administered by the Imperial Government acting through the Governor-General of South Africa, to whom an "Imperial Secretary" is attached, has its headquarters here in Mafeking, some fifteen miles outside the territory of the Protectorate itself.

Modern Mafeking is a wide-spread village of broad, sandy roads, lined with pepper trees and with little verandahed bungalows. All round it stretches an immense vista of flat brown veld. It was from near here that Dr. Jameson started in 1895 upon his famous "Raid" on Johannesburg, the object of which was to force the hand of the British Imperial Government, and compel it to intervene with President Kruger in favour of the tax-burdened and voteless Outlanders in the Transvaal. This misguided enterprise was the principal factor in bringing on the Anglo-Boer War that started in 1899.

But, fortunately for its prosperity, Mafeking now lives under more peaceful conditions and the only visible relic of its stirring past is the faded and torn Union Jack which throughout the siege flew

over Baden-Powell's headquarters in Dixon's Hotel, and now hangs in a glass case on the walls of Mafeking Town Hall.]

To get to Serowe, the capital of Bechuanaland, the Royal Party had to leave their train at a station called Palapye Road, and motor thirty-five miles over a rough track through the bush. The Bechuana tribe which we were visiting is known as the Bamangwato, and their last great Chief was Khama, who was converted to Christianity by Dr. Livingstone and who died as recently as February, 1923.

This chieftain's territory began to attract attention when Rhodes conceived his great scheme for British Imperial expansion towards the centre of Africa, which bore eventual fruit in the foundation of Rhodesia. To acquire a right-of-way to this new territory it was necessary to come to a satisfactory arrangement with native chiefs whose lands lay outside the recognized borders of the Transvaal. Accordingly Khama, who visited England and was received by Queen Victoria, was persuaded to cede a strip of territory a hundred yards wide for the building of a railway to the north. But rather than allow his tribe to be exposed to the contamination of their native custom by contact with the white man, he burnt down his capital at Palapye, through which the line now passes, and removed it thirty-five miles away to Serowe. Another of his edicts was the total prohibition of all alcoholic drinks among his people, and the Prince congratulated the present Paramount Chief, Khama's son, Sekgoma, on maintaining the same rule.

There are about 150,000 natives in the Bechuanaland Protectorate, all of them concentrated in the eastern portion, for the west of the country

has no water. Cattle is the principal wealth of the people, though rinderpest and lung sickness, together with an embargo on the importation of cattle into the Union of South Africa of less than 800 lb. live weight, have placed a handicap on the prosperity of the nation. The Imperial Cold Storage Co. has recently arranged to open slaughter-houses and a refrigerator in Bechuanaland, and will have a monopoly of selling the live stock it produces.

As we drove through rough country, studded with thorn bushes and low trees, towards Serowe, we passed a big steep, green, tree-crowned kopje, which was the scene of a great battle that Khama and his Bamangwatos fought with the Matabele. The Matabele were a branch of the Zulus, whom we had seen near the coast of Natal. They were driven away from there by the great Zulu despot Chaka, and, under a chief named Moselikatze, they marched northward into what is now Rhodesia, conquering and ravaging as they went. Khama, however, resisted them, and kept his country free from invasion. Not a native in Bechuanaland, we were told, could be persuaded to spend a night on the top of that kopje where that decisive battle was fought, for they believe that the place is visited by the ghosts of the warriors who fell there.

We little expected the extraordinary spectacle that awaited us at Serowe. As we drew near the beehive shaped, straw-roofed huts of this rambling village, we found the road lined by figures dressed in such fantastic uniforms as gave one the impression of having reached Hollywood during the filming of some particularly burlesque comic opera. These were the warriors of Chief Sekgoma's army, and they looked like negro supers in the quaintest clothes



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[Central News

SEROWE.—AT THE INDABA. THE "WHITE HUSSARS" WHOSE MOUNTS WERE SOMEWHAT VARIED.

ever devised by a pantomime director. One long row of about two hundred was dressed in a travesty of Highlander costume—a veritable "Black Watch"—their ebony faces being surmounted by even blacker bearskins. They had tunics of scarlet, faced with plastrons of the brightest sky-blue. Below came kilts, made of any sort of material with a check in its pattern, and their outfit was completed by socks attached to their spindly shanks with elastic suspenders, followed by brown boots and spats, worn, in most cases, on the wrong feet.

Another regiment of this Bamangwato Militia

had paraded to meet the Prince in brilliant mustard-coloured trousers, tunics and caps, and looked for all the world as if it were mobilized to sell programmes outside a cinema-palace. Then appeared an array all in white, with touzled white fur head-dresses, like Robinson Crusoe's skin cap. There were Generals in naval cocked hats, and Admirals in spurs, while the Colonel of the "Highlanders" wore a busby of Hussar pattern.

None of these Bechuanaland warriors carried arms, which are forbidden, and the regiments are, indeed, only mobilized for such public works as road making. The brilliant show with which they were able to greet the Prince is a consequence of Khama's visit to England in 1895. There an enterprising theatrical costumier got hold of him, and persuaded him to purchase some of the showiest military dresses that stage fancy had ever conceived. Since that time the Bamangwatos have boasted the most chromatic army in the world.

There was something theatrical, too, in the surroundings amid which the Prince met their parade. The scene lay in a steep amphitheatre, the sides of which were studded with green trees and romantically piled rocks. On flat ground in the middle the vivid ranks of Sekgoma's troops were drawn up in close formation to the number of about two thousand. Their Chief wore a dark blue uniform, with gold lace, sword-belt and epaulettes. His wife was with him, wearing European dress and a brown hat, while his mother, Khama's widow, was dressed in white silk with a coloured silk scarf upon her head. The Prince, wearing his red Welsh Guards uniform, was greeted by Sekgoma as "Son of the Great Cloud who Dwells beyond the Seas,

King George," whereupon his well-drilled followers all shouted "*Kula*" (Peace!) and waved their many-coloured head-dresses.

After the usual exchange of presents we climbed up a road specially built by the Bechuana army, to a lofty ridge from which a broad plain could be seen stretching into the far distance. On this high place, in the midst of an irregular pile of sandstone rocks, a space had been cleared where a white marble pedestal marked the grave of the great Chief Khama. It was surmounted by the bronze figure of a duiker, a small antelope which is the totem of Khama's family, and whose flesh is consequently never eaten by them. This the Prince unveiled, and in its simplicity and appropriateness it will stand there as one of the most attractive memorials in the whole of Africa.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE ROMANCE OF RHODESIA.

THE two Rhodesias, Southern and Northern, are territory which was acquired for the British Empire by the vision and the energy of Cecil Rhodes. Southern Rhodesia lies to the north of the Transvaal, separated from it by the Limpopo or Crocodile River, and the boundary between Southern and Northern Rhodesia mainly follows the still greater stream of the Zambesi.

Nearly a hundred years ago, when Moselikatze was driven out of Zululand by Chaka and marched up into the interior of Africa, overwhelming with his disciplined *impis* nearly all the tribes in his path except the Bechuanas, whom we described in the last chapter, he eventually established himself in the heart of the high tableland which lies northward from the Transvaal. Here was a fertile land, rich in grass, and literally overrun by enormous herds of game. Vast droves of antelope provided an unlimited meat supply for his warriors, and the ground responded readily to the cultivation of their women. Moreover the native inhabitants of this rich country, the people of the Mashonas, were unwarlike and easily reduced to serfdom. It was here, accordingly, that Moselikatze established himself, setting up a state as imposing and despotic as that of the great Zulu overlord, Chaka, from

whose power he had fled. The Matabele king's kraal was built at a place where the pleasant town of Bulawayo now stands, and round it were permanently encamped many thousands of his magnificent warriors, whose imposing uniform of ostrich plumes and skins of wild animals was in keeping with their formidable fighting capacity against everything but modern weapons.

But risky though it was to venture into the country of this black despot, rumours dating from very ancient days told of the existence of gold in the Matabele country, and prospectors from time to time took their lives in their hands to seek it. Under Moselikatse they had no success, for the Matabele chief realized that his power depended upon keeping the white man out of his country, and issued a decree that any native finding gold in the river sand must throw it back again under pain of death.

In the days of Lobengula, his successor, however, the arrival of white gold seekers became more frequent. It was the time of great Imperial enterprise. The travels of Livingstone, Stanley, Moffat and other great missionaries and explorers had fired the imagination of the people of England. The discovery of diamonds at Kimberley and gold at Johannesburg seemed to promise a possibility of the discovery of immense wealth in the practically yet unexplored countries which lay immediately to the north of the area of white settlement in South Africa. The steadfast opposition shown by the Boers of the Transvaal to the granting of any political rights to the many thousands of gold-miners from abroad who had settled in their country, made the English colonists of the Cape the more anxious to

be the first in establishing themselves on the lands that still remained to be developed.

Those lands, however, were not easily to be won. Since the Zulus had been finally defeated in 1879 the Matabele were the most formidable native fighting race left in South Africa. Lobengula still kept up a military discipline similar to Chaka's. The young males of his own tribe and boys captured from other tribes were trained to war from earliest youth, and fed almost entirely on a meat diet, which killed those of weak constitution but made the rest particularly robust and fierce. They were forbidden to marry until they were thirty-five and had killed a man in battle. Regular raids upon Mashona and other tribes were organized for the purpose of giving young warriors an opportunity of thus qualifying for matrimony, but after two defeats from the Boers the Matabele had ceased to molest Europeans.

During the eighties of the last century two men were eagerly making preparations to secure an entrance for their countrymen into Lobengula's territory. They were Paul Kruger, President of the Transvaal, who wanted more farming land for the growing families of his burghers, and Cecil Rhodes, the far-seeing and determined Englishman, who had made a huge fortune out of diamonds and gold, and had already conceived the idea of carrying British rule right up to Lake Tanganyika, three thousand miles into the heart of Africa. By insistence or by persuasion, negotiations with Lobengula were carried on by Rhodes's agents, until in 1888 a mining concession, giving the exclusive right to work all metals found in the Matabele dominions, was obtained.

At first the British Government, then under Lord Salisbury, was very chary of being drawn into any of Rhodes's ambitious schemes, but in 1889 the Government granted a Charter to the "British South Africa Company" to work minerals and engage in trade and colonization throughout the whole of Central Africa to the north of the Transvaal, outside the existing Portuguese borders. Great enthusiasm was aroused among the British public for this scheme and *The Times* described Rhodesia as "a land of Goshen," three times as large as the United Kingdom, "fabulously rich, we are told, in precious metals."

It now remained, however, to deal with Lobengula and his Matabele, who were in actual and formidable possession of the land which the British South Africa Company intended to work. To begin with, the British Government sent out a delegation to announce the Charter to Lobengula. It was accompanied by a military band and three very tall Life-Guardsmen, in full magnificence of breast-plates and jack-boots. This impressed Lobengula immensely, but his young warriors were not so ready as he himself to admit the white prospectors, and Rhodes realized that there would be great risk in sending anything but a well-armed force into Matabele-land. There had to be no delay, however, or the Boers might steal a march on him, so a column of two hundred and fifty men was fitted out under the command of a young prospector of twenty-three, named Frank Johnson, who knew the country, and who won Rhodes's confidence at a casual meeting in Kimberley. Colonel Johnson, as he is now called, still lives in Rhodesia and met the Prince of Wales at Bulawayo.

Even in the composition of this column of pioneers, Rhodes showed his calculating genius. He insisted, first of all, that men of a widely representative selection of trades and professions should be chosen, so that when the settlers had taken up a residence on the 3,000-acre farms and the gold claims which were promised to them as an inducement to join, they should have among them the makings of a complete community. Thus among the two hundred and fifty were doctors, lawyers, builders, tailors, butchers, bakers, engineers, miners, farmers, ranchmen and soldiers. There were even three clergymen, the skipper of a steamship line, and a Royal Naval midshipman, then on leave in South Africa, who has since become an Admiral. Another rather cold-blooded requirement made by Rhodes was that the pioneers should be drawn from among the Dutch as well as the British residents of Cape Colony, so that if they were massacred by the Matabele, indignation in the Colony should be sufficiently widespread among all sections of the population for a punitive expedition to be demanded by the whole population.

Guided by Frank Selous, the well-known scout, this strange expedition finally set out from the northern border of Bechuanaland on a 400-mile march into the heart of the Matabele country. For half the distance their route lay across low swampy land thick with bush, through which a road had to be cut. They were in constant danger of ambush until they reached the high open country beyond, but though messages were twice received from Lobengula ordering them back, they were not opposed, and finally, after eleven weeks' trek, they reached a place where they founded the town

of Salisbury, which is now the capital of Southern Rhodesia.

Thus was British settlement begun in what has since grown into a tolerably prosperous Crown Colony. The South Africa Company went through hard times first. Gold was not discovered in paying quantities. The cost of administration was great. The Chartered Company's shares fell from a high premium to below par. The settlers were so far from a port that supplies cost fantastic prices. A sixpenny pot of jam fetched £3 in Salisbury, and, except for meat and native corn, foodstuffs were almost unobtainable.

Lobengula and his Matabele warriors regarded this arrival of white settlers with dismay. The Mashonas, who had long been treated as serfs by the Matabele, began, however, to turn to the whites for protection. In 1893 Lobengula sent an *impi* to punish some Mashonas who had stolen cattle, and fighting occurred close to one of the new British settlements. The British attacked the Matabele, and marched on Bulawayo. Before they arrived, Lobengula blew up his royal kraal and fled northwards. The only British casualties occurred when a patrol under Captain Alan Wilson, which had been sent in pursuit, was surrounded at the Shangani River by an overwhelming force of the king's body-guard, and killed to the last man.

Lobengula died after a few months as a fugitive. This last of the great native monarchs of South Africa was in some respects a pathetic figure. Blood-thirsty enough, but not more so than was the traditional practice of his people, he had shown himself loyal and scrupulous in his dealings with the first white men with whom he had come into

contact, protecting them against the impatient anger of his ferocious warriors. Even when the white settlers were marching victoriously upon his kraal, he posted a guard to protect the four European traders living there, who had not escaped in time. It was his fate to find himself a last barrier across the path of the irresistible force of white penetration into the interior of the continent.

But all danger from the Matabele was not over with the disappearance of Lobengula. In 1896 the Matabele, who had many grievances, some real, some imaginary, against the English, rose in rebellion. They began by massacring whole families living on outlying farms, and Bulawayo, by now a town of 4,000 inhabitants, soon found itself in a state of siege. It was relieved by two columns, one commanded by Colonel Plumer, afterwards the well-known General, from Mafeking, and the other led by Rhodes himself, from Salisbury. After the defeat of the Matabele, Rhodes, with only four Europeans, rode out into the wild hill-country of the Matoppos, and there for days conducted negotiations with the Matabele chiefs which eventually resulted in a settlement.

In the year before this, 1895, the country was officially named Rhodesia. It will thus remain as a great memorial to a great man, and when Rhodes died in 1902 it was his last wish that he should be buried on the top of one of those bare rocky hills of the Matoppos which gives the widest view of the country that his restless ambition had added to the Empire.

The Chartered Company continued to administer Rhodesia until 1923, when the two colonies, Northern and Southern, were brought

directly under the Crown with Responsible Government, but the Chartered Company continues its commercial activity as the owner of very large quantities of land and of mineral rights.

Rhodesia has from the first been distinguished among British colonies by the high type of settler it has attracted. Its remoteness from the sea, and the consequent high price of farming machinery, has made it a country where agriculture requires a certain amount of capital. Young men of good education and family are consequently to be found there in a larger proportion than elsewhere, and one obtains in Rhodesia the impression of a happy community of settlers, who, despite adversities of drought and deluge which have hitherto prevented most of them from making the success they expected, are nevertheless high-spirited enough to get a great deal of satisfaction out of life.

We arrived in Bulawayo on the morning of June 29th, and drove down the broad main street of the town to Rhodes's statue, where Sir John Chancellor, the Governor of Southern Rhodesia gave the Prince official welcome. The sun shone brilliantly, the air was bracing, and it gave one a sense of the vigour of the British race to remember that thirty-five years ago, on the very sight of this pleasant town of picturesque villas standing amid green lawns, was the armed camp of an almost naked native despot. In the grounds of Government House, a charming place built by Rhodes in the old Dutch style, still stands the tree under which Lobengula used to pronounce sentence of death, and within sight is a steep cliff where the doomed men met their end by being made to jump from the top, an executioner with a knobkerry being stationed at

the edge to despatch victims who hesitated too long in taking off.

As everywhere throughout Rhodesia, the creative touch of Rhodes is conspicuous in Bulawayo. Government House is reached through a splendid avenue of firs nearly two miles long, planted by his order, and close to the house itself stands a small white-washed "rondavel," or circular hut, with a thatched roof. It looks oddly out of place there until you learn that this was Rhodes's first dwelling-place in the country.

At the foot of a long green lawn sloping down from Government House, there was a big gathering in the afternoon of the chieftains and indunas of the Matabele, many of them veterans of the wars of 1893 and 1896, among them being the son of Lobengula. They greeted the Prince, with complicated metaphor, as "Star of the North, cleaving the skies, who has come over the seas after scattering the Kaiser's hosts." This sonorous welcome was pronounced by the very chief who had led the attack on Captain Alan Wilson's patrol on the Shangani River. The Prince, in his reply, commended the loyalty to the British Empire which the Matabele had shown during the Great War by enlisting as carriers for East Africa. He quoted a Matabele proverb that "the loyalty of the tongue is not equal to the loyalty of the spear," and told his Matabele hearers that it was known to the King that many of their young men had served him well in the late war with the spear.

Two places in Southern Rhodesia must always be visited by travellers from abroad. They are Rhodes's grave in the Matoppo Hills, and the mysterious and ancient ruins of Zimbabwe. July 1st



Copyright MATOPPO HILLS.—THE GRAVE OF THE LATE CECIL RHODES.

and 2nd were chiefly taken up with these memorable experiences. To the Matoppos we motored from Bulawayo, seeing all the way traces of Rhodes's powerful personality—first in the broad streets of the town he planned, then in the great dam which he had caused to be built to water the estate reserved for himself on the outskirts of Bulawayo. This place is a natural park with all the appearance of having been created for a giant's playground, for it is full of massive and irregular outcrops of rock which tower above the trees in the most fantastic shapes—like elephants or horses, sphinxes or castles—just as if they were the work of some whimsical Cyclops.

From the park a long but not particularly steep ascent leads up to the isolated tableland where Rhodes's grave lies. His body was buried beneath

a slab of bronze bearing the words: "Here lies Cecil John Rhodes," and all round is a circle of gigantic spherical boulders, laid there by some freak of Nature with the regularity of a ring of marbles.

One of Rhodes's intimate friends, Mr. J. G. McDonald, Chairman of the Rhodesian Chamber of Mines, was with the Prince, and told him how Rhodes came to choose for himself this magnificent resting-place. He was camping in the Matoppo Hills at the end of the Matabele Rebellion of 1896, waiting for some insurgent chiefs to come in and make their submission. Rhodes had been out for a walk among the hills one day, and returned exclaiming: "I have found one of the views of the world!" There and then his grandiose imagination conceived the idea of making this stately height a tomb, not only for himself but for all those who "deserved well" of the country which he had founded. Dr. Jameson, his faithful right-hand man, already shares his leader's resting-place, and further down the rough slope of rocks rises a striking marble memorial, the tomb of Major Alan Wilson and the thirty-four men who fell with him on the Shangani River while pursuing Lobengula.

The "View of the World," as it is now called, is a natural sanctuary, rising like a stupendous altar high above a wilderness of rough volcanic rock that stretches to the horizon on every side. Some great natural convulsion thrust it up when the world was being made, and left all around it marks of elemental force amid which a memorial to the turbulent and creative genius of Rhodes finds a fit setting.

Rhodesia is distinct from the rest of South

Africa by the fact of possessing striking memorials which reveal the existence there of a high degree of civilization in the past. In the Union there is nothing that takes one's mind back more than a few hundred years except a few primitive drawings of hunting scenes worked by Bushmen on the walls of caves, but Rhodesia possesses work that can only have been carried out by people of a high degree of civilization and technical skill. These memorials are of two kinds—first, the ancient gold workings, which occur over an area four hundred miles square. In some prehistoric time, by workers of whom we know nothing, millions of tons of gold-bearing rock have been extracted from these fields, and modern mining engineers say that even the oldest of the mines reveal a very high degree of skill in extraction. Many are over a hundred feet in depth, and have workings underground totalling thousands of feet in length. It is, indeed, believed that the gold which we are told furnished the great Temple of Jerusalem, and was "nothing accounted of in the days of Solomon," came from these Rhodesian shafts, extracted by Arabs employing Indian labour.

But even more picturesque and romantic than the ancient gold mines are the mysterious, elaborate and substantial ruins of temples, fortresses and palaces which occur in different parts of a country that almost within the memory of living man was inhabited only by primitive Bantu tribes living in thatched huts, ignorant of the use of machinery and the arts of quarrying and architecture.

When white men in the middle of the last century first began to penetrate the then unknown wilderness which is now Rhodesia, they heard with incredulity from the natives, and afterwards

themselves discovered with surprise and amazement, the imposing and unmistakable evidence that well over a thousand years ago, within the very shortest time-limit, this country was inhabited by a clever, warlike, civilized, imperial race who built there cities more substantial than those which British enterprise has yet created, and evidently employed labour on a far larger scale than the industrial development of Rhodesia requires to-day.

To what race belonged the architects, the craftsmen, the priests, the soldiers and the traders, who built and occupied the great stone city of Zimbabwe? We certainly do not know now, and the probability is that we shall never know. It is no wonder that romantic writers like Rider Haggard chose these newly discovered ruins as the scene in which to lay the imaginary realm of a mysterious and magical White Queen.

"She who must be obeyed," the strange white woman monarch who is the heroine. "She" is a character based upon a traditional native chieftainess named Modjadje. The prestige of this ruler extended over the whole of South Africa. She absolutely refused to see any European, and when the first Boers arrived on the outskirts of her country, and tried to negotiate with her, she was invariably represented by her sister. Among these early pioneers the tradition certainly circulated that Modjadje was white, with long hair and blue eyes. When she was very old, a Transvaal police officer arrived at her kraal in pursuit of two native murderers and demanded to see the Woman Chief. A bundle in a blanket was carried out. "It contained," says Mr. B. H. Dicke, an authority on the history of this part of Africa, "a mummified something, a woman,

very old, but native, with native hair. Lieutenant Du Toit had his request to have the murderers handed over translated. There was no discussion with the headmen, but a croaking, unearthly voice, emanating from the mummy, gave an order, and without any further delay, or trouble or contradiction, the murderers were brought forth. Such was yet the power of that mummified being."

Mr. Dicke considers that the tradition that this native despot was a white woman is due, possibly, to the fact that a certain amount of Arab blood undoubtedly survives in the group of tribes to which she belonged, and he thinks that the real Modjadje, who may quite possibly not have been the woman whom the Boer police officer saw, was very light in colour.

But whoever built the ruins of Great Zimbabwe there they stand, partly in the valley, partly on a high hill, surmounted by a great stone fortress. They have been sadly damaged by the digging of the first white gold-seekers who arrived in the country fifty years ago, and believed that under these ancient buildings they would find long concealed stores of treasure. One approaches them along a beautiful valley, out of which the sheer grey walls of the mysterious Temple rise in the sunlight, still strong and substantial, with narrow passages and cramped gateways that seem designed to make it impossible for people to move about them except in single file. There is no outlook through these forty-foot-high blind walls upon the pleasant hills and valleys round about. It seems as if the people who, within this Temple-fortress, carried on a worship which apparently centred in a huge conical pillar of solid stones, either intended that their rites should

be kept a close secret from all but their initiates, or else that they lived in dread of some ever-besetting danger.

Below the Temple the ground sinks across a gentle valley covered with vestiges of buildings, not yet freed from the growth of vegetation and the earth which has accumulated on them through many centuries, to the foot of a high hill of almost precipitous rock whose top is elaborately and scientifically fortified as if for a place of supreme resistance.

The Temple itself has been carefully cleared of rubbish under the direction of the Southern Rhodesian Government. It is a maze of narrow passages within, most of them leading to that strange



obelisk, called the Conical Tower, 31 feet high and with a base circumference of $57\frac{1}{2}$ feet, which was apparently the symbol of worship—a symbol found in many parts of the world, especially in India, but certainly not characteristic of the black tribes of South Africa. The walls are built of great granite blocks, laid without mortar, and built with such skill that they are as firm to-day as when these deserted ruins teemed with life.

Here are the works of a race with powers of organization and intelligence beyond all comparison superior to those of the native tribes among whom they worked. Yet their higher civilization was, in some way we do not know, submerged by the black races, and vanished almost as completely as if it had never been. At the present time high civilization is once more spreading throughout South Africa, and works of the highest existing form of world-culture are being erected there. Yet the white people responsible for this are only a small minority—1,500,000 souls—in the midst of an immensely larger and fast increasing mass of the negro race. If white civilization in Africa is not to meet the fate of former settlements, something must be done to increase its supply of recruits. Walking among the stones of Zimbabwe, that bear witness to a vanished mighty past, one could not help remembering the warning once uttered by the South African Premier, General Smuts: that if South Africa fails to develop its white population, the day may come when "little brown children will play among the ruins of the Union Government building at Pretoria."

CHAPTER XIX.

A COUNTRY OF LONELY SPACES.

THE week-end from July 3rd to July 5th was spent by the Prince under particularly agreeable conditions. He and his party were the guests of a large ranching organization known as the Central Estates. Their property is divided by wire fences into very large enclosures, some seven miles by three, and in the characteristic "bush" which these contain, herds of eland, sable antelope, kudu, zebra, and wildebeests graze in what is virtually a wild state.

So that the Prince might have the opportunity of a little South African shooting a very fine encampment had been pitched for him twenty miles from the Railway, in the heart of the 360 square miles of the Central Estates' property. It was probably the finest camp that has ever been erected in South Africa, being a small village of grass huts, erected round a large central quadrangle, which contained even a specially prepared hard tennis court, made from fine earth taken from ant-hills, where also stood two magnificent thorn-trees eighty feet high, under which at night great camp fires burned where the whole party gathered to sing songs.

There was a great deal of game, but it was by no means easy to shoot. The Prince on his second day killed a wildebeeste, but as he said, "Whenever

I tried to get within shot of them, they wagged their tails at me and galloped away."

The wildebeeste is also called the Brindled Gnu, it is the size of a pony and looks rather like a buffalo with thick, curling horns, hairy throat, and bushy mane. When wounded, they are capable of making a dangerous charge, and they are very hard to kill outright with anything less than a bullet through the heart. Others of the party got specimens of eland, and sable antelope, the latter of which have magnificent long scimitar-shaped horns.

We were divided into small parties of two for shooting, each pair accompanied by several native gunboys, who padded along tirelessly throughout the hot day, though we were on horseback until within sight of the game. Then to get within two hundred yards of them, which is the usual distance for a shot, it was necessary to start on a crawl through the rough grass on hands and knees. To accomplish this under a blazing sun, dragging a heavy rifle, and in momentary expectation of coming upon a puff-adder or a black mamba snake, was sufficiently trying to give the game more than a sporting chance of escape when an inexperienced hunter came to take his shot.

The powers of eyesight which the Kaffir trackers accompanying us possessed were quite amazing. They would point into the heart of a thick clump of trees hundreds of yards away, and say in their native tongue, "three wildebeeste" or "four eland." And though one stared at the place they indicated through a field-glass of eight diameters' magnification, it was generally several minutes before the faint movement of a head among the trees could be distinguished. Some of these young native men

were magnificent figures of muscular development, the result of hard work and spare living. One felt ashamed of the three daily square meals which civilization regards as necessary, when the reply of a Kaffir boy was translated to whom a guinea-fowl was given, which I shot soon after leaving camp. My companion, who spoke his language, remarked to him, "Well, you won't be hungry to-day, anyhow." "As though it were possible to get hungry in one day!" was the half scornful reply.

On the Sunday we left camp and motored to a place called Range, where there was another indaba of about eight thousand Matabele, Shangaan and Mashona natives. The Shangaans performed quite the most extraordinary dance of the whole tour. For nerve, vigour, precision and peculiarity it equalled anything one had ever seen upon an English stage. The front row consisted of fifty young men hung about with grass frills and fringes, whose acrobatic efforts were stimulated by about half as many shrill-toned and wide-mouthed Shangaan maidens behind them.

Facing the group stood a conductor upon whose bare black chest hung a football referee's whistle with which he controlled the dance, and so well drilled were his pupils that the most complicated and fantastic steps and contortions were carried out with the unison of marionettes.

The climax of the first dance sent all the young men suddenly to the ground squatting between each other's legs, where they swayed backwards and forwards from the hips, looking like a boat-race crew, and finally collapsing flat on their backs in a thoroughly "rowed-out" condition. This, we were told, was a dance called "Mpupa," and

represented the dreams of fathers living at home in Rhodesia about their sons working far away in the gold mines of Johannesburg. Another dance was supposed to interpret the emotions of the Shangaans at their first sight of an aeroplane, but Shangaan dancing must be conducted on futurist principles, for there was nothing in it that gave the clue to the meaning which it symbolized.

Another interesting feature of the Range indaba was a set of native iron-founders working with their primitive smelting appliances. Their little furnaces are cone-shaped and built of clay, and bellows of goatskin keep the charcoal fires at white heat.

As we went on travelling through the great open spaces of Rhodesia it occurred to one's mind with something of a shock that the whole of this great area of 450,000 square miles, four times that of Great Britain, contains a white population less than that of an English provincial town like Torquay. The distances separating Rhodesia's centres of population are astonishing. Two or three places that would hardly be counted even as villages in England, are scattered over the area of an English county, and when one remembers all these pale-faced, cloth-capped youths to be seen hanging about the streets of any British industrial town, for whom the hope of a decent livelihood, won by honest working, has been so much reduced by the trade depression following on the War, it causes keen regret that they cannot, while still young, be brought out to fill up the blank spaces of this country of great possibilities where open-air life develops such fine types of men and women.

The Prince himself made several references to this in the course of his tour. "I hope," he said,

“that, in co-operation with the Imperial Government, all encouragement and assistance will be given to men and women from an overcrowded island to come and make their homes here in this healthy country, with all that it offers of health, wealth and happiness to those prepared to work.”

It was encouraging to learn in Rhodesia that a practical scheme is on the point of coming into operation for bringing out from England a regular annual contingent of settlers, drawn from a class outside that very limited number of would-be emigrants who have £3,000 or £4,000 capital to start with.

The arrangement is that the Overseas Appointments Board of the Colonial Office shall select suitable men, with only a few hundred pounds' capital and that this sum should be doubled or trebled by grants from the Imperial and Southern Rhodesian Governments.

The men thus chosen and subsidized would first spend a year of apprenticeship on Rhodesian farms to learn the ways of the country. Then when they were ready to take up land of their own, the Government would grant it to them on deferred terms, so that their small capital might enable them to make a start.

There was a fine spirit about these Rhodesians, a gay delight in the daily routine of life, and a habit of taking troubles lightly. Fortune had damaged some of its settlers, but never discouraged them. We saw the Colony at a time when a season of excessive rain had just ruined its harvest, and another plague—East Coast sickness—was threatening its cattle. But every face was still smiling, and the atmosphere of the country is full of that devil-may-

care, never-say-die spirit to which most of the British Empire owes its foundation.

There are still romantic possibilities for settlers in this far from fully exploited Colony. How vast are its possibilities is well instanced by the story of the gold mine which the Prince visited at Que Que. That mine produces £250,000 of gold a year. Yet its original owner some thirty years ago paid one single Kaffir blanket for it—to the native who guided him there—and later sold his discovery for £600. Yet another perfectly true romance of Rhodesia was the case of a miner who drilled a hole into rock for the purpose of blasting, and then in a sudden fit of discouragement gave up his claim without troubling to explode the cartridge. A year or two later another prospector came along, put a fresh cartridge into the abandoned drilling, and discovered, by that single blast, what is now the Sherwood Starr Mine, at Gatooma, one of the richest individual workings in the whole of Rhodesia.

It is not only in gold, however, nor in platinum, the latest mineral hope of Rhodesia, that the prospects of the Colony's prosperity lie. Cotton-growing is spreading rapidly, and Rhodesia has hopes that, thanks to an Imperial preference of 2s. a lb., they will be able to undersell the American producer of Virginia tobacco, who ships 200,000,000 lb. of his crop to Great Britain every year. At present Rhodesia produces only 3,000,000 lb. of tobacco annually and sells it all in South Africa, but if she can find a market in England her output of tobacco can be very greatly increased.

We had two more days in Southern Rhodesia, at its capital town, Salisbury, before crossing the

Zambesi River into Northern Rhodesia. There was a magnificent show of Rhodesian manhood at the Prince's review of ex-Service men in Salisbury. It was no ordinary march-past; it was a parade of the sons of Anak. The average height of these five hundred or more veterans of Rhodesia's many wars, big and little, was over 6 feet, rather than below it, and men of 14 or 15 stone, made up of nothing but bone and muscle, were plentiful. Yet that splendid array of settlers could give away little to the School Cadets who followed them. The Senior Company of these was made up of boys of simply abnormal size—6 feet 2 and 6 feet 3 in height, with long sinewy legs and big bony knees, as formidable-looking a lot of lads as one had ever seen.

That evening, at Government House, the Prince brought a most successful visit to a suitable close by announcing after dinner that he had just received a cable from the King authorizing him to confer upon Sir John Chancellor, the Governor of Southern Rhodesia, the high distinction of a Grand Cross of the Victorian Order, which is a special mark of Royal favour. The Prince borrowed the broad blue ribbon edged with red and white of the Order worn by his Chief of Staff, Admiral Halsey, for the purpose of investing the Governor.

CHAPTER XX.

THE WONDER OF THE VICTORIA FALLS.

NORTHERN RHODESIA has a European population of under five thousand, and native inhabitants numbering a million. Consequently, instead of having Responsible Government, like Southern Rhodesia (which is what the rest of South Africa had until the Union), Northern Rhodesia is a Crown Colony, administered by the Colonial Office, with a small elected Legislative Assembly to advise the Governor. After the Chartered Company gave up the administration of Rhodesia in 1923 the question arose as to whether these two Colonies should not be incorporated with the Union of South Africa. General Smuts, who was then Premier of the Union, was anxious to secure the inclusion of additional British settlers. He offered to take over the Rhodesian Railways, which are the biggest industrial undertaking, on very favourable terms. But Sir Francis Newton and Sir Charles Coghlan, who is now Premier of Southern Rhodesia, proposed an alternative scheme of Responsible Government for the latter Colony. And a referendum of the white population was held in 1923 to decide the question. The British population of Rhodesia feared that amalgamation with the Union might lead to their territory being used as a dumping-ground for the

"poor whites," who are the constant problem of the South African Government. In South Africa the impoverished white man cannot turn to unskilled labour as a means of livelihood, for all this is done by the Kaffir, who is content with a wage much below that necessary to support a European, and, moreover, in the interests of the prestige of the white race it is undesirable that a white man should compete in the black labour market.

The amalgamation with the rest of South Africa was consequently rejected in Rhodesia by a majority of two to one, but the fusion still remains a possibility of the political future.

Another scheme, which was recently recommended by the Under Secretary of State for the



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Colonies, is the amalgamation of all the five British tropical colonies in Eastern Africa—Southern Rhodesia, Northern Rhodesia, Tanganyika, Kenya and Uganda into one group under a Governor-General. One circumstance which would at present act against this is the existence of a large forest-belt, in the north-eastern part of Northern Rhodesia, infested by the tsetse fly. The bite of this insect is fatal to animals, which renders transport and farming difficult. The Governor of Northern Rhodesia when he wishes to visit his north-eastern territory has consequently to cross Southern Rhodesia and travel down to the sea at Beira, in Portuguese East Africa, whence he proceeds up-country again to Zomba in the Nyasaland Protectorate. A new road of 350 miles in length is, however, being built across the fly-belt, from Lusaka on the railway line to Fort Jameson, which will enable the journey to be made by motor-car.

Another development likely to assist in the progress of Northern Rhodesia is the connecting of the Rhodesian Railway system with the West Coast of Africa at Lobita Bay. The latter place lies in Portuguese West Africa, and the railway up-country from it is being prolonged through the Belgian Congo to Kambove, on the railway which runs across the Belgian frontier into Northern Rhodesia. The new line will develop a part of north-western Rhodesia which is rich in minerals and full of claims, hitherto unworked for lack of transport.

It may be that before long a discovery will be made which will enable the tsetse fly to be eliminated from Africa, or some form of inoculation will be devised to render animals immune to its bite. This would have a profound effect upon the fortunes of

the whole continent, hundreds of thousands of square miles being now incapable of exploitation solely through the inability of animals to live there.

The Rhodesian fly-belt contains, however, one unusual but prosperous industry. This consists of a farm where attar of roses is produced, together with lavender and other oils. The bulk of these products is so small, and their value so high (attar of roses being worth £60 an ounce), that animal transport is practically unnecessary for their conveyance.

But the tsetse fly not only attacks animals. Its bite spreads the deadly disease of "sleepy sickness" among men. Scientists, especially in Germany, have long been researching into the possibilities of staying this dreaded disease. Aniline dyes enter largely into the injection process which they use, and it is claimed that they can now save the majority of cases that are submitted to them.

It was a cold day when we left Bulawayo for the north, but we awoke next to conditions that were distinctly more tropical, and about eleven o'clock on that morning of July 11th, looking out across the forest of tall trees through which the railway ran, we saw at last what we had long been waiting for—the white wall of smoke-like spray which rises eternally from the gigantic Victoria Falls. At first sight it looked like a shrapnel barrage above the green wall of vegetation, and when the train was still hundreds of yards away from the falls the spray was drifting in at its windows like fine rain.

So far as is known, Dr. Livingstone, the great missionary, was the first white man to look upon this natural wonder, and that was as recently as 1855. To the valley along which the railway now runs

he gave the name of the "Valley of Death," because he lost so many of his native carriers there through sickness. But now a hotel as luxurious as those on the French Riviera stands close to the Falls, and native attendants push tourists to the best view-points in cars running on specially laid trolley lines. Newly married couples to-day spend their honeymoons at a place which their grandfathers could have reached only at great risk of death, and the cluster of picturesque little thatched bungalows, for hotel guests who desire private quarters, with landing stages flanked by Canadian canoes, make the banks of the Zambesi look like a reach of the River Thames on a larger scale.



Copyright] VICTORIA FALLS.—THE RAILWAY BRIDGE.

"The Smoke that Sounds" is the name that the natives give to the dense cloud of spray thrown up by the Falls, and the thunder that the waters make as they plunge into the abyss can be heard a mile or more away.

As you approach the Falls on the railway you see nothing of them until you suddenly come into the highest bridge in the world, which crosses the deep canyon below them at a height of 350 feet. From there you look straight at the face of the main fall, where the water drops 400 feet in one sheer leap, from a height as great as the cross of St. Paul's Cathedral.

This sudden plunge made by the Zambesi River (here over a mile wide), is especially peculiar because its waters pour into a narrow chasm less than 400 feet in width, which runs at right angles to the course hitherto followed by the river. This chasm is very narrow, and through it the water swirls at a depth which it has never been possible to sound, twisting and turning between sheer walls of basalt rock, until the river gradually becomes calm again some miles below the fall.

The capital of Northern Rhodesia, the little town of Livingstone, lies close to the Falls on their northern bank, and there the Prince was received by the Governor, Sir Herbert Stanley, with the officials and leading white residents of the Colony. A conspicuously smart band of the native Northern Rhodesia Police, commanded by a band-master who was formerly the first cornet of the Irish Guards, was conspicuous at this ceremony.

That night the Governor gave a dance in the grounds of Government House, which the Prince enlivened by organizing a race among the black

servants who were polishing the floor in the interval by dragging mats over it, one man sitting on the mat and the other towing him. The native "boys" put so much zest into this competition that they swept several of the company, including the Governor, off their feet during its course.

The Prince left the dance towards midnight and drove down the long straight road that leads to the Victoria Falls. A great honey-coloured half-moon was hanging low among the stars, and as the Prince's car stopped by the edge of the eastern falls, a lunar halo could be seen, wan and pale, on the curtain of spray that hangs as a permanent pillar of cloud over the thundering abyss. It looked like the ghost of a lost rainbow haunting the gloomy chasm.

But the dim idea which one could obtain of the Falls at night was nothing to the full view which we had of them next day. The blue waters of the river suddenly quicken into swirling, struggling eddies when they approach the foam-streaked edge, as if suddenly conscious of their doom. Hurried swiftly and irresistibly nearer they lather themselves into a froth of terror; then, on the very brink, the colour changes for one instant into a strange sea-green, as if madness had altered their very nature, and finally, transfigured into dazzling white, they spring headlong into the gulf, whose rocky walls gleam like wet sealskin and reverberate with never-ceasing thunder.

These falls put the rest of creation out of proportion, and the sight of so much water running to waste is particularly striking in a continent where lack of that very element prevails so widely as it does in Africa. As you stand at the eastern end

of the Falls the mile-long wall of perpendicular water stretches away ahead, 400 feet high from its



VICTORIA FALLS.—THE CHASM.

vapour-shrouded base to its wildly foaming crest. Out of this gigantic curtain of white dynamic lace jut long, gaunt buttresses of sheer black rock, which divide the plunging flood into immense faucets. And the speed of the falling torrent is so great that each of these gigantic jets looks like a solid buttress of immovable, glistening ice. On the left, opposite and parallel to the Falls, rises a twin precipice, speckled with patches of green moss and crowded with dense thickets of grass and trees. The front of this also is frosted with cascades, large enough to be called waterfalls in any other country, though here they are just the condensation of the spray thrown up by the vast downpour facing them. On that spray a perfect rainbow climbs out of the depths until it reaches the brilliant sunshine glittering on the wet foliage of the trees above. All the natural processes of Nature seem inverted by this tremendous manifestation of her power. If you throw the branch of a tree over the edge of the chasm, it does not fall, but remains, caught in the updraught from below, dancing in the air as if suspended by enchantment.

But this general view of the Falls makes nothing like the impression that closer inspection gives. First the Prince descended through a steeply sloping palmgrove to the very edge of the seething water beneath the Fall, known as the "Boiling Pot," from where, looking up, it seems as if the Zambesi has set itself in fury to inundate the world. Then crossing the railway bridge, high above the dark, sage-green waters, still streaked with foam from their tremendous leap, the Prince, passed into the "Rain Forest," a luxurious belt of trees eternally watered by the spray, which the least puff of wind



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[Central News

VICTORIA FALLS.—H.R.H. SEEKS THE PROTECTION OF HIS
UMBRELLA IN THE RAIN FOREST.

sends lashing down like sleet. This is a very fairy-land of flowers, the most magic garden in creation, where rainbows glitter all about one in the grass and you look down to find your drenched feet caught in enchanted rings of colour.

From the Rain Forest you can step out to the very edge of the sheer precipice that fronts the Fall, and be soaked to the skin by their foam, deafened with their thunder and made dizzy by the sight of their tremendous depth.

On the western bank of the river is a narrow

channel known as the Devil's Cataract, down which the waters pass in a foaming cascade rather than in one sheer leap. It looks like the "Ride of the Valkyries" expressed in water, or, as we were told a little girl tourist had aptly called it, "the biggest shaving lather in the whole world."

The frenzy of the waters pouring over the edge is gradually wearing the lip of the Falls backwards, and their shape has quite perceptibly altered even since the first white settlers reached Rhodesia. But there is a chance that even this great natural wonder may before long be chained by the hand of man. A scheme is in existence for mounting turbines below the Falls to capture some of the enormous energy, estimated at anything from 250,000 to 600,000 h.p., according to the season of the year, which they generate. It is even hoped to prove possible to transmit this power to the gold mines of the Rand, 600 miles away.

The dazzling, dizzy gleam of the rushing waters was hardly out of the Prince's eyes or the roar out of his ears, when he found himself getting into a motor-boat only a few hundred yards above the Falls on a river that looked as placid as the Cambridge "Backs." From there we passed up the broad, blue Zambesi between densely wooded banks, to Kalai Island, where a picnic-lunch was set out under a huge wild fig tree. Peaceful, and even enticing for a swim, though the river looked, its depths held hidden dangers, and suddenly the Prince, whose sight is keen and observant, exclaimed, "By Jove! there's a crocodile!"

And there one was, floating like a brown log in the smooth surface, with its vicious snout just awash as it drifted lazily downstream. The Prince

ordered the motor-boat to be backed stealthily towards it, and whispered to the English detective who accompanies him, to pass him his revolver. He was just levelling it when, with a sudden swirl of its tail, the crocodile dived like a stone before the Prince had a chance to fire. The island luncheon-party was delightful. Tall palms, hung with brown clusters of dom-nuts, shut out the warm sun, and through the rushes that grew thickly along the river-edge shone glimpses of its gleaming waters. Thick, knotted, twisted strands of creepers, known as "monkey-ropes," hung from the trees, and the ground was littered with fallen fronds of palms, shaped like the snouts of sword-fish. It was strange, among all this tropical scenery, to learn that the reach of the river along which we travelled home, was the scene of the World Sculling Championship contest in 1911 between Barry and Arnst.

The next day, July 13th, was given up to an elaborate water-festival arranged by Yeta III., Paramount Chief of the Barotse, who had come three hundred miles down river from Lealui, his capital, in his Number-two-size State Barge, the principal one being too big to get through the rapids. At Kamujoma, where this up-river regatta took place, a big space had been cleared in the dense bush on the river bank and a series of picturesque huts built there in the native style, to be used as changing-rooms, grand-stands, and luncheon-halls. Just before the Prince arrived, the Royal Barge appeared, driven along by forty paddlers in red kilts, caps and feather head-dresses, all standing upright. Amidships was a huge white awning looking like a gigantic roc's egg, from which Chief Yeta emerged, wearing an elaborately gold-laced

uniform designed by order of the Colonial Office for his father, Lewanika, when he was received by Queen Victoria. Yeta is the most intelligent in appearance of all the native sovereigns we saw in South Africa. He has considerable jurisdiction over his people, though for punishment he sends them usually to the British Native Commissioner, to whom they always have the right of appeal.

His people are a very conservative nation, with institutions dating back for centuries. They have many very picturesque ceremonies, and they greeted the Prince by first clapping their hands in a subdued manner, and then throwing them up and uttering a subdued groaning sound. Some were naked except for a loin-cloth, while others wore European coats and hats. They have a habit of standing, apparently quite securely, on one leg, while the other is bent so that the sole of its foot rests against the upright one.

Yeta, who is a Christian, is very dignified in his movements. Among his gifts to the Prince was a beautiful walking-stick of ivory and ebony carved by himself, for he is a clever craftsman besides being a great game-hunter.

The official reception was followed by luncheon, for which Yeta changed into a top hat and a frock-coat, and afterwards there followed the native regatta. The latter had all the essentials for the success of such a function—calm weather, a smooth course, bright sunshine, and, most important of all, many pretty girls in pretty frocks looking on. One could not help thinking, however, that the racing itself would have been judged unsatisfactory by the Henley stewards. It reminded one more than anything of the race which Alice in Wonderland

organized for the purpose of drying the animals who had fallen into the pool made by her tears, of which the only rules were that the racers started when they liked, stopped when they liked, and must all be held to have won. The course was a very zigzag one, and the last three competing canoes finished locked in a sort of death grapple, with one of them half full of water. Another feature of the afternoon was a representation of hippopotamus-hunting. The "hippopotamus" was a bundle of straw of the size of two bee-hives. It floated placidly away down stream, pursued by two long, slender canoes, with a couple of hunters in each. They went through all the motions of their real hunting, creeping stealthily up and then hurling a spear. Hardly had it struck before they had snatched up their paddles again, and were rowing away for their lives from the supposedly wounded and struggling monster.

The ground from which we were watching was pitted with hippopotamus-spoor made before the bush had been cleared away, but if what we heard was correct the hippopotamus is not always a very formidable foe, for when one was captured alive up-river for sale to a Zoo, it was towed down stream and the last part of the way was led overland by a small black boy holding the end of the rope.

The Prince had congratulated the Barotses on their ability as watermen, which, he said, "appeals to people of our race, for our home, as some of you may know, is a group of islands surrounded by the sea, and from our earliest days we have prided ourselves on being skilled in the management of boats." Rather to the alarm of his staff he now decided that he would make a short trip in one of



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the narrowest and lightest of the native craft. Two crocodiles had been seen floating past while we were at lunch, so that the naval members of his suite were dubious about the risks involved. But the Prince insisted. "You had better turn out the guard. I may fall in any moment," he said, as he pushed off in a frail-looking dugout canoe propelled by five paddlers.

The excursion, which delighted the Barotse tribesmen, passed off, however, without the Heir to the Throne having to swim ashore through crocodile-infested waters, though the Prince alleged

afterwards that he felt as if to close one eye while keeping the other open would have been enough to upset the craft.

From Livingstone we journeyed on further into Northern Rhodesia. The part of this area which lies on the frontiers of Portuguese West Africa and the Belgian Congo was until quite recently the resort of white outlaws, who maintained themselves there in a state of complete independence, exacting tribute from the natives by the compulsion of their superior weapons, and purchasing such European supplies as they needed by bartering the tusks of the elephants they shot. The last of these picturesque criminals who sometimes worked in organized bands and practised fiendish cruelties upon the tribes whose villages they raided, was shot by the Northern Rhodesia Police only three years ago. Order now reigns throughout the Colony and is maintained by about seven hundred and fifty natives and sixty British Police, including officers.

It was at the remote little centre of Kafue that we saw Rhodesian life at its best. An excellent Agricultural Show and a Gymkhana had been organized there, and the farmers and cotton-planters from many miles around had come in to welcome the Prince. He rode in three pony-races, getting into second place in the last. An unexpected incident of the day was the sudden blazing up of the roof of a large thatched shed, where the school-children of the district were having lunch. The Prince was one of the first to reach the spot, plunging through several grass fences to save going round, and he helped to prevent the fire from spreading. The children had all escaped through the open sides, so that little harm was done.

The last and most northerly of the engagements in the whole South African tour was a visit to the great new dam which the Rhodesian Broken Hill Development Company has built on the river Mulungushi for supplying up to 20,000 h.p. to be used in the electrolytic production of zinc at Broken Hill, forty-four miles away.

Broken Hill is chiefly famous for the discovery in 1920 of the remains of a primitive man who lived, probably, eight thousand years ago and of whose skull a plaster-cast reproduction is now in the British Museum. The cave where this was found has now been destroyed by mining operations, as was also a beautiful cavern of green malachite close by. The excavations of the Development Company, which has produced well over 10,000 tons of lead, have reduced the original kopje where this metal was discovered until it is now a hole in the ground.

The bush through which we drove to Mulungushi was until recently a great haunt of big game. Only the other day, indeed, the tracks of forty migrating elephants were found alongside the transmission-line which takes the electric power to Broken Hill. For fifteen miles they had walked along it before venturing to cross between the posts.

Elephant-hunting is no longer the wholesale practice it used to be. For years professional white hunters made regular incomes out of the trade in ivory. This fetches 20s. a lb., and the tusks range in size from 50 to 100 lb. in weight. The elephant has bad eyesight, and cannot see a man standing still, especially if he is close to a tree. The hunters use a rifle of 0.450 calibre and try to reach the brain through the ear or the eye. A heart shot is also fatal, but the elephant can charge after receiving it.

The essential thing, we were told by the experienced elephant-killers we met, was that the hunter must never lose his nerve. It is particularly dangerous to run from a wounded animal, for then the elephant sees his enemy and pursues. The safer course, though one demanding nerves of steel, is to stand still, and let the herd thunder past. I was told one grim story of a man who had wounded an elephant and then been knocked down by the charging beast, which knelt close to him and thrust at him with its tusks. By a providential chance the tusks drove into the ground one on either side of his body and the hunter's only hurt was broken bones, from which he recovered.

Yet another hunter was stamped on, yet had no more than part of his scalp torn off. But his nerve was shaken by this ghastly experience and when next he wounded an elephant he turned and ran, only to be pursued and killed, his mangled body being found thrust through from behind.

The rhinoceros, too, is a dangerous animal to hunt. He twists round and round like a top when wounded, and then charges blindly in the direction towards which his head happens to point. The buffalo is vicious and cunning, and even before being hit will craftily stalk a hunter through the thick bush, and charge him from behind.

There is a fascinating possibility that the wild animals which we know to exist in Africa may not be all. There seems, at any rate, a strong presumption that in the heart of some of the almost inaccessible swamps which exist on the borders of Rhodesia and the Congo, may remain rare survivals of the great beasts of prehistoric days. Mr. F. H. Melland, the Magistrate at Broken Hill, whom we

met, has written a fascinating book called "In Witchbound Africa." He relates there the strange facts which he has collected in twenty-five years' experience about a mysterious animal which the natives call the *Kongamato*. They describe it as a sort of flying lizard, with membranous wings like a bat, that are four to seven feet across, and a beak containing teeth. The Jiundu swamp, an area of fifty square miles on the Mumbuzhi River, is stated by common tribal report to be one of the homes of this formidable monster. Struck with the resemblance of its description to that prehistoric flying lizard the pterodactyl, Mr. Melland sent home for two books containing pictures of that animal, among others, which he showed to many natives at different times, including quite wild and unsophisticated ones. They all immediately and unhesitatingly identified the pterodactyl as a picture of the *Kongamato*. "I do believe," says Mr. Melland, "that some such reptile exists or has existed recently, and the sight of such an unusual and fearsome thing would naturally give rise to the native belief in its supernatural powers."

There is something of the Roman Imperial scale in the work that the Broken Hill Development Company has been doing at Mulungushi. They have constructed there, at the cost of half a million pounds, an artificial lake twenty-two miles long by seven broad, whose 6,000 million gallons of water are pent up by a wall built between two kopjes, whose tops were blown off to furnish the material required. This dam is fifty yards long and a hundred feet deep. Through it the water is passed by sluices to the power-station in a narrow gorge five miles below, which it reaches with a pressure

of 525 lb. per square inch, and leaves with a speed of one hundred and eighty miles per hour.

It was on the edge of the gorge, 1,100 feet above the power-station, which the Prince inaugurated, that a whole village of picturesque pavilions had been built, surrounded by sloping gardens and granite stairways. Here an elaborate luncheon was served, which had been brought in its entirety, from Johannesburg, a thousand miles away, and was so excellent that even the Belgian Governor of the Katanga Province of the Congo, who had come to greet the Prince, must have found his Gallic palate satisfied.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE DIAMOND MINES OF KIMBERLEY.

AND now the time had come for the Prince to turn back on the way out of Africa again. Here at Broken Hill he was 2,017 miles from Cape Town. As we set out on the return journey we looked back towards our furthest north. One high thorn-bush stood there, outlined black against the smouldering aftermath of the African sunset. The whole sky was filled with a wash of sombre colour—crimson shading into burnt sienna, and saffron merging into green.

The sight symbolized what we were most to miss when we had left Africa. Wonderful sunshine is the first recollection that the name of this part of the Empire calis up in the traveller's mind. Without that, much of the country we had seen would be gaunt as the interior of Asia Minor or the steppes of Russia. But the sun fills even the emptiest veld with grace and radiance.

There were few other than brief unofficial halts on the way down-country. We stopped a day at Bulawayo, paused a few moments to see a fine set of boys belonging to Plumtree, one of Rhodesia's

public schools, who were gathered along the railway track, and had a couple of days' rest at Johannesburg. Here the Prince played golf, but what pleased him even more was a run with the Johannesburg Drag, a pack of hounds whose Master, Mr. C. A. Hadley, keeps up the best sporting traditions of the English countryside.

The last of the principal towns in South Africa to be visited by the Prince was Kimberley, the diamond city, which he reached on July 23rd.

It was in 1867 that the first diamond was found at Kimberley, and the three largest mines there now produce about £14,000 worth each a day. There are five great "pipes," or mines, of blue clay at Kimberley, but only three, the Wesselton, Bultfontein and Dutoitspan, are at present producing, and they turn out between them 3,500 carats' weight of diamonds a day.

The original kopje, where Rhodes, Barnato and other famous figures of Kimberley's early days, worked the primitive diggings that were the foundations of their great fortunes, has now disappeared so totally that where it stood is the greatest artificial hole in the world. This gigantic man-made crater is 500 yards across and 1,200 feet deep, and as you look down from its edge you see the pigeons that nest in its sides flying far below your feet.

From his official reception the Prince was driven to the offices of the De Beers Company, which controls the diamond industry, and he and his party were there shown one of the finest collections of diamonds ever accumulated. They lay about in heaps on the broad table that ran round three sides of the room, and one found oneself handling the most precious pebbles in the world

with no more ceremony than if they had been the piles of sugar-sweets that they rather resembled in their unpolished state.

This display was of a total weight of 124,000 carats, and its value was put at £445,000. It recalled the old story of how Rhodes bested Barnato, his rival in the diamond business, at a time when he wanted to keep the competition of Barnato's diamonds out of the market for a time. Rhodes made a pretext to bet his competitor a hundred pounds that Barnato could not show him a whole bucketful of diamonds at once. Eager to win, Barnato threw all his carefully sorted diamonds together in one mixed pile, and had the satisfaction of taking the amount of the wager from Rhodes. But it needed a whole fortnight to re-sort the stones for sale, and during that time Rhodes had sole possession of the market with the result that he was able to make profits of many thousands owing to the absence of competition.

The diamonds we saw ranged from tiny chips to large stones of sixty carats weight. The whiter they are the greater is their value, though we were shown some freak stones of beautiful yellow, blue and red tint, which have the special worth of rarity. The price of the average uncut stone is about £14 a carat, but this increases rapidly if the stone is a particularly large and white one.

The recent fashionable vogue of pearls has had its effect upon the diamond trade, of which the output is strictly controlled. The steadiest demand for stones is for the purposes of engagement rings, and long experience enables the heads of the diamond industry to calculate that the betrothals of the world are worth some two million pounds a year to them. As a souvenir of his visit the De Beers Company

presented the Prince with a fine 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ carat uncut stone, and at the same time provided him with the certificate which is necessary to protect anyone in South Africa possessing uncut diamonds from police investigation as a suspected "illicit diamond buyer."

We then went down the Wesselton Mine to the 980 feet level, and saw the negro workers quarrying the blue clay, any lump of which may contain the equivalent of a fortune. Twenty-one blasting charges were exploded as a Royal salute for the Prince, and their dull reverberations came thundering to his ears underground.

Then aboveground the Prince watched the "pulsator" machinery at work. This shakes the crushed clay onto vibrating tables covered with grease of secret preparation, over which the debris is carried by water. The grease lets everything else pass, but holds the smooth hard surface of the diamonds fast, so that they can be picked off by hand. Several stones of varying sizes were gleaming on the beds of the pulsator machines as we passed through the sheds.

These Kimberley mines are the world's chief source of diamonds, but elsewhere in South Africa stones are sometimes found, particularly in the alluvial beds of water-worn gravel, whither they were washed by prehistoric floods from the places underground where the stones were formed by great pressure.

The law of South Africa regulates these outside mining areas very strictly. Directly a diamond is discovered anywhere it has to be reported, and the neighbourhood where it was found becomes a "proclaimed area." Then the announcement is

made that on a fixed date claims may be "pegged." To ensure a fair field and to avoid quarrelling, mounted police are sent to the place, and they draw up the would-be prospectors on a long line half a mile to a mile away from the area to be staked. Each man has a handful of pegs bearing his name, and at the word "Go!" they dash off on a cross-country run, gaining the right to chose a claim in the order of their arrival. Diamonds of £15,000 have been found in these alluvial deposits but it is rare for a stone of any great value to be discovered, and most of the alluvial diggers have to work hard at their work of washing the sand in order to find enough tiny pinhead diamonds to keep themselves alive. Their average profits are estimated officially at no more than £12 a month.

There are several battlefields of the Boer War near this pretty town of Kimberley, and on July 24th the Prince motored to three of them, covering a distance of a hundred and thirty miles over the very primitive tracks across the veld, with bumps and holes and boulders every few yards, which one was surprised to learn was the main trunk road from Johannesburg to the Cape, and is used for speed-trials.

He began with Paardeberg, where he saw the site of General Cronje's lager, the scene of his surrender. From there the Prince headed a growing procession of motor-cars to the kopje of Magersfontein, unsuccessfully attacked by the Highland Brigade on the night of December 10th, 1899, in the attempt to relieve the besieged town of Kimberley. Modder River was our next halt, the place where the British Army blundered inexplicably into Cronje's prepared position,

advancing unconscious of the strength in which the Boers awaited them, while Cronje, with all his dispositions complete, was calmly breakfasting in the Island Hotel on the further bank of the river, watching through its open windows the khaki columns slowly marching into an unexpected battle, which was to end in victory, indeed, but at a price altogether higher than need have been paid with better leadership.

And so, at the fast pace set by the Prince, who was at the steering-wheel of his own car, we drove on to join the Royal train at Belmont, passing through Enslin and Graspan on the way, all three of them the scenes of Boer War battles now all but forgotten.

When we got back to Cape Town on July 26th, the two Royal trains had covered 9,679 miles in South Africa. The organization of the journey by the Railway and its catering department had been perfect. Even two thousand miles away from the Cape, in the heart of Africa, a regular supply of fish for the table had been maintained, daily despatches being made from the coast, frozen into blocks of ice. Twenty tons of food of all kinds were carried on the trains themselves, and five tons of ice in the refrigerator. To replenish this in Rhodesia cost £10 a ton, as against only 17s. 6d. a ton in Johannesburg, the headquarters of the catering department.

The total cost of the catering for the whole expedition of ninety-two persons, which was the average carried in the two trains, cost £6,204. The average cost thus worked out at less than the official estimate of £1 per day per person for the eighty-three days of the tour. Four chefs were carried, four

chief stewards, eighteen white stewards, six coloured cabin-boys and six Kaffir kitchen-boys.

There were two days more of rest in Cape Town before we sailed for South America. The Prince stayed again at Government House as the guest of his uncle, the Earl of Athlone. It was with a far fuller idea of South Africa, its life and problems, that we passed our second period at the foot of the slopes of Table Mountain.

It was a land of unusually complex conditions that we had seen. Racial difficulties are the greatest obstacle in the path of South Africa. She has a native population growing faster than ever before, not only by the process of direct multiplication, but owing to the fact that European medical science has reduced the extremely high infant mortality rate that used to keep down the numbers of the negro peoples. Meanwhile the white inhabitants of the country increase in number only very slowly.

The natives are being educated and taught new wants, more complicated and difficult to satisfy than were their needs in the old tribal state. Schools are opened for them, and their contact with the white man is enough to create fresh desires and emulations in their minds. The Kaffir is intelligent and easily acquires skill as a craftsman, and his cheap labour is constantly encroaching more and more upon spheres of occupation hitherto filled by the whites. As this occurs, the native tends increasingly to resent the restrictions he is under in such matters as being obliged to carry a pass, to use special windows in post offices, and not being allowed to buy house property.

The Dutch inhabitants of the Union are especially aware of the danger of the unchecked rise

in wealth and pretensions of the black race. The native's civilization is very superficial, and in times of excitement he reverts to the habits of primitive savagery from which he is only a generation or two removed. They are liable, also, to sudden outbursts of primitive religious fanaticism like one at Boelhoek in 1921, when several hundred rebels calling themselves "Israelites" charged police-maxims with assegais and swords.

The Colour Bar Bill, at present before the Union Parliament, is an attempt to cope with the problem of placing limits upon native ambition to rival the white man, by forbidding him the entry into skilled crafts, and by providing as far as possible for the segregation of the great masses of native population within definite areas. But the measure, if it becomes law, will have been passed without any consent on the part of the natives themselves, who have no political representation, and if the danger to the future of white South Africa is a real one, it will need more than an act of Parliament to forestall it.

The other racial question which has hitherto complicated the situation in the Union of South Africa is the traditional rivalry between British and Dutch. To some extent this was appeased by the visit of the Prince of Wales, but greatly though the South African Dutch took to the Prince personally, it would be too much to expect that a sentiment of a century and a quarter's standing could be wiped out in three months.

There is no doubt but that at the back of the minds of many South Africans of Dutch origin there lies the hidden aspiration to see South Africa an independent nationality under its own flag, and

dealing in its own way with the native territories adjoining it that are now under the administration of the British Government.

This sentiment is natural enough, if one remembers the past, but it is likely gradually to disappear. One reason is that a million and a half whites living in the midst of three or four times that number of an inferior black race cannot afford to indulge in acute political differences. Another is that an independent South Africa would be a tempting bait to any over-populated modern nation possessing a Navy. And the third and strongest reason of all is that the full measure of Dominion independence which South Africa now enjoys gives her all the privileges of a distinct nationality, while it relieves her of the main part of the burden of self-defence, and confers on her the importance and the trading opportunities that ensue from membership of a world-wide Empire.

The great need of the whole of South Africa is for more European settlers. It is really a drawback to the country to possess so ample a supply of cheap black labour that practically no opening exists there except for the white immigrant who has capital enough to start at once as an employer.

Even these can find profitable opportunities only by settling down in the open country to farm. The towns are already overcrowded, and the tendency of the younger generation of South African Dutch to take up professional or commercial life instead of following the pastoral pursuits of their forefathers will add to the competition there.

For the man with a few thousand pounds of capital and a patient, plodding disposition, there are undoubtedly attractive conditions in South

Africa. The unfailing sunshine, the bracing air, the brilliant flowers that bloom practically the whole year round, will compensate him for some of the institutions of home-life in England which he will miss.

Too many would-be settlers think of South Africa as a place of easy and inexpensive sport. Shooting, fishing, polo, figure largely in the prospectuses of the many land companies which publish enticing booklets to attract the emigrant who thinks of farming. Distances on the veld are generally too great for organized games to be possible, though the motor-car has reduced the loneliness of South African farms to some extent.

For white women South Africa has the advantage that all the hard work, of house or farm, is done by black servants, who are to be hired cheaply, and are perfectly content to live on mealie-meal and skim-milk.

The climate has a fine effect on children, for they pass the whole of their lives in the open air. There are excellent schools all over South Africa, and nowhere in the world will finer-looking or more high-spirited boys and girls be found.

It is well that it should be so, for in their hands will lie the fortunes of their country. There is at present no immediate crisis on the horizon of South Africa. If one has ever to be faced it is the boys and girls now at school desks who will have to deal with it as the men and women of a few years hence. And it is reassuring to remember that they are drawn almost entirely from two of the sturdiest and most level-headed stocks in Europe, the British and the Dutch.

On the afternoon of July 29th the Prince ended

his visit to South Africa. The *Repulse* lay at Simon's Town, the Royal Naval base on the east side of the Cape Peninsula. We went there by motor-car, and amid the thudding of the salutes of the Africa Naval squadron, the great battle-cruiser weighed anchor and steamed majestically out to sea on her long voyage across the South Atlantic.

